engraved portrait of Alexander Pope by J. Posselwhite, from The Portrait Gallery, 540-541 (W.S. Orr & Co., 1853).

POPE

THE ODYSSEY

WITH PREVIEWS

TEXT OF

LINTOT'S 1725-1726

FIRST EDITIONS

EPIC POEM .ORG

DIGITAL CLASSICS

INTERLEAVABLE 3.0

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Notes

Notes

Better the Chief, on Ilion's hostile plain
Pope Had fall'n surrounded with his warlike train;
Odyssey Or safe return'd, the race of glory past,
New to his friends' embrace, and breath'd his last!
Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes wou'd raise,
Historic Marbles, to record his praise;
His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
◆ Had with transmissive honour grac'd his Son.
Now snatch'd by Harpies to the dreary coast,
Sunk is the Hero, and his glory lost!
Vanish'd at once! unheard of, and unknown!
And I, his Heir in misery alone.
Nor for a dear, lost Father only flow
The filial tears, but woe succeeds to woe:
To tempt the spouseless Queen with am'rous wiles,
Resort the Nobles from the neighb'ring Isles;
From Samos, circled with th' Iönian main,
Dulichium, and Zacynthus' sylvan reign:
Q18 Ev'n with presumptuous hope her bed t'ascend,
The Lords of Ithaca their right pretend.
She seems attentive to their pleaded vows,
Her heart detesting what her ear allows.
They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,
My stores in riotous expense devour,
In feast and dance the mirthful months employ,
L1[O] And meditate my doom, to crown their joy."
𝔸 With tender pity touch'd, the Goddess cry'd:
"Soon may kind heav'n a sure relief provide,
Soon may your Sire discharge the vengeance due,
And all your wrongs the proud oppressors rue!
Oh! in that portal shou'd the Chief appear,
Each hand tremendous with a brazen spear,
In radiant Panoply his limbs incas'd;
(For so of old my father's court he grac'd,
When social mirth unbent his serious soul,
O'er the full banquet, and the sprightly bowl)
He then from Ephyré, the fair domain
Of Ilus sprung from Jason's royal strain,
Measur'd a length of seas, a toilsome length, in vain.
Q19 For voyaging to learn the direful art
To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart;
Observant of the Gods, and sternly just,
Ilus refus'd t'impart the baneful trust:
With friendlier zeal my father's soul was fir'd,
The drugs he knew, and gave the boon desir'd.
Appear'd he now with such heroic port,
As then conspicuous at the Taphian court;
Soon shou'd yon' boasters cease their haughty strife,
Or each atone his guilty love with life.
1.350 But of his wish'd return the care resign;

MINERVA'S DESCENT TO ITHACA.

The poem opens within forty-eight days of the arrival of Ulysses in his dominions. He had now remain'd seven years in the island of Calypso, when the Gods assembled in council, proposed the method of his departure from thence, and his return to his native country. For this purpose it is concluded to send Mercury to Calypso, and Pallas immediately descends to Ithaca. She holds a conference with Telemachus in the shape of Mentes, king of the Taphians; in which she advises him to take a journey in quest of his father Ulysses, to Pylos and Sparta, where Nestor and Menelaus yet reign'd: then after having visibly display'd her divinity, disappears. The suitors of Penelope make great entertainments, and riot in her palace till night. Phemius sings to them the return of the Grecians, till Penelope puts a stop to the song. Some words arise between the suitors and Telemachus, who summons the council to meet the day following. *Pope's Odyssey* (1725 edition)

POPE THE ODYSSEY

BOOK 1

PREVIEW BOOK 2

.ORG
DIGITAL CLASSICS

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

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EPICPOEM.ORG 558 lines 3.0

𝔸 **2L** 1 - 350
𝔹 **2L** 351 - 558

PRINT 2-SIDED: **3** to **10**

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

Q3 THE Man, for Wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, oh Muse! resound.
Who, when his arms had wrought the destin'd fall
Of sacred Troy, and raz'd her heav'n-built wall,
Wand'ring from clime to clime, observant stray'd,
Their Manners noted, and their States survey'd.
On stormy seas unnumber'd toils he bore,
◆ Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
On Herds devoted to the God of Day;
Q4 The God vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah men unbless'd!) to touch that natal shore.
Oh snatch some portion of these acts from fate,
Celestial Muse! and to our world relate.
Now at their native realms the Greeks arriv'd;
All who the Wars of ten long years surviv'd;
And 'scap'd the perils of the gulfy Main.
Ulysses, sole of all the victor train,
An exile from his dear paternal coast,
Deplor'd his absent Queen, and Empire lost.
Calypso in her caves constrain'd his stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay:
In vain — for now the circling years disclose
The day predestin'd to reward his woes.
At length his Ithaca is giv'n by Fate,
L1[I] Where yet new labours his arrival wait;
A At length their rage the hostile Pow'rs restrain,
All but the ruthless Monarch of the Main.
But now the God, remote, a heav'nly guest
In Aethiopia grac'd the genial feast,
Q5 (A race divided, whom with sloping rays
The rising and descending Sun surveys)
There on the world's extremest verge rever'd,
With Hecatombs and pray'r in pomp prefer'd,
Distant he lay: while in the bright abodes
Of high Olympus, Jove conven'd the Gods:
Th'assembly thus the Sire supreme addrest;
Aegysthus' fate revolving in his breast,
Whom young Orestes to the dreary coast
Of Pluto sent, a blood-polluted Ghost.
"Perverse Mankind! whose Wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on absolute Decree;
All to the dooming Gods their guilt translate,
And Follies are miscall'd the crimes of Fate.
When to his lust Aegysthus gave the rein,
Did Fate, or we, th'adulterous act constrain?
Pope Did Fate, or we, when great Atrides dy'd,
Odyssey Urge the bold traitor to the Regicide?
Hermes I sent, while yet his soul remain'd
1.50 Sincere from royal blood, and faith profan'd;

2 (1C)
223 (150C)
232
4

With friendly speed, induc'd by erring fame,
To hail Ulysses' safe return I came:
But still the frown of some caelestial pow'r Q15
With envious joy retards the blissful hour.
Let not your soul be sunk in sad despair; 255
He lives, he breathes this heav'nly vital air,
Among a savage race, whose shelfy bounds
With ceaseless roar the foaming deep surrounds.
The thoughts which rowl within my ravish'd breast,
To me, no Seer, th'inspiring Gods suggest; 260
Nor skill'd, nor studious, with prophetic eye
To judge the winged Omens of the sky.
Yet hear this certain speech, nor deem it vain;
Though Adamantine bonds the chief restrain,
The dire restraint his wisdom will defeat, 265
And soon restore him to his regal seat.
But, gen'rous youth! sincere and free declare,
Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir?
For sure Ulysses in your look appears,
The same his features, if the same his years. 270
Such was that face, on which I dwelt with joy
Ere Greece assembled stem'd the tydes to Troy;
But parting then for that detested shore,
Our eyes, unhappy! never greeted more."
"To prove a genuine birth" (the Prince replies) Q16
"On Female truth assenting faith relies; L1[I]
Thus manifest of right, I build my claim A
Sure-founded on a fair Maternal fame,
Ulysses' Son: but happier he, whom fate
Hath plac'd beneath the storms which toss the great! 280
Happier the son, whose hoary sire is blest
With humble affluence, and domestic rest!
Happier than I, to future empire born,
But doom'd a Father's wretched fate to mourn!"
To whom, with aspect mild, the Guest divine: 285
"Oh true descendant of a sceptr'd line!
The Gods, a glorious fate from anguish free
To chaste Penelope's increase decree.
But say, yon' jovial Troop so gaily drest,
Is this a bridal, or a friendly feast? 290
Or from their deed I rightlier may divine,
Unseemly flown with insolence and wine?
Unwelcome revellers, whose lawless joy
Pains the sage ear, and hurts the sober eye."
"Magnificence of old," (the Prince reply'd,) 295
Beneath our roof with Virtue cou'd reside; Q17
Unblam'd abundance crown'd the royal board, Pope
What time this dome rever'd her prudent Lord; Odyssey
Who now (so heav'n decrees) is doom'd to mourn,
Bitter constraint! erroneous and forlorn. 1.300

Mean while, in whispers to his heav'nly guest
Pope His indignation thus the Prince exprest:
Odyssey "Indulge my rising grief, whilst these (my friend)
With song and dance the pompous revel end.
Light is the dance, and doubly sweet the lays,
When, for the dear delight, another pays.
His treasur'd stores those Cormarants consume,
◆ Whose bones, defrauded of a regal tomb
Q13 And common turf, lie naked on the plain,
Or doom'd to welter in the whelming main.
Shou'd he return, that troop so blithe and bold,
With purple robes inwrought, and stiff with gold,
Precipitant in fear, would wing their flight,
And curse their cumbrous pride's unwieldy weight.
But ah I dream! — th'appointed hour is fled,
And Hope, too long with vain delusion fed,
Deaf to the rumour of fallacious fame,
Gives to the roll of death his glorious name!
With venial freedom let me now demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land:
Sincere, from whence began thy course, recite,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?
Now first to me this visit dost thou daign,
Or number'd in my Father's social train?
All who deserv'd his choice, he made his own,
L2[O] And, curious much to know, he far was known."
𝔸 "My birth I boast" (the blue-ey'd Virgin cries)
"From great Anchialus, renown'd and wise:
Mentes my name; I rule the Taphian race,
Whose bounds the deep circumfluent waves embrace.
Q14 A duteous people, and industrious Isle,
To naval arts inur'd, and stormy toil.
Freighted with Iron from my native land,
I steer my voyage to the Brutian strand;
To gain by commerce, for the labour'd mass,
A just proportion of refulgent Brass.
Far from your Capital my ship resides
At Reithrus, and secure at anchor rides;
Where waving groves on airy Neion grow,
Supremely tall, and shade the deeps below.
Thence to re-visit your imperial dome,
An old hereditary Guest I come:
Your Father's friend. Laertes can relate
Our faith unspotted, and its early date;
Who, prest with heart-corroding grief and years,
To the gay Court a rural shed prefers,
Where sole of all his train, a Matron sage
Supports with homely fond his drooping age,
With feeble steps from marshalling his Vines
1.250 Returning sad, when toilsome day declines.

3 (2C)
224 (151C)
233
5

To warn the wretch, that young Orestes grown
To manly years shou'd re-assert the throne. Pope
Yet impotent of mind, and uncontrol'd, Q6 Odyssey
He plung'd into the gulf which Heav'n foretold."
Here paus'd the God, and pensive thus replies
Minerva graceful with her azure eyes:
"O thou! from whom the whole creation springs,
The source of pow'r on earth deriv'd to Kings!
His death was equal to the direful deed;
So may the Man of blood be doomed to bleed!
But grief and rage alternate wound my breast
For brave Ulysses, still by fate opprest.
Amid'st an Isle, around whose rocky shore
The forests murmur, and the surges roar,
The blameless heroe from his wish'd-for home
A Goddess guards in her enchanted dome.
(Atlas her sire, to whose far-piercing eye
The wonders of the Deep expanded lye;
Th'eternal columns which on earth he rears
End in the starry vault, and prop the sphears.)
By his fair daughter is the chief confin'd,
Who sooths to dear delight his anxious mind:
Successless all her soft caresses prove,
To banish from his breast his Country's love;
To see the smoke from his lov'd palace rise, Q7
While the dear isle in distant prospect lyes, L2[O]
With what contentment could he close his eyes? 𝔸
And will Omnipotence neglect to save
The suffering virtue of the wise and brave?
Must he, whose altars on the Phrygian shore
With frequent rites, and pure, avow'd thy pow'r,
Be doom'd the worst of human ills to prove,
Unbless'd, abandon'd to the wrath of Jove?"
"Daughter! what words have pass'd thy lips unweigh'd!
(Reply'd the Thund'rer to the Martial Maid)
Deem not unjustly by my doom opprest
Of humane race the wisest, and the best.
Neptune, by pray'r repentant rarely won,
Afflicts the chief, t'avenge his Giant son
Whose visual orb Ulysses robb'd of light;
Great Polypheme, of more than mortal might!
Him young Thoösa bore, (the bright increase
Of Phorcys, dreaded in the sounds and seas:)
Whom Neptune ey'd with bloom of beauty blest,
And in his cave the yielding nymph comprest.
For this, the god constrains the Greek to roam,
A hopeless exile from his native home,
From death alone exempt — but cease to mourn; Q8
Let all combine t'atchieve his wish'd return:
Neptune aton'd, his wrath shall now refrain, 1.100

Or thwart the synod of the gods in vain."
"Father and King ador'd!" Minerva cry'd,
"Since all who in the Olympian bow'r reside
Now make the wand'ring Greek their public care,
Let Hermes to th' Atlantic isle repair;
Bid him, arriv'd in bright Calypso's court,
The Sanction of th'assembled pow'rs report:
That wise Ulysses to his native land
Must speed, obedient to their high command.
Mean time Telemachus, the blooming heir
Of sea-girt Ithaca, demands my care:
'Tis mine, to form his green, unpractis'd years,
In sage debates, surrounded with his Peers,
To save the state; and timely to restrain
The bold intrusion of the Suitor-train;
Who crowd his palace, and with lawless pow'r
His herds and flocks in feastful rites devour.
To distant Sparta and the spacious waste
Of sandy Pyle, the royal Youth shall haste.
There, warm with filial love, the cause enquire
That from his realm retards his god-like Sire:
Deliv'ring early to the voice of Fame
The promise of a great, immortal name.
She said: the sandals of caelestial mold
Fledg'd with Ambrosial plumes, and rich with gold,
Surround her feet; with these sublime she sails
Th'aerial space, and mounts the winged gales:
O'er earth and ocean wide prepar'd to soar,
Her dreaded arm a beamy jav'lin bore,
Pond'rous and vast; which when her fury burns
Proud Tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
From high Olympus prone her flight she bends,
And in the realm of Ithaca descends.
Her lineaments divine the grave disguise
Of Mentes' form conceal'd from human eyes:
(Mentes, the Monarch of the Taphian land)
A glitt'ring spear wav'd awful in her hand.
There in the portal plac'd, the heav'n-born maid
Enormous riot and mis-rule survey'd.
On hides of Beeves, before the palace gate,
(Sad spoils of luxury) the Suitors sate.
With rival art, and ardor in their mien,
At Chess they vie, to captivate the Queen,
Divining of their loves. Attending nigh,
A menial train the flowing bowl supply:
Others apart, the spacious hall prepare,
And form the costly feast with busy care.
There young Telemachus, his bloomy face
Glowing caelestial-sweet, with godlike grace,
Amid the Circle shines: but hope and fear
(Painful vicissitude!) his bosom tear.
Now, imag'd in his mind, he sees restor'd
In peace and joy, the people's rightful Lord;
The proud Oppressors fly the vengeful sword.
While his fond soul these fancied triumphs swell'd,
The stranger Guest the royal Youth beheld.
Griev'd that a Visitant so long shou'd wait
Unmark'd, unhonour'd, at a Monarch's gate;
Instant he flew with hospitable haste,
And the new friend with courteous air embrac'd:
"Stranger! whoe'er thou art, securely rest
Affianc'd in my faith, a friendly guest: [variant: ready]
Approach the dome, the social banquet share,
And then the purpose of thy soul declare."
Thus affable and mild, the Prince precedes,
And to the dome th'unknown Caelestial leads.
The spear receiving from the hand, he plac'd
Against a column, fair with sculpture grac'd;
Where seemly rang'd in peaceful order stood
Ulysses' Arms, now long disus'd to blood.
He led the Goddess to the sovereign seat,
Her feet supported with a stool of state;
(A purple carpet spread the pavement wide)
Then drew his seat, familiar, to her side:
Far from the Suitor-train, a brutal crowd,
With insolence, and wine, elate and loud;
Where the free guest, unnoted, might relate
If haply conscious, of his Father's fate.
The golden ew'r a maid obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool, translucent springs;
With copious water the bright vase supplies
A silver Laver, of capacious size:
They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
They heap the glitt'ring Canisters with bread:
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!
Delicious wines th'attending herald brought;
The gold gave lustre to the purple draught.
Lur'd with the vapour of the fragrant feast,
In rush'd the Suitors with voracious haste:
Marshal'd in order due, to each a Sew'r
Presents, to bathe his hands, a radiant ew'r.
Luxurious then they feast. Observant round
Gay, stripling youths the brimming goblets crown'd.
The rage of hunger quell'd, they all advance,
And form to measur'd airs the mazy dance:
To Phemius was consign'd the chorded Lyre,
Whose hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:
Phemius, whose voice divine cou'd sweetest sing
High strains, responsive to the vocal string.

◆ Q9 Q10 Q11 Q12 L2[I] 𝔸 Pope Odyssey 1.150 4 (3C) 225 (152C) 234 6 1.200

Q68 What tho' from pole to pole resounds her name?
Pope The son's destruction waits the mother's fame:
Odyssey For 'till she leaves thy court, it is decreed,
Thy bowl to empty, and thy flock to bleed."
While yet he speaks, Telemachus replies:
"Ev'n Nature starts, and what ye ask denies.
Thus, shall I thus repay a mother's cares,
2.150 Who gave me life, and nurs'd my infant years?
While sad on foreign shores Ulysses treads,
Or glides a ghost with unapparent shades.
How to Icarius in the bridal hour
Shall I, by waste undone, refund the dow'r?
155 How from my father should I vengeance dread?
How would my mother curse my hated head?
And while in wrath to vengeful Fiends she cries,
How from their hell would vengeful Fiends arise!
Abhorr'd by all, accurs'd my name would grow,
160 The earth's disgrace, and Humankind my foe.
If this displease, why urge ye here your stay?
Haste from the court, ye spoilers, haste away:
Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feast, and late carouse.
Q69 But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
For you my bowl shall flow, my flocks shall bleed;
Judge and assert my right, impartial Jove!
L1[O] By him, and all th'immortal host above,
𝔹 (A sacred oath) if heav'n the pow'r supply,
170 Vengeance I vow, and for your wrongs ye die."
With that, two Eagles from a mountain's height
By Jove's command direct their rapid flight;
Swift they descend with wing to wing conjoin'd,
Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the wind.
175 **Above th'assembled Peers they wheel on high,**
And clang their wings, and hovering beat the sky;
With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
And shrieking loud denounce approaching fate.
They cuff, they tear, their cheeks and necks they rend,
180 **And from their plumes huge drops of blood descend.**
Then sailing o'er the domes and tow'rs they fly,
Full tow'rd the East, and mount into the sky.
The wondring Rivals gaze with cares opprest,
And chilling horrours freeze in every breast.
185 'Till big with knowledge of approaching woes
The Prince of Augurs, Halitherses, rose:
Q70 Prescient he view'd th'aerial tracts, and drew
A sure presage from ev'ry wing that flew.
"Ye sons" (he cry'd) "of Ithaca give ear,
190 Hear all! but chiefly you, oh Rivals! hear.
Destruction sure o'er all your heads impends;
2.192 Ulysses comes, and death his steps attends.
Nor to the Great alone is death decreed;
5 Be future vengeance to the pow'rs divine.
226 My sentence hear: With stern distaste avow'd, Pope
To their own districts drive the Suitor-crowd: Odyssey
When next the morning warms the purple east,
Convoke the Peerage, and the Gods attest; 355
The sorrows of your inmost soul relate;
And form sure plans to save the sinking state.
Shou'd second love a pleasing flame inspire,
And the chaste Queen connubial rights require;
Dismiss'd with honour let her hence repair 360
To great Icarius, whose paternal care
Will guide her passion, and reward her choice Q20
With wealthy dow'r, and bridal gifts of price.
Then let this dictate of my love prevail:
Instant, to foreign realms prepare to sail, 365
To learn your Father's fortunes: Fame may prove
Or omen'd Voice (the messenger of Jove)
Propitious to the search. Direct your toil
Thro' the wide Ocean first to sandy Pyle,
Of Nestor, hoary Sage, his doom demand; 370
Thence speed your voyage to the Spartan strand,
For young Atrides to th' Achaian coast
Arriv'd the last of all the victor host.
If yet Ulysses views the light, forbear,
'Till the fleet hours restore the circling year. 375
But if his soul hath wing'd the destin'd flight, L1[O]
Inhabitant of deep disastrous Night; 𝔹
Homeward with pious speed repass the main,
To the pale Shade funereal rites ordain,
Plant the fair Column o'er the vacant grave, 380
A Hero's honours let the Hero have.
With decent grief the royal dead deplor'd,
For the chaste Queen select an equal Lord.
Then let revenge your daring mind employ, Q21
By fraud or force the Suitor-train destroy, 385
And starting into manhood, scorn the boy.
Hast thou not heard how young Orestes fir'd
With great revenge, immortal praise acquir'd?
His virgin-sword Aegysthus' veins imbru'd;
The murd'rer fell, and blood aton'd for blood. 390
O greatly bless'd with ev'ry blooming grace!
With equal steps the paths of glory trace;
Join to that royal youth's, your rival name,
And shine eternal in the sphere of fame —
But my Associates now my stay deplore, 395
Impatient on the hoarse-resounding shore.
Thou, heedful of advice, secure proceed;
My praise the precept is, be thine the deed."
235 "The counsel of my friend" (the Youth rejoin'd)
7 "Imprints conviction on my grateful mind. 1.400

So Fathers speak (persuasive speech and mild!)
Their sage experience to the fav'rite child.
But since to part, for sweet refection due,
The genial viands let my train renew;
And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive,
Worthy the heir of Ithaca to give."
"Defer the promis'd boon, (the Goddess cries,
◆ Celestial azure brightening in her eyes)
And let me now regain the Reithrian port:
From Temesé return'd, your royal court
I shall revisit; and that pledge receive,
And gifts, memorial of our friendship, leave."
Abrupt, **with eagle-speed** she cut the sky;
Instant invisible to mortal eye.
Then first he recognis'd th' Aethereal guest;
Wonder and joy alternate fire his breast:
Heroic thoughts infus'd his heart dilate,
Revolving much his father's doubtful fate:
At length compos'd, he join'd the suitor-throng,
Hush'd in attention to the warbled song.
His tender theme the charming Lyrist chose
Minerva's anger, and the direful woes
Which voyaging from Troy the Victors bore,
While storms vindictive intercept the shore.
The shrilling airs the vaulted roof rebounds,
L1[I] Reflecting to the Queen the silver sounds.
𝔹 Q23 With grief renew'd the weeping fair descends;
Their sovereign's step a virgin train attends:
A veil of richest texture wrought, she wears,
And silent, to the joyous hall repairs.
There from the portal, with her mild command
Thus gently checks the minstrel's tuneful hand:
"Phemius! let acts of Gods, and Heroes old,
What ancient bards in hall and bow'r have told,
Attemper'd to the Lyre, your voice employ;
Such the pleas'd ear will drink with silent joy.
But oh! forbear that dear, disastrous name,
To sorrow sacred, and secure of fame:
My bleeding bosom sickens at the sound,
And ev'ry piercing note inflicts a wound."
"Why, dearest object of my duteous love,"
(Reply'd the Prince) "will you the Bard reprove?
Oft, Jove's aethereal rays (resistless fire)
The chanter's soul and raptur'd song inspire;
Instinct divine! nor blame severe his choice,
Warbling the Grecian woes with harp and voice:
Pope For novel lays attract our ravish'd ears;
Odyssey But old, the mind with inattention hears.
Q24 Patient permit the sadly-pleasing strain;
1.450 Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain,

6 Then silent sate — at length Antinous burns
227 With haughty rage, and sternly thus returns:
"O insolence of youth! whose tongue affords
Such railing eloquence, and war of words.
Studious thy country's worthies to defame,
Thy erring voice displays thy Mother's shame.
Elusive of the bridal day, she gives Q66
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives. **2**.100
Did not the sun, thro' heav'n's wide azure roll'd,
For three long years the royal fraud behold?
While she, laborious in delusion, spread
The spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread:
Where as to life the wond'rous figures rise,
Thus spoke th'inventive Queen, with artful sighs:
'Tho' cold in death Ulysses breathes no more,
Cease yet awhile to urge the bridal hour:
Cease, 'till to great Laërtes I bequeath
A task of grief, his ornaments of death.
Lest when the Fates his royal ashes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;
When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,
Shall want in death a shroud to grace his shade.'
Thus she: at once the gen'rous train complies,
Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.
The work she ply'd; but, studious of delay,
By night revers'd the labours of the day. **L1[I]**
While thrice the sun his annual journey made, 𝔹
The conscious lamp the midnight fraud survey'd;
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail; Q67
The fourth, her maid unfolds th'amazing tale.
We saw, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.
Then urg'd, she perfects her illustrious toils; ◆
A wond'rous monument of female wiles!
But you oh Peers! and thou oh Prince! give ear:
(I speak aloud, that every Greek may hear)
Dismiss the Queen; and if her sire approves,
Let him espouse her to the Peer she loves:
Bid instant to prepare the bridal train,
Nor let a race of Princes wait in vain.
Tho' with a grace divine her soul is blest,
And all Minerva breathes within her breast,
In wond'rous arts than woman more renown'd,
And more than woman with deep wisdom crown'd;
Tho' Tyro nor Mycene match her name,
Not great Alcmena, (the proud boasts of Fame)
Yet thus by heav'n adorn'd, by heav'n's decree
She shines with fatal excellence, to thee:
236 With thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feast,
8 'Till righteous heav'n reclaim her stubborn breast. **2**.142

He spoke. Telemachus with transport glows,
Embrac'd the omen, and majestic rose:
(His royal hand th'imperial scepter sway'd)
Then thus, addressing to Aegyptius, said:
"Rever'nd old man! lo here confest he stands
By whom ye meet; my grief your care demands.
No story I unfold of public woes,
Nor bear advices of impending foes:
Peace the blest land, and joys incessant crown;
Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone.
For my lost Sire continual sorrows spring,
The great, the good; your Father, and your King.
Yet more; our house from its foundation bows,
Our foes are pow'rful, and your sons the foes:
Hither, unwelcome, to the Queen they come;
Why seek they not the rich Icarian dome?
If she must wed, from other hands require
The dowry; Is Telemachus her Sire?
Yet thro' my court the noise of Revel rings,
And wastes the wise frugality of Kings.
Scarce all my herds their luxury suffice;
Scarce all my wine their midnight hours supplies.
Safe in my youth, in riot still they grow,
Nor in the helpless Orphan dread a foe.
But come it will, the time when manhood grants
More pow'rful advocates than vain complaints.
Approach that hour! unsufferable wrong
Cries to the Gods, and vengeance sleeps too long.
Rise then ye Peers! with virtuous anger rise!
Your fame revere, but most th'avenging skies.
By all the deathless pow'rs that reign above,
By righteous Themis and by thund'ring Jove,
(Themis, who gives to councils, or denies
Success; and humbles, or confirms the wise)
Rise in my aid! suffice the tears that flow
For my lost Sire, nor add new woe to woe.
If e'er he bore the sword to strengthen ill,
Or having pow'r to wrong, betray'd the will;
On me, on me your kindled wrath asswage,
And bid the voice of lawless riot rage.
If ruin to your royal race ye doom,
Be You the spoilers, and our wealth consume.
Then might we hope redress from juster laws,
And raise all Ithaca to aid our cause:
But while your Sons commit th'unpunish'd wrong,
You make the Arm of Violence too strong."
While thus he spoke, with rage and grief he frown'd,
And dash'd th'imperial sceptre to the ground.
The big round tear hung trembling in his eye:
The Synod griev'd, and gave a pitying sigh,
And in the publick woe forget your own;
You weep not for a perish'd Lord, alone.
What Greeks, new wand'ring in the Stygian gloom,
Wish your Ulysses shar'd an equal doom!
Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil
And various labours of the loom, beguile;
There rule, from palace-cares remote and free;
That care to man belongs, and most to me."
Mature beyond his years, the Queen admires
His sage reply, and with her train retires.
Then swelling sorrows burst their former bounds,
With echoing grief afresh the dome resounds;
'Till Pallas, piteous of her plaintive cries,
In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.
Mean-time rekindl'd at the royal charms,
Tumultuous love each beating bosom warms;
Intemp'rate rage a wordy war began;
But bold Telemachus assum'd the man:
"Instant" (he cry'd) "your female discord end,
Ye deedless boasters! and the song attend:
Obey that sweet compulsion, nor profane
With dissonance, the smooth melodious strain.
Pacific now prolong the jovial feast;
But when the dawn reveals the rosy East,
I, to the Peers assembled, shall propose
The firm resolve I here in few disclose:
No longer live the cankers of my court;
All to your several states with speed resort;
Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feast, and late carouse.
But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
For you my bowl shall flow, my flocks shall bleed,
Judge and revenge my right, impartial Jove!
By him, and all th'immortal thrones above,
(A sacred oath) each proud oppressor slain
Shall with inglorious gore this marble stain."
Aw'd by the Prince, thus haughty, bold, and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd the tongue.
Silence at length the gay Antinous broke,
Constrain'd a smile, and thus ambiguous spoke.
"What God to your untutor'd youth affords
This headlong torrent of amazing words?
May Jove delay thy reign, and cumber late
So bright a genius with the toils of state!"
"Those toils" (Telemachus serene replies)
"Have charms, with all their weight, t'allure the wise.
Fast by the Throne obsequious Fame resides,
And Wealth incessant rolls her golden tides.
Nor let Antinous rage, if strong desire
Of wealth and fame a youthful bosom fire:

Elect by Jove his Delegate of sway,
With joyous pride the summons I'd obey.
Whene'er Ulysses roams the realm of Night,
Shou'd factious pow'r dispute my lineal right,
Some other Greeks a fairer claim may plead;
To your pretence their title wou'd precede.
At least, the sceptre lost, I still shou'd reign
Sole o'er my vassals, and domestic train."
To this Eurymachus: "To heav'n alone
Refer the choice to fill the vacant Throne.
Your patrimonial stores in peace possess;
Undoubted all your filial claim confess:
Your private right shou'd impious pow'r invade,
The peers of Ithaca wou'd arm in aid.
But say, that Stranger-guest who late withdrew,
What, and from whence? his name and lineage shew.
His grave demeanour, and majestic grace
Speak him descended of no vulgar race:
Did he some loan of antient right require,
Or came fore-runner of your sceptr'd Sire?"
"Oh son of Polybus!" the Prince replies,
"No more my Sire will glad these longing eyes:
The Queen's fond hope inventive rumour cheers,
Or vain diviners' dreams divert her fears.
That stranger-guest the Taphian realm obeys,
A realm defended with encircling seas:
Mentes, an ever-honour'd name, of old
High in Ulysses' social list inroll'd."
Thus he, tho' conscious of th'aethereal Guest,
Answer'd evasive of the sly request.
Mean time the Lyre rejoins the sprightly lay;
Love-dittied airs, and dance, conclude the day.
But when the Star of Eve, with golden light
Adorn'd the matron-brow of sable Night;
The mirthful train dispersing quit the court,
And to their several domes to Rest resort.
A tow'ring structure to the palace join'd;
To this his steps the thoughtful Prince inclin'd:
In his pavilion there to sleep repairs;
The lighted torch the sage Euryclea bears.
(Daughter of Ops, the just Pisenor's son,
For twenty beeves by great Laertes won;
In rosy prime with charms attractive grac'd,
Honour'd by him, a gentle Lord and chaste,
With deer esteem: too wise, with jealous strife
To taint the joys of sweet, connubial life.
Sole with Telemachus her service ends,
A child she nurs'd him, and a man attends.)
Whilst to his couch himself the Prince addrest,
The duteous dame receiv'd the purple vest:
The purple vest with decent care dispos'd,
The silver ring she pull'd, the door re-clos'd;
The bolt, obedient to the silken cord,
To the strong staple's inmost depth restor'd,
Secur'd the valves. There, wrap'd in silent shade,
Pensive, the rules the Goddess gave, he weigh'd;
Stretch'd on the downy fleece, no rest he knows,
And in his raptur'd soul the Vision glows.

NOW red'ning from the dawn, the Morning ray
Glow'd in the front of Heav'n, and gave the Day.
The youthful Hero, with returning light,
Rose anxious from th'inquietudes of Night.
A royal robe he wore with graceful pride,
A two-edg'd faulchion threaten'd by his side,
Embroider'd sandals glitter'd as he trod,
And forth he mov'd, **majestic as a God**.
Then by his Heralds, restless of delay,
To council calls the Peers: the Peers obey.
Soon as in solemn form th' assembly sate,
From his high dome himself descends in state.
Bright in his hand a pond'rous javelin shin'd;
Two Dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind;
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
And gazing crowds admire him as he moves.
His Father's throne he fill'd: while distant stood
The hoary Peers, and Aged Wisdom bow'd.
'Twas silence all: at last Aegyptius spoke;
Aegyptius, by his age and sorrows broke:
A length of days his soul with prudence crown'd,
A length of days had bent him to the ground.
His eldest hope in arms to Ilion came,
By great Ulysses taught the path to fame;
But (hapless youth) the hideous Cyclops tore
His quiv'ring limbs, and quaff'd his spouting gore.
Three sons remain'd: To climb with haughty fires
The royal bed, Eurynomus aspires;
The rest with duteous love his griefs asswage,
And ease the Sire of half the cares of age.
Yet still his Antiphus he loves, he mourns,
And as he stood, he spoke and wept by turns:
"Since great Ulysses sought the Phrygian plains,
Within these walls inglorious silence reigns.
Say then, ye Peers! by whose commands we meet?
Why here once more in solemn council sit?
Ye young, ye old, the weighty cause disclose:
Arrives some message of invading foes?
Or say, does high necessity of state
Inspire some Patriot, and demand debate!
The present Synod speaks its author wise;
Assist him, Jove! thou regent of the skies!"

And sure he will: For Wisdom never lies."
Pope "Oh tell me, Mentor! tell me faithful guide,
Odyssey (The youth with prudent modesty reply'd)
How shall I meet, or how accost the Sage,
30 ✦ Unskill'd in speech, nor yet mature of age?
Awful th'approach, and hard the task appears,
To question wisely men of riper years."
Q111 To whom the martial Goddess thus rejoyn'd:
"Search, for some thoughts, thy own suggesting mind;
35 And others, dictated by heav'nly pow'r,
Shall rise spontaneous in the needful hour.
For nought unprosp'rous shall thy ways attend,
Born with good omens, and with heav'n thy friend."
She spoke, and led the way with swiftest speed:
40 As swift, the youth pursu'd the way she led;
And join'd the band before the sacred fire,
Where sate, encompast with his sons, the Sire.
The youth of Pylos, some on pointed wood
Transfix'd the fragments, some prepar'd the food.
45 In friendly throngs they gather, to embrace
Their unknown guests, and at the banquet place.
Pisistratus was first, to grasp their hands,
And spread soft hydes upon the yellow sands;
Along the shore th'illustrious pair he led,
3.50 Where Nestor sat with the youthful Thrasymed.
L1[O] To each a portion of the Feast he bore,
And held the golden goblet foaming o'er;
Then first approaching to the elder guest,
The latent Goddess in these words addrest:
Q112 "Whoe'er thou art, from fortune brings to keep
These rites of Neptune, monarch of the deep,
Thee first it fits, oh stranger! to prepare
The due libation and the solemn prayer:
Then give thy friend to shed the sacred wine;
60 Tho' much thy younger, and his years like mine,
He too, I deem, implores the pow'rs divine:
For all mankind alike require their grace,
All born to want; a miserable race!"
He spake, and to her hand preferr'd the bowl: 1
65 A secret pleasure touch'd Athena's soul,
To see the pref'rence due to sacred age
Regarded ever by the just and sage.
Of Ocean's King she then implores the grace:
"Oh thou! whose arms this ample globe embrace,
70 Fulfil our wish, and let thy glory shine
On Nestor first, and Nestor's royal line;
Next grant the Pylian states their just desires,
Pleas'd with their Hecatomb's ascending fires;
Last deign Telemachus and me to bless, 239
3.75 And crown our voyage with desir'd success." 11
Q113 Thus she; and having paid the rite divine,

THE COUNCIL
OF ITHACA.

Telemachus, in the assembly of the lords of Ithaca, complains of the injustice done him by the suitors, and insists upon their departure from his palace; appealing to the princes, and exciting the peeple to declare against them. The suitors endeavour to justify their stay, at least till he shall send the queen to the court of Icarius her father; which he refuses. There appears a prodigy of two eagles in the sky, which an augur expounds to the ruin of the suitors. Telemachus then demands a vessel to carry him to Pylos and Sparta, there to inquire of his father's fortunes. Pallas, in the shape of Mentor (an ancient friend of Ulysses), helps him to a ship, assists him in preparing necessaries for the voyage, and embarks with him that night; which concludes the second day from the opening of the poem.

The scene continues in the palace of Ulysses, in Ithaca.

Pope's Odyssey (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 2

PREVIEW
BOOK 3

EPIC POEM .ORG
DIGITAL CLASSICS

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

language: Modern English (1725)
copy text: Lintot (vol. i 1725)
typeface: Kings Caslon
by Dalton Maag

This **UNRESTRICTED INTERLEAVABLE LAYOUT** of this **PUBLIC DOMAIN TEXT** is available for free at ARCHIVE.ORG (LINK).

EPICPOEM.ORG 475 lines 3.0

3L 1 - 475

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

PRINT
2-SIDED:
11 to **16**

Q61 NOW red'ning from the dawn, the Morning ray
Glow'd in the front of Heav'n, and gave the Day.
The youthful Hero, with returning light,
Rose anxious from th'inquietudes of Night.
A royal robe he wore with graceful pride,
A two-edg'd faulchion threaten'd by his side,
Embroider'd sandals glitter'd as he trod,
And forth he mov'd, **majestic as a God**.
Then by his Heralds, restless of delay,
To council calls the Peers: the Peers obey.
Q62 Soon as in solemn form th' assembly sate,
From his high dome himself descends in state.
Bright in his hand a pond'rous javelin shin'd;
Two Dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind;
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
And gazing crowds admire him as he moves.
His Father's throne he fill'd: while distant stood
The hoary Peers, and Aged Wisdom bow'd.
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Aegyptius, by his age and sorrows broke:
A length of days his soul with prudence crown'd,
A length of days had bent him to the ground.
His eldest hope in arms to Ilion came,
By great Ulysses taught the path to fame;
◆ But (hapless youth) the hideous Cyclops tore
L1[I] His quiv'ring limbs, and quaff'd his spouting gore.
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The rest with duteous love his griefs asswage,
And ease the Sire of half the cares of age.
Yet still his Antiphus he loves, he mourns,
And as he stood, he spoke and wept by turns:
Q63 "Since great Ulysses sought the Phrygian plains,
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(His royal hand th'imperial scepter sway'd)
Then thus, addressing to Aegyptius, said:
Pope "Rever'nd old man! lo here confest he stands
Odyssey By whom ye meet; my grief your care demands.
No story I unfold of public woes,
2.50 Nor bear advices of impending foes:
9 Th'impatient mariner thy speed demands."
230 Swift as she spoke, with rapid pace she leads.
The footsteps of the Deity he treads.
Swift to the shore they move: Along the strand
The ready vessel rides, the sailors ready stand.
He bids them bring their stores: th' attending train
Load the tall bark, and launch into the main.
The Prince and Goddess to the stern ascend;
To the strong stroke at once the rowers bend.
Full from the west she bids fresh breezes blow;
The sable billows foam and roar below.
The Chief his orders gives; th' obedient band
With due observance wait the chief's command;
With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.
High o'er the roaring waves the spreading sails
Bow the tall mast, and swell before the gales;
The crooked keel the parting surge divides,
And to the stern retreating roll the tides.
And now they ship their oars, and crown with wine
The holy Goblet to the pow'rs divine:
Imploring all the Gods that reign above,
Q83 But chief, the blue-ey'd Progeny of Jove.
Thus all the night they stem the liquid way,
And end their voyage with the morning ray.
2.475
THE sacred Sun, above the waters rais'd, Q109 **3**.1 **L1[I]**
Thro' Heav'n's eternal, brazen portals blaz'd;
And wide o'er earth diffus'd his chearing ray,
To Gods and men to give the golden day.
Now on the coast of Pyle the vessel falls,
Before old Neleus' venerable walls.
1 There, suppliant to the Monarch of the flood,
At nine green Theatres the Pylians stood,
Each held five hundred, (a deputed train),
At each, nine oxen on the sand lay slain.
They taste the entrails, and the altars load
Q110 With smoaking thighs, an offering to the God.
Full for the port the Ithacensians stand,
2 And furl their sails, and issue on the land.
Telemachus already prest the shore;
Not first, the Pow'r of Wisdom march'd before,
And ere the sacrificing throng he join'd,
Admonish'd thus his well-attending mind:
"Proceed my son! this youthful shame expel;
An honest business never blush to tell.
To learn what fates thy wretched sire detain,
We past the wide, immeasurable main.
Pope Meet then the Senior, far renown'd for sense,
Odyssey With rev'rent awe, but decent confidence:
240 Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies;
12 **3**.25

Prepar'd, are yet descends the evening hour.
Pope For when the fav'ring shades of night arise,
Odyssey And peaceful slumbers close my mother's eyes,
Me from our coast shall spreading sails convey,
To seek Ulysses thro' the wat'ry way."
Q80 While yet he spoke, she fill'd the walls with cries,
And tears ran trickling from her aged eyes.
"Oh whither, whither flies my son?" she cry'd,
"To realms, that rocks and roaring seas divide?
In foreign lands thy father's days decay'd.
And foreign lands contain the mighty dead.
The watry way, ill-fated if thou try,
All, all must perish, and by fraud you die!
Then stay, my child! Storms beat, and rolls the main;
Oh beat those storms, and roll the seas in vain!"
"Far hence" (reply'd the Prince) "thy fears be driv'n:
Heav'n calls me forth; these counsels are of heav'n.
But by the pow'rs that hate the perjur'd, swear,
To keep my voyage from the royal ear,
Nor uncompell'd the dangerous truth betray,
'Till twice six times descends the lamp of day:
Lest the sad tale a mother's life impair,
And grief destroy what time a while would spare."
Thus he. The matron with uplifted eyes
◆ Attests th' all-seeing Sovereign of the skies.
L2[O] Then studious she prepares the choicest flour,
The strength of wheat, and wines, an ample store.
Q81 While to the rival train the Prince returns,
The martial Goddess with impatience burns;
Like thee, Telemachus, in voice and size,
With speed divine from street to street she flies.
She bids the Mariners prepar'd to stand,
When Night descends, embodyed on the strand.
Then to Noëmon swift she runs, she flies,
And asks a bark: the chief a bark supplies.
And now, declining with his sloping wheels,
Down sunk the Sun behind the western hills.
The Goddess shov'd the vessel from the shores,
And stow'd within its womb the naval stores.
Full in the openings of the spacious main
It rides; and now descends the sailor train.
Next, to the court, impatient of delay
With rapid step the Goddess urged her way;
There every eye with slumbrous chains she bound,
And dash'd the flowing goblet to the ground.
Drowzy they rose, with heavy fumes opprest,
Reel'd from the palace, and retir'd to rest.
Then thus, in Mentor's rev'rend form array'd,
Spoke to Telemachus the martial Maid.
2.450 Q82 "Lo! on the seas prepar'd the vessel stands;

10 (4C)
231 (153C)
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13

Peace the blest land, and joys incessant crown;
Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone.
For my lost Sire continual sorrows spring,
The great, the good; your Father, and your King.
Yet more; our house from its foundation bows,
Our foes are pow'rful, and your sons the foes:
Hither, unwelcome, to the Queen they come;
Why seek they not the rich Icarian dome?
If she must wed, from other hands require
The dowry; Is Telemachus her Sire?
Yet thro' my court the noise of Revel rings,
And wastes the wise frugality of Kings.
Scarce all my herds their luxury suffice;
Scarce all my wine their midnight hours supplies.
Safe in my youth, in riot still they grow,
Nor in the helpless Orphan dread a foe.
But come it will, the time when manhood grants
More pow'rful advocates than vain complaints.
Approach that hour! unsufferable wrong
Cries to the Gods, and vengeance sleeps too long.
Rise then ye Peers! with virtuous anger rise!
Your fame revere, but most th'avenging skies.
By all the deathless pow'rs that reign above,
By righteous Themis and by thund'ring Jove,
(Themis, who gives to councils, or denies
Success; and humbles, or confirms the wise)
Rise in my aid! suffice the tears that flow
For my lost Sire, nor add new woe to woe.
If e'er he bore the sword to strengthen ill,
Or having pow'r to wrong, betray'd the will;
On me, on me your kindled wrath asswage,
And bid the voice of lawless riot rage.
If ruin to your royal race ye doom,
Be You the spoilers, and our wealth consume.
Then might we hope redress from juster laws,
And raise all Ithaca to aid our cause:
But while your Sons commit th'unpunish'd wrong,
You make the Arm of Violence too strong."
3 While thus he spoke, with rage and grief he frown'd,
And dash'd th'imperial sceptre to the ground.
The big round tear hung trembling in his eye:
The Synod griev'd, and gave a pitying sigh,
Then silent sate — at length Antinous burns
With haughty rage, and sternly thus returns:
"O insolence of youth! whose tongue affords
Such railing eloquence, and war of words.
Studious thy country's worthies to defame,
Thy erring voice displays thy Mother's shame.
Q66 Elusive of the bridal day, she gives
2.100 Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.

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70
75
L2[O]
Q65
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Did not the sun, thro' heav'n's wide azure roll'd,
For three long years the royal fraud behold?
While she, laborious in delusion, spread
The spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread:
Where as to life the wond'rous figures rise,
Thus spoke th'inventive Queen, with artful sighs:
'Tho' cold in death Ulysses breathes no more,
Cease yet awhile to urge the bridal hour:
Cease, 'till to great Laërtes I bequeath
A task of grief, his ornaments of death.
Lest when the Fates his royal ashes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;
When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,
Shall want in death a shroud to grace his shade.'
Thus she: at once the gen'rous train complies,
Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.
The work she ply'd; but, studious of delay,
By night revers'd the labours of the day.
While thrice the sun his annual journey made,
The conscious lamp the midnight fraud survey'd;
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid unfolds th'amazing tale.
We saw, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.
Then urg'd, she perfects her illustrious toils;
A wond'rous monument of female wiles!
But you oh Peers! and thou oh Prince! give ear:
(I speak aloud, that every Greek may hear)
Dismiss the Queen; and if her sire approves,
Let him espouse her to the Peer she loves:
Bid instant to prepare the bridal train,
Nor let a race of Princes wait in vain.
Tho' with a grace divine her soul is blest,
And all Minerva breathes within her breast,
In wond'rous arts than woman more renown'd,
And more than woman with deep wisdom crown'd;
Tho' Tyro nor Mycene match her name,
Not great Alcmena, (the proud boasts of Fame)
Yet thus by heav'n adorn'd, by heav'n's decree
She shines with fatal excellence, to thee:
With thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feast,
'Till righteous heav'n reclaim her stubborn breast.
What tho' from pole to pole resounds her name?
The son's destruction waits the mother's fame:
For 'till she leaves thy court, it is decreed,
Thy bowl to empty, and thy flock to bleed."
While yet he speaks, Telemachus replies:
"Ev'n Nature starts, and what ye ask denies.
Thus, shall I thus repay a mother's cares,
Who gave me life, and nurs'd my infant years?
Suffice it to have spent with swift decay
The wealth of Kings, and made my youth a prey.
But now the wise instructions of the sage,
And manly thoughts inspir'd by manly age,
Teach me to seek redress for all my woe,
Here, or in Pyle. ----- in Pyle, or here, your foe.
Deny your vessels; ye deny in vain;
A private voyager I pass the main.
Free breathe the winds, and free the billows flow,
And where on earth I live, I live your foe."
He spoke and frown'd, nor longer deign'd to stay,
Sternly his hand withdrew, and strode away.
Mean time, o'er all the dome, they quaff, they feast,
Derisive taunts were spread from guest to guest,
And each in jovial mood his mate addrest:
"Tremble ye not, oh friends! and coward fly,
Doom'd by the stern Telemachus to dye?
To Pyle or Sparta to demand supplies,
Big with revenge, the mighty warrior flies:
Or comes from Ephyré with poisons fraught,
And kills us all in one tremendous draught?"
"Or who can say" (his gamesome mate replies)
"But while the danger of the deeps he tries,
He, like his sire, may sink depriv'd of breath,
And punish us unkindly by his death?
What mighty labours would he then create,
To seize his treasures, and divide his state,
The royal Palace to the Queen convey,
Or him she blesses in the bridal day!"
Meantime the lofty rooms the Prince surveys,
Where lay the treasures of th' Ithacian race:
Here ruddy brass and gold refulgent blaz'd;
There polish'd chests embroider'd vestures grac'd;
Here jars of oil breath'd forth a rich perfume;
There casks of wine in rows adorn'd the dome.
(Pure flav'rous wine, by Gods in bounty giv'n,
And worthy to exalt the feasts of heav'n.)
Untouch'd they stood, 'till his long labours o'er
The great Ulysses reach'd his native shore.
A double strength of bars secur'd the gates:
Fast by the door the wise Euryclea waits;
Euryclea, who, great Ops! thy lineage shar'd,
And watch'd all night, all day; a faithful guard.
To whom the Prince: "O thou whose guardian care
Nurs'd the most wretched King that breathes the air!
Untouch'd and sacred may these vessels stand,
'Till great Ulysses views his native land.
But by thy care twelve urns of wine be fill'd;
Next these in worth, and firm these urns be seal'd;
And twice ten measures of the choicest flour

11 (5C) 232 (154C) 3 (2C) 4 242 14

Q67 Q68 Q78 Q79 ◆ L2[I] Pope Odyssey

2.150 2.400

Hear from thy heav'ns above, oh warrior-maid!
Pope Descend once more, propitious to my aid.
Odyssey Without thy presence vain is thy command;
Greece, and the rival train thy voice withstand."
Indulgent to his pray'r, the Goddess took
Sage Mentor's form, and thus like Mentor spoke:
"O Prince, in early youth divinely wise,
Born, the Ulysses of thy age to rise!
If to the son the father's worth descends,
O'er the wide wave success thy ways attends:
To tread the walks of death he stood prepar'd,
And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd.
Were not wise sons descendant of the wise,
And did not Heroes from brave Heroes rise,
Vain were my hopes: few sons attain the praise
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.
But since thy veins paternal virtue fires,
And all Penelope thy soul inspires,
Q76 Go, and succeed! the rivals' aims despise;
For never, never, wicked man was wise.
Blind they rejoice, tho' now, ev'n now they fall;
Death hastes amain: one hour o'erwhelms them all!
And lo, with speed we plow the watry way;
My pow'r shall guard thee, and my hand convey:
✦ The winged vessel studious I prepare,
L3[O] Thro' seas and realms companion of thy care.
Thou to the court ascend; and to the shores
(When night advances) bear the naval stores;
Bread, that decaying man with strength supplies,
And gen'rous wine, which thoughtful sorrow flies.
Mean-while the Mariners by my command
Shall speed aboard, a valiant chosen band.
Wide o'er the bay, by vessel vessel rides;
The best I chuse, to waft thee o'er the tides."
She spoke: to his high dome the Prince returns,
And as he moves with royal anguish mourns.
'Twas riot all, among the lawless train;
Boar bled by boar, and goat by goat lay slain.
Arriv'd, his hand the gay Antinoüs prest,
And thus deriding, with a smile addrest:
Q77 "Grieve not, oh daring Prince! that noble heart:
Ill suits gay youth the stern, heroic part.
Indulge the genial hour, unbend thy soul,
Leave thought to Age, and drain the flowing bowl.
Studious to ease thy grief, our care provides
The bark, to waft thee o'er the swelling tides."
"Is this" (returns the Prince) "for mirth a time?
When lawless gluttons riot, mirth's a crime;
The luscious wines dishonour'd lose their taste,
2.350 The song is noise, and impious is the feast.

12 (6C)
233 (155C)
4 (3C)
5
243
15

While sad on foreign shores Ulysses treads,
Or glides a ghost with unapparent shades.
How to Icarius in the bridal hour
Shall I, by waste undone, refund the dow'r?
How from my father should I vengeance dread?
How would my mother curse my hated head?
And while in wrath to vengeful Fiends she cries,
How from their hell would vengeful Fiends arise!
Abhorr'd by all, accurs'd my name would grow,
The earth's disgrace, and Humankind my foe.
If this displease, why urge ye here your stay?
Haste from the court, ye spoilers, haste away:
Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feast, and late carouse.
But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
Q69 For you my bowl shall flow, my flocks shall bleed;
Judge and assert my right, impartial Jove!
By him, and all th'immortal host above,
(A sacred oath) if heav'n the pow'r supply,
Vengeance I vow, and for your wrongs ye die."
With that, two Eagles from a mountain's height
By Jove's command direct their rapid flight;
Swift they descend with wing to wing conjoin'd,
Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the wind.
Above th'assembled Peers they wheel on high,
And clang their wings, and hovering beat the sky;
With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
And shrieking loud denounce approaching fate.
They cuff, they tear, their cheeks and necks they rend,
And from their plumes huge drops of blood descend.
Then sailing o'er the domes and tow'rs they fly,
Full tow'rd the East, and mount into the sky.
The wondring Rivals gaze with cares opprest,
And chilling horrours freeze in every breast.
'Till big with knowledge of approaching woes
The Prince of Augurs, Halitherses, rose:
Prescient he view'd th'aerial tracts, and drew
Q70 A sure presage from ev'ry wing that flew.
"Ye sons" (he cry'd) "of Ithaca give ear,
Hear all! but chiefly you, oh Rivals! hear.
Destruction sure o'er all your heads impends;
Ulysses comes, and death his steps attends.
Nor to the Great alone is death decreed;
We, and our guilty Ithaca must bleed.
Why cease we then the wrath of heav'n to stay?
Be humbled all, and lead ye Great! the way.
For lo! my words no fancy'd woes relate:
I speak from science, and the voice is Fate.
When great Ulysses sought the Phrygian shores
To shake with war proud Ilion's lofty tow'rs,
2.200

Deeds then undone me faithful tongue foretold; **13 (7C)**
Heav'n seal'd my words, and you those deeds behold. **234 (156C)**
'I see' (I cry'd) 'his woes, a countless train;
I see his friends o'erwhelm'd beneath the main;
How twice ten years from shore to shore he roams:
Now twice ten years are past, and now he comes!'"
To whom Eurymachus — "Fly Dotard, fly!
With thy wise dreams, and fables of the sky.
Q71 Go prophesy at home; thy sons advise:
Here thou art sage in vain — I better read the skies.
Unnumber'd Birds glide thro' th'aerial way,
Vagrants of air, and unforeboding stray.
Cold in the tomb, or in the deeps below
Ulysses lies: oh wert thou lay'd as low!
Then would that busy head no broils suggest,
For fire to rage Telemachus breast.
From him some bribe thy venal tongue requires,
And Int'rest, not the God, thy voice inspires.
His guide-less youth, if thy experienc'd age
Mis-lead fallacious into idle rage,
Vengeance deserv'd thy malice shall repress,
And but augment the wrongs thou would'st redress.
Telemachus may bid the Queen repair
To great Icarius, whose paternal care
◆ Will guide her passion, and reward her choice,
L3[I] With wealthy dow'r, and bridal gifts of price.
'Till she retires, determin'd we remain,
And both the Prince and Augur threat in vain:
His pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,
Move not the brave, or only move their hate.
Q72 Threat on, oh Prince! elude the bridal day,
Threat on, 'till all thy stores in waste decay. **5 (4C)**
True, Greece affords a train of lovely dames,
In wealth and beauty worthy of our flames:
But never from this nobler suit we cease;
For wealth and beauty less than virtue please."
To whom the Youth: "Since then in vain I tell
My num'rous woes, in silence let them dwell.
But heav'n, and all the Greeks, have heard my wrongs: **6**
To heav'n, and all the Greeks, redress belongs.
Yet this I ask (nor be it ask'd in vain)
A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main;
The realms of Pyle and Sparta to explore,
And seek my royal sire from shore to shore:
If, or to Fame his doubtful fate be known,
Or to be learn'd from Oracles alone?
Pope If yet he lives, with patience I forbear
Odyssey 'Till the fleet hours restore the circling year;
But if already wand'ring in the train **244**
2.250 Of empty shades, I measure back the main; **16**

Plant the fair column o'er the mighty dead,
And yield his consort to the nuptial bed."
He ceas'd; and while abash'd the Peers attend, Q73
Mentor arose, Ulysses' faithful friend:
[When fierce in arms he sought the scenes of war,
"My friend" (he cry'd) "my palace be thy care;
Years roll'd on years my god-like sire decay,
Guard thou his age, and his behests obey."]
Stern as he rose, he cast his eyes around
That flash'd with rage; and as spoke, he frown'd:
"O never, never more! let King be just,
Be mild in pow'r, or faithful to his trust!
Let Tyrants govern with an iron rod,
Oppress, destroy, and be the scourge of God;
Since he who like a father held his reign,
So soon forgot, was just and mild in vain!
True, while my friend is griev'd, his griefs I share;
Yet now the Rivals are my smallest care:
They, for the mighty mischiefs they devise,
Ere long shall pay — their forfeit lives the price.
But against you, ye Greeks! ye coward train,
Gods! how my soul is mov'd with just disdain?
Dumb ye all stand, and not one tongue affords
His injur'd Prince the little aid of words."
While yet he spoke, Leocritus rejoyn'd: Q74
"O pride of words, and arrogance of mind! **L3[I]**
Would'st thou to rise in arms the Greeks advise?
Join all your pow'rs! in arms ye Greeks arise!
Yet would your pow'rs in vain our strength oppose;
The valiant few o'ermatch a host of foes.
Should great Ulysses stern appear in arms,
While the bowl circles, and the banquet warms;
Tho' to his breast his spouse with transport flies,
Torn from her breast, that hour, Ulysses dies.
But hence retreating to your domes repair;
To arm the vessel, Mentor! be thy care,
And Halitherses! thine: be each his friend;
Ye lov'd the father: go, the son attend.
But yet, I trust, the boaster means to stay
Safe in the court, nor tempt the watry way."
Then, with a rushing sound, th'Assembly bend
Diverse their steps: The rival rout ascend
The royal dome; while sad the Prince explores
The neighb'ring main, and sorrowing treads the shores.
There, as the waters o'er his hands he shed,
The royal suppliant to Minerva pray'd:
"O Goddess! who descending from the skies Q75 **Pope**
Vouchsaf'd thy presence to my wond'ring eyes, **Odyssey**
By whose commands the raging deeps I trace,
And seek my sire thro' storms and rolling seas! **2**.300

Pass we to other subjects; and engage
Pope On themes remote the venerable Sage:
Odyssey (Who thrice has seen the perishable kind
Of men decay, and thro' three Ages shin'd,
Like Gods majestic, and like Gods in mind.)
For much he knows, and just conclusions draws
From various precedents, and various laws.
O son of Neleus! awful Nestor, tell
How he, the mighty, Agamemnon fell?
By what strange fraud Aegysthus wrought, relate,
(By force he could not) such a Heroe's fate?
Liv'd Menelaüs not in Greece? or where
Was then the martial brother's pious care?
Condemn'd perhaps some foreign short to tread;
Or sure Aegysthus had not dar'd the deed."
Q124 To whom the Full of Days: "Illustrious youth,
Attend (tho' partly thou hast guest) the truth.
For had the martial Menelaüs found
The ruffian breathing yet on Argive ground;
Nor earth had hid his carcase from the skies,
Nor Grecian virgins shriek'd his obsequies,
But fowls obscene dismember'd his remains,
And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.
While us the works of bloody Mars employ'd,
The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd;
L1[O] He, stretch'd at ease in Argos' calm recess,
A (Whose stately steeds luxuriant pastures bless)
With flattery's insinuating art
Sooth'd the frail Queen, and poison'd all her heart.
✦ At first, with the worthy shame and decent pride,
The royal dame his lawless suit deny'd.
For Virtue's image yet possest her mind,
Taught by a Master of the tuneful kind:
Atrides, parting for the Trojan war,
Consign'd the youthful Consort to his care;
True to his charge, the Bard preserv'd her long
In honour's limits (such the pow'r of Song)
Q125 But when the Gods these objects of their hate
Dragg'd to destruction, by the links of fate;
The bard they banish'd from his native soil,
And left all helpless in a desert Isle:
There he, the sweetest of the sacred train,
Sung dying to the rocks, but sung in vain.
Then Virtue was no more (her guard away)
She fell, to lust a voluntary prey.
Ev'n to the temple stalk'd th'adulterous spouse,
With impious thanks, and mockery of the vows,
With images, with garments, and with gold,
And od'rous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.
3.350 Mean time from flaming Troy we cut the way

14
235
245
17

THE INTERVIEW OF TELEMACHUS AND NESTOR.

Telemachus, guided by Pallas in the shape of Mentor, arrives in the morning at Pylos, where Nestor and his sons are sacrificing on the sea-shore to Neptune. Telemachus declares the occasion of his coming: and Nestor relates what passed in their return from Troy, how their fleets were separated, and he never since heard of Ulysses. They discourse concerning the death of Agamemnon, the revenge of Orestes, and the injuries of the suitors. Nestor advises him to go to Sparta, and inquire further of Menelaüs. The sacrifice ending with the night, Minerva vanishes from them in the form of an eagle: Telemachus is lodged in the palace. The next morning they sacrifice a bullock to Minerva; and Telemachus proceeds on his journey to Sparta, attended by Pisistratus.

The scene lies on the sea-shore of Pylos.

Pope's Odyssey (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 3

PREVIEW BOOK 4

.ORG

1 DIGITAL CLASSICS

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

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A 2L 1 - 350
B 2L 351 - 558

PRINT 2-SIDED: **17** to **24**

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

1

Q 109 THE sacred Sun, above the waters rais'd,
Thro' Heav'n's eternal, brazen portals blaz'd;
And wide o'er earth diffus'd his chearing ray,
To Gods and men to give the golden day.
Now on the coast of Pyle the vessel falls,
Before old Neleus' venerable walls.
There, suppliant to the Monarch of the flood,
At nine green Theatres the Pylians stood,
Each held five hundred, (a deputed train),
At each, nine oxen on the sand lay slain.
Q 110 They taste the entrails, and the altars load
With smoaking thighs, an offering to the God.
Full for the port the Ithacensians stand,
And furl their sails, and issue on the land.
Telemachus already prest the shore;
Not first, the Pow'r of Wisdom march'd before,
And ere the sacrificing throng he join'd,
Admonish'd thus his well-attending mind:
"Proceed my son! this youthful shame expel;
An honest business never blush to tell.
To learn what fates thy wretched sire detain,
We past the wide, immeasurable main.
Meet then the Senior, far renown'd for sense,
With rev'rent awe, but decent confidence:
Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies;
L1[I] And sure he will: For Wisdom never lies."
A "Oh tell me, Mentor! tell me faithful guide,
(The youth with prudent modesty reply'd)
How shall I meet, or how accost the Sage,
◆ Unskill'd in speech, nor yet mature of age?
Awful th'approach, and hard the task appears,
To question wisely men of riper years." **2 (1C)**
Q 111 To whom the martial Goddess thus rejoyn'd:
"Search, for some thoughts, thy own suggesting mind;
And others, dictated by heav'nly pow'r,
Shall rise spontaneous in the needful hour.
For nought unprosp'rous shall thy ways attend,
Born with good omens, and with heav'n thy friend."
She spoke, and led the way with swiftest speed: **2**
As swift, the youth pursu'd the way she led;
And join'd the band before the sacred fire,
Where sate, encompast with his sons, the Sire.
The youth of Pylos, some on pointed wood
Transfix'd the fragments, some prepar'd the food.
In friendly throngs they gather, to embrace
Their unknown guests, and at the banquet place.
Pope Odyssey Pisistratus was first, to grasp their hands,
And spread soft hydes upon the yellow sands;
Along the shore th'illustrious pair he led, **246**
3.50 Where Nestor sat with the youthful Thrasymed. **18**

15 (8C) **236 (157C)**

And the proud Suitors shall its force confess;
Injurious men! who while my soul is sore Q 121
Of fresh affronts, are meditating more.
But heav'n denies this honour to my hand,
Nor shall my father repossess the land:
The father's fortune never to return,
And the sad son's, to suffer and to mourn!"
Thus he, and Nestor took the word: "My son,
Is it then true, as distant rumours run,
That crowds of rivals for thy mother's charms
Thy Palace fill with insults and alarms?
Say, is the fault, thro' tame submission, thine?
Or leagu'd against thee, do thy people join,
Mov'd by some Oracle, or voice divine?
And yet who knows, but ripening lies in fate
An hour of vengeance for th'afflicted state;
When great Ulysses shall suppress these harms,
Ulysses singly, or all Greece in arms.
But if Athena, War's triumphant maid,
The happy son, will, as the father, aid,
(Whose fame and safety was her constant care
In ev'ry danger and in ev'ry war:
Never on man did heav'nly favour shine Q 122
With rays so strong, distinguish'd, and divine,
As those with which Minerva mark'd thy sire)
So might she love thee, so thy soul inspire! **L1[I]**
Soon shou'd their hopes in humble dust be laid, A
And long oblivion of the bridal bed."
"Ah! no such hope" (the Prince with sighs replies)
"Can touch my breast; that blessing heav'n denies.
Ev'n by celestial favour were it giv'n,
Fortune or fate wou'd cross the will of heav'n."
"What words are these, and what imprudence thine?"
(Thus interposed the Martial maid divine)
"Forgetful youth! but know, the Pow'r above
With ease can save each object of his love;
Wide as his will, extends his boundless grace;
Nor lost in time, nor circumscrib'd by place.
Happier his lot, who, many sorrows past,
Long-lab'ring gains his natal shore at last;
Than who too speedy, hastes to end his life
By some stern ruffian, or adultrous wife.
Death only is the lot which none can miss,
And all is possible to heav'n, but this.
The best, the dearest fav'rite of the sky Q 123
Must taste that cup, for man is born to die."
Thus check'd, reply'd Ulysses' prudent heir: **Pope**
"Mentor, no more — the mournful thought forbear; **Odyssey**
For he no more must draw his country's breath,
Already snatch'd by Fate, and the black doom of death! **3**.300

With us Tydides fear'd, and urged his haste: **16 (9C)**
Pope And Menelaüs came, but came the last. **237 (158C)**
Odyssey He join'd our vessels in the Lesbian bay,
While yet we doubted of our watry way;
If to the right to urge the pilot's toil,
(The safer road) beside the Psyrian isle;
Q119 Or the straight course to rocky Chios plow,
And anchor under Mimas' shaggy brow?
We sought direction of the pow'r divine:
The God propitious gave the guiding sign;
Thro' the mid seas he bids our navy steer,
And in Euboea shun the woes we fear.
The whistling winds already wak'd the sky;
Before the whistling winds the vessels fly,
With rapid swiftness cut the liquid way,
And reach Gerestus at the point of day.
There hecacombs of bulls to Neptune slain
High-flaming please the monarch of the main.
The fourth day shone, when all their labours o'er
Tydides' vessels touch'd the wish'd-for shore:
But I to Pylos scud before the gales,
The God still breathing on my swelling sails;
Sep'rate from all, I safely landed here;
Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.
Yet what I learn'd, attend; as here I sate,
L2[O] And ask'd each voyager each Hero's fate;
𝔸 Curious to know, and willing to relate.
Safe reach'd the Myrmidons their native land,
Beneath Achilles' warlike son's command.
Q120 ✦ Those, whom the heir of great Apollo's art,
Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart;
And those whom Idomen from Ilion's plain **3 (2C)**
Had led, securely crost the dreadful main.
How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coast,
And how his life by fraud and force he lost,
And how the Murd'rer pay'd his forfeit breath;
What lands so distant from that scene of death
But trembling heard the Fame? and heard, admire
How well the son appeas'd his slaughter'd sire! **3**
Ev'n to th' unhappy, that unjustly bleed,
Heav'n gives Posterity, t'avenge the deed.
So fell Aegysthus; and may'st thou, my friend,
(On whom the virtues of thy sire descend)
Make future times thy equal act adore,
And be, what brave Orestes was before!"
The prudent youth reply'd: "Oh thou, the grace
And lasting glory of the Grecian race!
Just was the vengeance, and to latest days
Shall long posterity resound the praise. **247**
3.250 Some God this arm with equal prowess bless! **19**

To each a portion of the Feast he bore,
And held the golden goblet foaming o'er; **Pope**
Then first approaching to the elder guest, **Odyssey**
The latent Goddess in these words addrest:
"Whoe'er thou art, from fortune brings to keep Q112
These rites of Neptune, monarch of the deep,
Thee first it fits, oh stranger! to prepare
The due libation and the solemn prayer:
Then give thy friend to shed the sacred wine;
Tho' much thy younger, and his years like mine, 60
He too, I deem, implores the pow'rs divine:
For all mankind alike require their grace,
All born to want; a miserable race!"
He spake, and to her hand preferr'd the bowl:
A secret pleasure touch'd Athena's soul, 65
To see the pref'rence due to sacred age
Regarded ever by the just and sage.
Of Ocean's King she then implores the grace:
"Oh thou! whose arms this ample globe embrace,
Fulfil our wish, and let thy glory shine 70
On Nestor first, and Nestor's royal line;
Next grant the Pylian states their just desires,
Pleas'd with their Hecatomb's ascending fires;
Last deign Telemachus and me to bless,
And crown our voyage with desir'd success." 75
Thus she; and having paid the rite divine, Q113 **L2[O]**
Gave to Ulysses' son the rosy wine. 𝔸
Suppliant he pray'd. And now the victims drest
They draw, they part, and celebrate the feast.
The banquet done, the Narrative old man 80
Thus mild, the pleasing conference began:
"Now, gentle guests! the genial banquet o'er,
It fits to ask ye, what your native shore,
And whence your race? on what adventure, say,
Thus far you wander thro' the watry way? 85
Relate, if business, or the thirst of gain
Engage your journey o'er the pathless main?
Where savage Pyrates seek thro' seas unknown
The lives of others, vent'rous of their own."
Urg'd by the precepts by the Goddess giv'n, 90
And fill'd with confidence infus'd from heav'n,
The Youth, whom Pallas destin'd to be wise,
And fam'd among the sons of men, replies:
"Enquir'st thou, father! from what coast we came?
(Oh grace and glory of the Grecian name!) 95
From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Brown with o'er-arching shades and pendent woods,
Us to these shores our filial duty draws, Q114
A private sorrow, not a publick cause.
My sire I seek, wher-e'er the voice of fame **3**.100

Has told the glories of his noble name,
The great Ulysses; fam'd from shore to shore
For valour much, for hardy suff'ring more.
Long time with thee before proud Ilion's wall
In arms he fought; with thee beheld her fall.
Of all the Chiefs, this Heroe's fate alone
Has Jove reserv'd, unheard of, and unknown;
Whether in fields by hostile fury slain,
Or sunk by tempests in the gulphy main?
Of this to learn, opprest with tender fears
Lo at thy knee his suppliant son appears.
If or thy certain eye, or curious ear,
Have learnt his fate, the whole dark story clear:
And oh! whate'er heav'n destin'd to betide,
Let neither flatt'ry smooth, nor pity hide.
Prepar'd I stand: he was but born to try
The lot of man; to suffer, and to die.
Oh then, if ever thro' the ten years' war
The wise, the good Ulysses claim'd thy care;
If e'er he join'd thy council, or thy sword,
True in his deed, and constant to his word;
Far as thy mind thro' backward time can see,
Search all thy stores of faithful memory:
'Tis sacred truth I ask, and ask of thee."
To him experienc'd Nestor thus rejoin'd:
"O friend! what sorrows dost thou bring to mind?
Shall I the long, laborious scenes review,
And open all the wounds of Greece anew?
What toils by sea! where dark in quest of prey
Dauntless we rov'd; Achilles led the way:
What toils by land! where mixt in fatal fight
Such numbers fell, such Heroes sunk to night:
There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave,
There wise Patroclus, fill an early grave:
There too my son — ah once my best delight,
Once swift of foot, and terrible in fight,
In whom stern courage with soft virtue join'd,
A faultless body, and a blameless mind:
Antilochus — what more can I relate?
How trace the tedious series of our fate?
Not added years on years my task could close,
The long historian of my country's woes:
Back to thy native Islands might'st thou sail,
And leave half-heard the melancholy tale.
Nine painful years, on that detested shore
What stratagems we form'd, what toils we bore?
Still lab'ring on, 'till scarce at last we found
Great Jove propitious, and our conquest crown'd.
Far o'er the rest thy mighty father shin'd,
In wit, in prudence, and in force of mind.

Art thou the son of that illustrious sire?
With joy I grasp thee, and with love admire:
So like your voices, and your words so wise,
Who finds thee younger must consult his eyes.
Thy Sire and I were one; nor vary'd aught
In publick sentence, or in private thought;
Alike to Council or th' Assembly came,
With equal souls, and sentiments the same.
But when (by wisdom won) proud Ilion burn'd,
And in their slips the conqu'ring Greeks return'd;
'Twas God's high will the victors to divide,
And turn th'event, confounding human pride:
Some he destroy'd, some scatter'd **as the dust**,
(Not all were prudent, and not all were just)
Then Discord, sent by Pallas from above,
Stern Daughter of the great Avenger Jove)
The Brother-Kings inspir'd with fell debate;
Who call'd to council all the Achaian state,
But call'd untimely (not the sacred rite
Observ'd, nor heedful of the setting light,
Nor herald sworn, the session to proclaim)
Sour with debauch, a reeling tribe, they came.
To these the cause of meeting they explain,
And Menelaüs moves to cross the main;
Not so the King of Men: he will'd to stay;
The sacred rites and hecatombs to pay,
And calm Minerva's wrath. Oh blind to fate!
The Gods not lightly change their love, or hate.
With ire-full taunts each other they oppose,
'Till in loud tumult all the Greeks arose:
Now diff'rent counsels ev'ry breast divide,
Each burns with rancour to the adverse side.
Th' unquiet night strange projects entertain'd;
(So Jove, that urg'd us to our fate, ordain'd.)
We, with the rising morn our ships unmoor'd,
And brought our captives and our stores aboard;
But half the people with respect obey'd
The King of Men, and at his bidding stay'd.
Now on the wings of winds our course we keep,
(For God had smooth'd the waters of the deep)
For Tenedos we spread our eager oars,
There land, and pay due victims to the pow'rs:
To bless our safe return we join in pray'r,
But angry Jove dispers'd our vows in air,
And rais'd new discord. Then (so Heav'n decreed)
Ulysses first and Nestor dis-agreed:
Wise as he was, by various Counsels sway'd,
He there, tho' late, to please the Monarch, stay'd.
But I, determined, stem the foamy floods,
Warn'd of the coming fury of the Gods.

The waste of nature let the feast repair,
Pope Then your high lineage and your names declare:
Odyssey Say from what sceptr'd ancestry ye claim,
Recorded eminent in deathless fame?
For vulgar parents cannot stamp their race
With signatures of such majestic grace."
Q 173 Ceasing, benevolent he strait assigns
The royal portion of the choicest chines
To each accepted friend: with grateful haste
They share the honours of the rich repast.
Suffic'd, soft-whispering thus to Nestor's son,
His head reclin'd, young Ithacus begun:
"View'st thou un-moved, O ever-honour'd most!
These prodigies of art, and wond'rous cost?
Above, beneath, around the Palace shines
The sunless treasure of exhausted mines:
The spoils of elephants the roofs inlay,
And studded amber darts the golden ray:
Such, and not nobler, in the realms above
My wonder dictates is the dome of Jove."
The Monarch took the word, and grave reply'd:
"Presumptuous are the vaunts, and vain the pride
Of man, who dares in pomp with Jove contest,
Unchang'd, immortal, and supremely blest!
With all my affluence when my woes are weigh'd,
L1[O] Envy will own, the purchase dearly paid.
𝔹 For eight slow-circling years by tempests tost,
From Cypress to the far Phoenician coast,
Q 174 (Sidon the Capital) I stretch'd my toil
4.100 Thro' regions fatten'd with the flows of Nile.
Next, Aethiopia's utmost bound explore,
And the parcht borders of th' Arabian shore:
Then warp my voyage on the southern gales,
O'er the warm Lybian wave to spread my sails:
That happy clime! where each revolving year
The teeming Ewes a triple offspring bear;
And two fair crescents of translucent horn
The brows of all their young increase adorn:
The shepherd swains with sure abundance blest,
On the fat flock and rural dainties feast;
Nor want of herbage makes the dairy fail,
But ev'ry season fills the foaming pail.
Whilst heaping unwish'd wealth, I distant roam;
The best of brothers, at his natal home,
By the dire fury of a traitress wife,
Ends the sad evening of a stormy life:
Whence, with incessant grief my soul annoy'd,
These riches are possess'd, but not enjoy'd!
My wars, the copious theme of ev'ry tongue,
4.120 To you, your fathers have recorded long:
Q 175 How fav'ring heav'n repaid my glorious toils

18 With Menelaüs, thro' the curling sea.
239 But when to Sunium's sacred point we came,
Pope Crown'd with the temple of th'Athenian dame;
Odyssey Atride's pilot, Phrontes, there expir'd;
(Phrontes, of all the sons of men admir'd
To steer the bounding bark with steady toil,
When the storm thickens, and the billows boil)
While yet he exercis'd the steerman's art,
Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart;
Ev'n with the rudder in his hand, he fell.
Q 126 To pay whose honours to the Shades of hell
We check'd our haste, by pious office bound,
And laid our old companion in the ground.
And now, the rites discharg'd, our course we keep
Far on the gloomy bosom of the deep:
Soon as Malea's misty tops arise,
Sudden the Thund'rer blackens all the skies,
And the winds whistle, and the surges roll
Mountains on mountains, and obscure the pole.
The tempest scatters, and divides our fleet;
Part, the storm urges on the coast of Creet,
Where winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
The streams of Jardan issue to the main.
There stands a rock, high, eminent and steep,
Whose shaggy brow o'erhangs the shady deep,
And views Gortyna on the western side;
L1[O] On this, rough Auster drove th'impetuous tyde:
𝔹 With broken force the billows rowl'd away,
And heav'd the fleet into the neighb'ring bay.
Thus sav'd from death they gain'd the Phaestan shores,
With shatter'd vessels, and disabled oars:
5 But five tall barks the winds and waters tost
Q 127 Far from their fellows, on th'Aegyptian coast.
There wander'd Menelaüs thro' foreign shores,
Amassing gold, and gath'ring naval stores;
While curst Aegysthus the detested deed
By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.
Sev'n years, the traytor rich Mycenae sway'd,
5 And his stern rule the groaning land obey'd;
The eighth, from Athens to his realm restor'd,
Orestes brandish'd the revenging sword,
Slew the dire pair, and gave to fun'ral flame
The vile assassin, and adult'rous dame.
That day, ere yet the bloody triumphs cease,
Return'd Atrides to the coast of Greece,
And safe to Argos' port his navy brought,
With gifts of price and pond'rous treasure fraught.
Hence warn'd, my son beware! nor idly stand
249 Too long a stranger to thy native land;
21 Lest heedless absence wear thy wealth away,
3.400

While lawless feasters in thy palace sway;
Perhaps may seize thy realm, and share the spoil;
And thou return, with disappointed toil,
From thy vain journey, to a rifled Isle.
Q 128 Howe'er, my friend, indulge one labour more
And seek Atrides on the Spartan shore.
He, wand'ring long, a wider circle made,
And many-languag'd nations has survey'd;
And measur'd tracts unknown to other ships,
410 Amid the monstrous wonders of the deeps;
(A length of Ocean and unbounded sky,
Which scarce the sea-fowl in a year o'erfly)
Go then; to Sparta take the watry way,
Thy ship and sailors but for orders stay;
415 Or if my land thou chuse thy course to bend,
My steeds, my chariots, and my sons attend:
Thee to Atrides they shall safe convey,
Guides of thy road, companions of thy way.
Urge him with truth to frame his wise replies,
420 And sure he will, for Menelaüs is wise."
Thus while he speaks, the ruddy sun descends,
And twylight gray her evening shade extends.
Then thus the blue-ey'd Maid: "O full of days!
Wise are thy words, and just are all thy ways.
425 Now immolate the Tongues, and mix the wine,
L1[I] Sacred to Neptune and the pow'rs divine.
ℬ Q 129 The lamp of day is quench'd beneath the deep,
And soft approach the balmy hours of sleep:
Nor fits it to prolong the heav'nly feast
430 ✦ Timeless, indecent, but retire to rest."
So spake Jove's daughter, the celestial maid.
The sober train attended and obey'd.
The sacred heralds on their hands around
Pour'd the full urns; the youths the goblets crown'd:
435 From bowl to bowl the holy bev'rage flows;
While to the final sacrifice they rose.
The tongues they cast upon the fragrant flame,
And pour, above, the consecrated stream.
And now, their thirst by copious draughts allay'd,
440 The youthful Hero and th' Athenian maid
Propose departure from the finish'd rite,
And in their hollow bark to pass the night:
But this hospitable Sage deny'd:
"Forbid it, Jove! and all the Gods!" he cried,
445 "Thus from my walls and the much-lov'd son to send
Of such a heroe, and of such a friend?
Pope Me, as some needy peasant, would ye leave,
Odyssey Whom heav'n denies the blessing to relieve?
Q 130 Me would ye leave, who boast imperial sway,
3.450 When beds of royal state invite your stay?

19 While this gay friendly troop the King surround,
240 With festival and mirth the roofs resound:
A Bard amid the joyous circle sings
High airs, attemper'd to the vocal strings;
Whilst warbling to the varied strain, advance 25
Two sprightly youths to form the bounding dance.
'Twas then that issuing thro' the palace gate
The splendid car roll'd slow in regal state:
On the bright eminence young Nestor shone,
And fast beside him great Ulysses' son: 30
Grave Eteoneus saw the pomp appear,
And speeding, thus address'd the royal ear:
"Two youths approach, whose semblant features prove Q 171
Their blood devolving from the source of Jove.
Is due reception deign'd, or must they bend 35
Their doubtful course to seek a distant friend?"
"Insensate!" with a sigh the King replies,
"Too long, mis-judging, have I thought thee wise:
But sure relentless folly steals thy breast,
Obdurate to reject the stranger-guest; 40
To those dear hospitable rites a foe,
Which in my wand'rings oft reliev'd my woe:
Fed by the bounty of another's board,
'Till pitying Jove my native realm restor'd —
Strait be the coursers from the car releast, 45
Conduct the youths to grace the genial feast." **L1[I]**
The Seneshal rebuk'd in haste withdrew; ℬ
With equal haste a menial train pursue:
Part led the coursers, from the car enlarg'd,
Each to a crib with choicest grain surcharg'd; **4**.50
Part in a portico, profusely grac'd
6 With rich magnificence, the chariot plac'd:
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,
Who eye the dazling roofs with vast delight;
Resplendent as the blaze of summer-noon, Q 172
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.
From room to room their eager view they bend;
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend;
6 Where a bright damsel-train attend the guests
With liquid odors, and embroider'd vests. 60
Refresh'd, they wait them to the bow'r of state,
Where circled with his Peers Atrides sate:
Thron'd next the King, a fair attendant brings
The purest product of the crystal springs;
High on a massy vase of silver mold, 65
The burnish'd laver flames with solid gold;
In solid gold the purple vintage flows, **Pope**
And on the board a second banquet rose. **Odyssey**
250 When thus the King with hospitable port: —
22 "Accept this welcome to the Spartan court; **4**.70

And in the dazling goblet laughs the wine.
Pope The rage of thirst and hunger now supprest,
Odyssey The Monarch turns him to his royal guest;
And for the promis'd journey bids prepare
The smooth-hair'd horses, and the rapid car,
Observant of his word. The word scarce spoke,
The sons obey, and join them to the yoke.
Then bread and wine a ready handmaid brings,
And presents, such as suit the state of Kings.
The glitt'ring seat Telemachus ascends;
His faithful guide Pisistratus attends:
With hasty hand the ruling reins he drew:
He lash'd the coursers, and the coursers flew.
Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
Their equal pace, and smoak'd along the field.
The tow'rs of Pylos sink, its views decay,
Fields after fields fly back, till close of day:
Then sunk the Sun, and darken'd all the way.
To Pherae now, Diocleus' stately seat,
(Of Alpheus' race) the weary youths retreat.
Q138 His house affords the hospitable rite,
And pleas'd they sleep (the blessing of the night).
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn;
Again they mount, their journey to renew,
L2[O] And from the sounding portico they flew.
𝔹 Along the waving fields their way they hold,
The fields receding as their chariot roll'd:
Then slowly sunk the ruddy globe of light,
3.630 ✦ And o'er the shaded landscape rush'd the night.

4.1 Q169 AND now proud Sparta with their wheels resounds,
Sparta, whose walls a range of hills surrounds:
At the fair dome the rapid labour ends;
Where sat Atrides 'midst his bridal friends,
With double vows invoking Hymen's pow'r,
To bless his sons and daughters nuptial hour.
That day, to great Achilles' son resign'd,
✦ Hermione, (the fairest of her kind)
Was sent to crown the long-protracted joy,
Espous'd before the final doom of Troy:
Q170 With steeds, and gilded cars, a gorgeous train
Attend the nymph to Phthia's distant reign.
Mean-while at home, to Megapenthe's bed
The virgin-choir Alector's daughter led.
Brave Megapenthes, from a stol'n amour
To great Atrides' age his hand-maid bore:
To Helen's bed the Gods alone assign
Hermione, t'extend the regal line;
On whom a radiant pomp of Graces wait,
4.20 Resembling Venus in attractive state.

20 No ---- long as life this mortal shall inspire,
241 Or as my children imitate their sire,
Here shall the wand'ring stranger find his home,
And hospitable rites adorn the dome."
"Well hast thou spoke" (the blue-ey'd maid replies)
"Belov'd old man! benevolent as wise.
Be the kind dictates of thy heart obey'd,
And let thy words Telemachus persuade:
He to thy palace shall thy steps pursue;
I to the ship, to give the orders due,
Prescribe directions, and confirm the crew.
For I alone sustain their naval cares,
Who boast experience from these silver hairs;
All Youths the rest, whom to this journey move
Like years, like tempers, and their Prince's love.
There in the vessel shall I pass the night;
And soon as morning paints the fields of light,
I go to challenge from the Caucons bold,
A debt, contracted in the days of old.
But this thy guest, receiv'd with friendly care, Q131
Let thy strong coursers swift to Sparta bear;
Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,
And be thy son companion of his way."
Then turning with the word, Minerva flies,
And **soars an Eagle thro' the liquid skies**.
L2[O] Vision divine! The throng'd spectators gaze
𝔹 In holy wonder fixt, and still amaze.
But chief the rev'rend Sage admir'd; he took
The hand of young Telemachus, and spoke:
"Oh, happy Youth! and favour'd of the skies,
Distinguish'd care of guardian deities!
7 Whose early years for future worth engage,
No vulgar manhood, no ignoble age.
For lo! none other of the court above,
Than she, the daughter of almighty Jove,
Pallas herself, the War-triumphant Maid,
Confest, is thine, as once thy father's aid.
So guide me, Goddess! so propitious shine
7 On me, my consort, and my royal line!
A yearling bullock to thy name shall smoke,
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke;
With ample forehead, and yet tender horns Q132
Whose budding honours ductile gold adorns."
Submissive thus the hoary Sire preferr'd
His holy vow: the fav'ring Goddess heard.
Then slowly rising, o'er the sandy space
Precedes the father, follow'd by his race,
(A long procession) timely marching home
251 In comely order to the regal dome.
23 There when arriv'd, on thrones around him plac'd, **3**.500

His sons and grand-sons the wide circle grac'd.
To these the hospitable Sage, in sign
Of social welcome, mix'd the racy wine,
(Late from the mellowing cask restor'd to light,
By ten long years refin'd, and rosy-bright.)
To Pallas high the foaming bowl he crown'd,
And sprinkled large Libations on the ground.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy sleep repairs.
Deep in a rich Alcove the Prince was laid,
And slept beneath the pompous Colonnade;
Fast by his side Pisistratus was spread,
(In age his equal) on a splendid bed:
But in an inner court, securely clos'd,
The rev'rend Nestor with his Queen repos'd.
When now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosie lustre purpled o'er the lawn;
The old man early rose, walk'd forth, and sate
On polish'd stone before his Palace gate:
With unguents smooth the lucid marble shone,
Where ancient Neleus sat, a rustic throne;
But he descending to th'infernal shade,
Sage Nestor fill'd it, and the sceptre sway'd.
His sons around him mild obeysance pay,
And duteous take the orders of the day.
First Echephron and Stratius quit their bed;
Then Perseus, Aretus, and Thrasymed;
The last Pisistratus arose from rest:
They came, and near him plac'd the stranger-guest.
To these the Senior thus declar'd his will:
"My sons! the dictates of your sire fulfil.
To Pallas, first of Gods, prepare the feast,
Who grac'd our rites, a more than mortal guest.
Let one, dispatchful, bid some swain to lead
A well-fed bullock from the grassy mead;
One seek the harbour where the vessels moor,
And bring thy friends, Telemachus! a-shore,
(Leave only two the gally to attend)
Another to Laerceus must we send,
Artist devine, whose skilful hands infold
The victim's horn with circumfusile gold.
The rest may here the pious duty share,
And bid the handmaids for the feast prepare,
The seats to range, the fragrant wood to bring,
And limpid waters from the living spring."
He said, and busy each his care bestow'd;
Already at the gates the bullock low'd,
Already came the Ithacensian crew,
The dextrous smith the tools already drew:
His pond'rous hammer, and his anvil sound,

21 (11C)
242 (160C)
8 (4C)
8
252
24

And the strong tongs to turn the metal round.
Nor was Minerva absent from the rite,
She view'd her honours, and enjoy'd the sight.
With rev'rent hand the King presents the gold,
Which round th'intorted horns the gilder roll'd;
So wrought, as Pallas might with pride behold.
Young Aretus from forth his bridal bow'r
Brought the full laver, o'er their hands to pour,
And canisters of consecrated flour.
Stratius and Echephron the victim led;
The axe was held by warlike Thrasymed,
In act to strike: Before him Perseus stood,
The vase extending to receive the blood.
The King himself initiates to the Pow'r;
Scatters with quiv'ring hand the sacred flour,
And the stream sprinkles: From the curling brows
The hair collected in the fire he throws.
Soon as due vows on ev'ry part were pay'd,
And sacred wheat upon the victim lay'd,
Strong Thrasymed discharg'd the speeding blow
Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.
Down sunk the heavy beast: the females round
Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a shrilling sound.
Nor scorn'd the Queen the holy Choir to join,
(The first-born she, of old Clymenus' line;
In youth by Nestor lov'd, of spotless fame,
And lov'd in age, Eurydicé her name)
From earth they rear him, struggling now with death;
And Nestor's Youngest stops the vents of breath.
The soul for ever flies: on all sides round
Streams the black blood, and smokes upon the ground.
The beast they then divide, and dis-unite
The ribs and limbs, observant of the rite:
On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part.
The sacred Sage before his altar stands,
Turns the burnt-off'ring with his holy hands,
And pours the wine, and bids the flames aspire:
The youth with instruments surround the fire.
The thighs now sacrific'd, and entrails drest,
Th'assistants part, transfix, and broil the rest.
While these officious tend the rites divine,
The last fair branch of the Nestorean line,
Sweet Polycaste, took the pleasing toil
To bathe the Prince, and pour the fragrant oil.
O'er his fair limbs a flow'ry vest he threw,
And issu'd, like a God to mortal view.
His former seat beside the King he found,
(His people's Father with his Peers around)
All plac'd at ease the holy banquet join,

Q 133
Q 134
Q 135
Q 136
Q 137

L2[I]
B
Pope
Odyssey
3.550
3.600

‘Whoe’er thou art,’ (the azure Goddess cries,)
Pope Thy conduct ill-deserves the praise of wise:
Odyssey Is death thy choice, or misery thy boast,
That here inglorious on a barren coast
Thy brave associates droop, a meagre train
With famine pale, and ask thy care in vain?’
Struck with the loud reproach, I straight reply:
◆ ‘Whate’er thy title in thy native sky,
A Goddess sure! for more than moral grace
Speaks thee descendant of etherial race:
Deem not, that here of choice my fleet remains;
Some heav’nly pow’r averse my stay constrains:
O, piteous of my fate, vouchsafe to shew,
(For what’s sequester’d from celestial view?)
What pow’r becalms th’innavigable seas?
What guilt provokes him, and what vows appease?’
Q 193 I ceased, when affable the Goddess cry’d:
‘Observe, and in the truths I speak confide:
Th’oraculous Seer frequents the Pharian coast,
From whose high bed my birth divine I boast:
Proteus, a name tremendous o’er the main,
The delegate of Neptune’s watry reign.
Watch with insidious care his known abode;
There fast in chains constrain the various God:
Who bound, obedient to superior force,
L1[O] Unerring will prescribe your destin’d course.
A If studious on your realms, you then demand
Their state, since last you left your natal land;
Instant the God obsequious will disclose
Bright tracks of glory, or a cloud of woes.’
She ceas’d, and suppliant thus I made reply:
‘O Goddess! on thy aid my hopes rely:
Dictate propitious to my duteous ear,
What arts can captivate the changeful Seer?
For perilous th’assay, unheard the toil,
T’ elude the prescience of a God by guile.’
Thus to the Goddess mild my suit I end.
Then she: ‘Obedient to my rule, attend:
Q 194 When thro’ the Zone of heav’n the mounted sun
Hath journey’d half, and half remains to run;
The Seer, while Zephyrs curl the swelling deep,
Basks on the breezy shore, in grateful sleep,
His oozy limbs. Emerging from the wave,
The Phocae swift surround his rocky cave,
Frequent and full; the consecrated train
Of her, whose azure trident awes the main:
There wallowing warm, th’enormous herd exhales
An oily steam, and taints the noon-tide gales.
To that recess, commodious for surprize,
4.550 When purple light shall next suffuse the skies,

22
243
1
1
253
25

THE CONFERENCE WITH MENELAÜS.

Telemachus with Pisistratus arriving at Sparta, is hospitably received by Menelaüs, to whom he relates the cause of his coming, and learns from him many particulars of what befell the Greeks since the destruction of Troy. He dwells more at large upon the prophecies of Proteus to him in his return; from which he acquaints Telemachus, that Ulysses is detained in the island of Calypso.

In the meantime the suitors consult to destroy Telemachus in his voyage home. Penelope is apprised of this; but comforted in a dream by Pallas, in the shape of her sister Iphthima.

Pope’s Odyssey (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 4

PREVIEW BOOK 5

EPIC POEM .ORG

DIGITAL CLASSICS

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

language: Modern English (1725)
copy text: Lintot (vol. i 1725)
typeface: Kings Caslon
by Dalton Maag

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EPICPOEM.ORG 1108 lines 3.0

A 3L 1 - 550
B 3L 551 - 1108

PRINT 2-SIDED: **25** to **36**

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o’er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

Q 169 AND now proud Sparta with their wheels resounds,
Sparta, whose walls a range of hills surrounds:
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23 (12C)
244 (161C)
2 (1C)
2
254
26

Leaves in the fatal laire the tender fawns, Q 190
Climbs the green cliff, or feeds the flow'ry lawns:
Mean-time return'd, with dire remorseless sway
The monarch-savage rends the trembling prey.
With equal fury, and with equal fame, 455
Ulysses soon shall re-assert his claim.
O Jove, supreme, whom Gods and men revere!
And thou, to whom 'tis giv'n to gild the sphere!
With pow'r congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial maid! 460
Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
As when contending on the Lesbian shore
His prowess Philomelidies confess'd,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bless'd:
Then soon th'invaders of his bed and throne 465
Their love presumptuous shall with life atone.
With patient ear, oh royal youth, attend
The storied labour of thy father's friend:
Fruitful of deeds, the copious tale is long,
But truth severe shall dictate to my tongue: 470
Learn what I heard the sea-born Seer relate,
Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of fate.
Long on the Egyptian coast by calms confin'd, Q 191
Heav'n to my fleet refus'd a prosp'rous wind:
No vows had we prefer'd, nor victims slain! 475
For this the Gods each fav'ring gale restrain: L1[I]
Jealous, to see their high behests obey'd, A
Severe, if men th'eternal rights evade!
High o'er a gulphy sea, the Pharian Isle
Fronts the deep roar of disemboguing Nile: 480
Her distance from the shore, the course begun
At dawn, and ending with the setting sun,
A gally measures; when the stiffer gales
Rise on the poop, and fully stretch the sails.
There anchor'd vessels safe in harbour lye, 485
Whilst limpid springs the failing cask supply.
And now the twentieth sun descending, laves
His glowing axle in the western waves;
Still with expanded sails we court in vain
Propitious winds, to waft us o'er the main: 490
And the pale mariner at once deplores
His drooping vigour, and exhausted stores.
When lo! a bright caerulean form appears,
The fair Eidothea! to dispel my fears;
Proteus her sire divine. With pity press'd, Q 192
Me sole the daughter of the deep address'd;
What-time, with hunger pin'd, my absent mates Pope
Roam the wide Isle in search of rural cates, Odyssey
Bait the barb'd steel, and from the fishy flood
Appease th'afflictive fierce desire of food. 4.500

He ceas'd; the menial fair that round her wait,
Pope At Helen's beck prepare the room of state:
Odyssey Beneath an ample Portico, they spread
The downy fleece to form the slumberous bed;
And o'er soft palls of purple grain unfold
Rich tapistry, stiff with inwoven gold:
Q 188 Then thro' th'illumin'd dome, to balmy rest
◆ Th'obsequious Herald guides each princely guest:
While to his regal bow'r the King ascends,
And beauteous Helen on her Lord attends.
Soon as the morn, in orient purple drest,
Unbarr'd the portal of the roseate East
The Monarch rose; magnificent to view,
Th'imperial mantle o'er his vest he threw;
The glitt'ring zone athwart his shoulders cast
A starry fauchion low-depending grac'd,
Clasp'd on his feet th'embroider'd sandals shine;
And forth he moves, majestic and divine:
Instant to young Telemachus he press'd;
And thus benevolent his speech address'd.
"Say, royal youth, sincere of soul report
What cause hath led you to the Spartan court?
Do public or domestic cares constrain
This toilsom voyage o'er the surgy main?"
"O highly flavour'd delegate of Jove!"
L2[O] (Replies the Prince) "inflam'd with filial love,
𝔸 And anxious hope, to hear my parent's doom,
A suppliant to your royal court I come.
Q 189 Our sovereign seat a lewd usurping race
With lawless riot, and mis-rule disgrace;
To pamper'd insolence devoted fall
Prime of the flock, and choicest of the stall:
For wild ambition wings their bold desire,
And all to mount th'imperial bed aspire.
But prostrate I implore, oh King! relate
The mournful series of my father's fate:
Each known disaster of the Man disclose,
Born by his mother to a world of woes!
Recite them! nor in erring pity fear
To wound with storied grief the filial ear:
If e'er Ulysses, to reclaim your right,
Avow'd his zeal in council or in fight,
If Phrygian camps the friendly toils attest,
To the sire's merit give the son's request."
Deep from his inmost soul Atrides sigh'd,
And thus indignant to the Prince reply'd:
"Heav'ns! wou'd a soft, inglorious, dastard train
An absent heroe's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young, amid the woodland shades
4.450 **A tim'rous hind the lion's court invades,**

24 (13C)
245 (162C)
405
410
415
420
425
430
435
440
445
3 (2C)
3
255
27

Part in a portico, profusely grac'd
With rich magnificence, the chariot plac'd:
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,
Who eye the dazling roofs with vast delight;
Resplendent as the blaze of summer-noon,
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.
From room to room their eager view they bend;
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend;
Where a bright damsel-train attend the guests
With liquid odors, and embroider'd vests.
Refresh'd, they wait them to the bow'r of state,
Where circled with his Peers Atrides sate:
Thron'd next the King, a fair attendant brings
The purest product of the crystal springs;
High on a massy vase of silver mold,
The burnish'd laver flames with solid gold;
In solid gold the purple vintage flows,
And on the board a second banquet rose.
When thus the King with hospitable port: —
"Accept this welcome to the Spartan court;
The waste of nature let the feast repair,
Then your high lineage and your names declare:
Say from what sceptr'd ancestry ye claim,
Recorded eminent in deathless fame?
For vulgar parents cannot stamp their race
With signatures of such majestic grace."
Ceasing, benevolent he strait assigns Q 173 𝔸
The royal portion of the choicest chines
To each accepted friend: with grateful haste
They share the honours of the rich repast.
Suffic'd, soft-whispering thus to Nestor's son,
His head reclin'd, young Ithacus begun:
"View'st thou un-moved, O ever-honour'd most!
These prodigies of art, and wond'rous cost?
Above, beneath, around the Palace shines
The sunless treasure of exhausted mines:
The spoils of elephants the roofs inlay,
And studded amber darts the golden ray:
Such, and not nobler, in the realms above
My wonder dictates is the dome of Jove."
The Monarch took the word, and grave reply'd:
"Presumptuous are the vaunts, and vain the pride
Of man, who dares in pomp with Jove contest,
Unchang'd, immortal, and supremely blest!
With all my affluence when my woes are weigh'd,
Envy will own, the purchase dearly paid.
For eight slow-circling years by tempests tost,
From Cypress to the far Phoenician coast,
(Sidon the Capital) I stretch'd my toil
Thro' regions fatten'd with the flows of Nile.

Pope
Odyssey
Q 172
60
65
70
L2[O]
Q 173 𝔸
80
85
90
95
Q 174
4.100

Next, Aethiopia's utmost bound explore,
And the parcht borders of th' Arabian shore:
Then warp my voyage on the southern gales,
O'er the warm Lybian wave to spread my sails:
That happy clime! where each revolving year
The teeming Ewes a triple offspring bear;
And two fair crescents of translucent horn
The brows of all their young increase adorn:
The shepherd swains with sure abundance blest,
On the fat flock and rural dainties feast;
Nor want of herbage makes the dairy fail,
But ev'ry season fills the foaming pail.
Whilst heaping unwish'd wealth, I distant roam;
The best of brothers, at his natal home,
By the dire fury of a traitress wife,
Ends the sad evening of a stormy life:
Whence, with incessant grief my soul annoy'd,
These riches are possess'd, but not enjoy'd!
My wars, the copious theme of ev'ry tongue,
To you, your fathers have recorded long:
How fav'ring heav'n repaid my glorious toils
With a sack'd Palace, and barbaric spoils.
Oh! had the Gods so large a boon deny'd,
And Life, the just equivalent, supply'd
To those brave warriors, who, with glory fir'd,
Far from their country in my cause expir'd!
Still in short intervals of pleasing woe,
Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
I to the glorious dead, for ever dear!
Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.
But oh! Ulysses — deeper than the rest
That sad Idea wounds my anxious breast!
My heart bleeds fresh with agonizing pain;
The bowl, and tasteful viands tempt in vain,
Nor sleep's soft pow'r can close my streaming eyes,
When imag'd to my soul his sorrows rise.
No peril in my cause he ceas'd to prove,
His labours equall'd only by my love:
And both alike to bitter fortune born,
For him, to suffer, and for me, to mourn!
Whether he wanders on some friendly coast,
Or glides in Stygian gloom a pensive ghost,
No fame reveals; but doubtful of his doom,
His good old Sire with sorrow to the tomb
Declines his trembling steps; untimely care
Withers the blooming vigour of his heir;
And the chaste partner of his bed and throne,
Wastes all her widow'd hours in tender moan."
While thus pathetic to the Prince he spoke,
From the brave youth the streaming passion broke:

Exploring then the secrets of the state,
He learn'd what best might urge the Dardan fate:
And safe returning to the Grecian host,
Sent many a shade to Pluto's dreary coast.
Loud grief resounded thro' the tow'rs of Troy,
But my pleas'd bosom glow'd with secret joy:
For then with dire remorse, and conscious shame,
I view'd th'effects of that disastrous flame,
Which kindled by th'imperious Queen of love,
Constrain'd me from my native realm to rove:
And oft in bitterness of soul deplor'd
My absent daughter, and my dearer Lord;
Admir'd among the first of human race,
For ev'ry gift of mind, and manly grace."
"Right well," reply'd the King, "your speech displays
The matchless merit of the chief you praise:
Heroes in various climes my self have found,
For martial deeds, and depth of thought renown'd;
But Ithacus, unrivall'd in his claim,
May boast a title to the loudest fame:
In battel calm he guides the rapid storm,
Wise to resolve, and patient to perform.
What wond'rous conduct in the chief appear'd,
When the vast fabric of the Steed we rear'd!
Some Daemon anxious for the Trojan doom,
Urg'd you with great Deiphobus to come,
T'explore the fraud: with guile opposed to guile,
Slow-pacing thrice around th'insidious pile;
Each noted leader's name you thrice invoke,
Your accent varying as their spouses spoke:
The pleasing sounds each latent warrior warm'd,
But most Tydides' and my heart alarm'd:
To quit the steed we both impatient press,
Threat'ning to answer from the dark recess.
Unmov'd the mind of Ithacus remain'd,
And the vain ardors of our love restrain'd:
But Anticlus unable to controul,
Spoke loud the languish of his yerning soul:
Ulysses strait with indignation fir'd,
(For so the common care of Greece requir'd)
Firm to his lips his forceful hands apply'd,
'Till on his tongue the flutt'ring murmurs dy'd:
Mean-time Minerva from the fraudful horse,
Back to the Court of Priam bent your course."
"Inclement fate!" Telemachus replies,
"Frail is the boasted attribute of wise:
The leader, mingling with the vulgar host,
Is in the common mass of matter lost!
But now let sleep the painful waste repair
Of sad reflection, and corroding care."

Mean-time, with genial joy to warm the soul, **26 (15C)**
Pope Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inspiring bowl: **247 (164C)**
Odyssey Temper'd with drugs of sov'reign use, t'assuage
The boiling bosom of tumultuous Rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled Care,
And dry the tearful sluices of Despair:
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th'exalted mind
◆ All sense of woe delivers to the wind.
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,
Or darling son oppress'd by ruffian-force
Fell breathless at his feet, a mangled corse,
From morn to eve, impassive and serene,
The man entranc'd wou'd view the dreadful scene.
These drugs, so friendly to the joys of life,
Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
Who sway'd the sceptre, where prolific Nile
With various simples cloaths the fat'ned soil.
Q 184 With wholsome herbage mix'd, the direful bane
Of vegetable venom, taints the plain;
From Paeon sprung, their patron-god imparts
To all the Pharian race his healing arts.
The beverage now prepar'd t'inspire the feast,
The circle thus the beauteous Queen address'd:
"Thron'd in omnipotence, supremest Jove
L3[O] Tempers the fates of human race above;
𝔸 By the firm sanction of his sov'reign will,
Alternate are decreed our good and ill.
To feastful mirth be this white hour assign'd,
And sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.
My self assisting in the social joy,
Will tell Ulysses' bold exploit in Troy: **5 (4C)**
Sole witness of the deed I now declare;
Speak you, (who saw) his wonders in the war.
Seam'd o'er with wounds, which his own sabre gave,
In the vile habit of a village slave,
The foe deceiv'd, he pass'd the tented plain,
In Troy to mingle with the hostile train.
In this attire secure from searching eyes, **5**
'Till haply piercing thro' the dark disguise
Q 185 The chief I challeng'd; he, whose practis'd wit
Knew all the serpent-mazes of deceit,
Eludes my search: but when his form I view'd
Fresh from the bath, with fragrant oils renew'd,
His limbs in military purple dress'd;
Each brightening grace the genuine Greek confess'd.
A previous pledge of sacred faith obtain'd,
'Till he the lines and Argive fleet regain'd
To keep his stay conceal'd; the chief declar'd **257**
4.350 The plans of war against the town prepar'd. **29**

Studious to veil the grief, in vain represt,
His face he shrowded with his purple vest: **Pope**
The conscious Monarch pierc'd the coy disguise, **Odyssey**
And view'd his filial love with vast surprize:
Dubious to press the tender theme, or wait
To hear the youth enquire his father's fate.
In this suspense bright Helen graced the room;
Before her breath'd a gale of rich perfume.
So moves, adorn'd with each attractive grace,
The silver-shafted Goddess of the Chace!
The seat of majesty Adraste brings,
With art illustrious, for the pomp of Kings.
To spread the pall beneath the regal chair
Of softest woof, is bright Alcippe's care.
A silver canister divinely wrought, Q 177
In her soft hands the beauteous Phylo brought:
To Sparta's Queen of old the radiant vase
Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace:
For Polybus her Lord (whose sov'reign sway
The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey)
When to that court Atrides came, carest
With vast munificence th'imperial guest:
Two lavers from the richest ore refin'd,
With silver tripods, the kind host assign'd;
And bounteous, from the royal treasure told
Ten equal talents of refulgent gold. **L3[O]**
Alcandra, consort of his high command, 𝔸
A golden distaff gave to Helen's hand;
And that rich vase, with living sculpture wrought,
Which heap'd with wool the beauteous Phylo brought:
The silken fleece impurpl'd for the loom,
Rival'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom.
The sovereign seat then Jove born Helen press'd,
And pleasing thus her sceptred Lord address'd:
"Who grace our palace now, that friendly pair,
Speak they their lineage, or their names declare?
Uncertain of the truth, yet uncontroul'd, Q 178
Hear me the bodings of my breast unfold.
With wonder rapt, on yonder cheek I trace
The feature of the Ulyssean race:
Diffus'd o'er each resembling line appear,
In just similitude, the grace and air
Of young Telemachus! the lovely boy,
Who bless'd Ulysses with a father's joy,
What time the Greeks combin'd their social arms,
T'avenge the stain of my ill-fated charms!"
"Just is thy thought," the King assenting cries,
"Methinks Ulysses strikes my wond'ring eyes:
Full shines the father in the filial frame,
His port, his features, and his shape the same; **4**.200

Such quick regards his sparkling eyes bestow;
Such wavy ringlets o'er his shoulders flow!
And when he heard the long disastrous store
Of cares, which in my cause Ulysses bore;
Dismay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes,
Above restraint the tide of sorrow rose:
Cautious to let the gushing grief appear,
◆ His purple garment veil'd the falling tear."
Q 179 "See there confest," Pisistratus replies,
The genuine worth of Ithacus the wise!
Of that heroic sire the youth is sprung,
But modest awe hath chain'd his tim'rous tongue.
Thy voice, O King! with pleas'd attention heard,
Is **like the dictates of a God** rever'd.
With him at Nestor's high command I came,
Whose age I honour with a parent's name.
By adverse destiny constrain'd to sue
For counsel and redress, he sues to you.
Whatever ill the friendless orphan bears,
Bereav'd of parents in his infant years,
Still must the wrong'd Telemachus sustain,
If hopeful of your aid, he hopes in vain:
Affianc'd in your friendly pow'r alone,
The youth wou'd vindicate the vacant throne."
"Is Sparta blest, and these desiring eyes
L3[I] View my friend's son?" (the King exalting cries)
𝔸 "Son of my friend, by glorious toils approv'd,
Whose sword was sacred to the man he lov'd:
Mirror of constant faith, rever'd, and mourn'd! —
When Troy was ruin'd, had the chief return'd,
Q 180 No Greek an equal space had e'er possest
Of dear affection, in my grateful breast.
I, to confirm the mutual joys we shar'd,
For his abode a Capital prepar'd;
Argos the seat of sovereign rule I chose;
Fair in the plan the future palace rose,
Where my Ulysses and his race might reign,
And portion to his tribes the wide domain.
To them my vassals had resign'd a soil,
With teeming plenty to reward their toil.
There with commutual zeal we both had strove
In acts of dear benevolence, and love:
Brothers in peace, not rivals in command,
And death alone dissolv'd the friendly band!
Some envious pow'r the blissful scene destroys;
Vanish'd are all the visionary joys:
Pope The soul of friendship to my hope is lost,
Odyssey Fated to wander from his natal coast!"
He ceas'd; a gust of grief began to rise:
4.250 Fast streams a tide from beauteous Helen's eyes;

27 (16C)
248 (165C)
6
258
30

Fast for the Sire the filial sorrows flow;
The weeping Monarch swells the mighty woe:
"Thy cheek, Pisistratus, the tears bedew, Q 181
While pictur'd to thy mind appear'd in view
Thy martial Brother; on the Phrygian plain
Extended pale, by swarthy Memnon slain!"
But silence soon the son of Nestor broke,
And melting with fraternal pity spoke:
"Frequent, O King, was Nestor wont to raise
And charm attention, with thy copious praise:
To crown thy various gifts, the sage assign'd
The glory of a firm capacious mind:
With that superior attribute controul
This unavailing impotence of soul.
Let not your roof with echoing grief resound,
Now for the feast the friendly bowl is crown'd:
But when from dewy shade emerging bright,
Aurora streaks the sky with orient light,
Let each deplore his dead: the rites of woe
Are all, alas! the living can bestow:
O'er the congenial dust injoin'd to shear
The graceful curl, and drop the tender tear.
Then mingling in the mournful pomp with you,
I'll pay my brother's ghost a warrior's due,
And mourn the brave Antilochus, a name Q 182
Not unrecorded in the rolls of fame: **L3[I]**
With strength and speed superior form'd, in fight 𝔸
To face the foe, or intercept his flight:
Too early snatch'd by fate ere known to me!
I boast a witness of his worth in thee."
"Young and mature!" the Monarch thus rejoins,
"In thee renew'd the soul of Nestor shines:
Form'd by the care of that consummate sage,
In early bloom an Oracle of age.
When-e'er his influence Jove vouchsafes to show'r,
To bless the natal, and the nuptial hour;
From the great sire transmissive to the race,
The boon devolving gives distinguish'd grace.
Such, happy Nestor! was thy glorious doom;
Around thee full of years, thy offspring bloom,
Expert of arms, and prudent in debate;
The gifts of heav'n to guard thy hoary state.
But now let each becalm his troubled breast,
Wash, and partake serene the friendly feast.
To move thy suit, Telemachus, delay,
'Till heav'n's revolving lamp restores the day."
He said, Asphalion swift the laver brings; Q 183 **Pope**
Alternate all partake the grateful springs: **Odyssey**
Then from the rites of purity repair,
And with keen gust the sav'ry viands share. **4**.300

When sight of less'ning Ithaca was lost,
Pope Their sail directed for the Samian coast,
Odyssey A small but verdant Isle appear'd in view,
And Asteris th'advancing Pilot knew:
1105 An ample port the rocks projected form,
To break the rowling waves, and ruffling storm:
That safe recess they gain with happy speed,
4.1108 ✦ And in close ambush wait the murd'rous deed.
5.1 Q3 THE saffron Morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light.
5 Then met th'eternal Synod of the sky,
Before the God who thunders from on high,
Supreme in might, sublime in majesty.
Q4 Pallas, to these, deplores th'unequal fates
Of wise Ulysses, and his toils relates;
10 Her heroe's danger touch'd the pitying Pow'r,
The Nymph's seducements, and the magic bow'r.
Thus she began her plaint: "Immortal Jove!
And you who fill the blissful seats above!
Let Kings no more with gentle mercy sway,
15 Or bless a people willing to obey,
But crush the nations with an iron rod,
And ev'ry Monarch be the scourge of God:
L1[O] If from your thoughts Ulysses you remove,
𝔹 Who rul'd his subjects with a father's love.
20 Sole in an isle, encircled by the main,
Abandon'd, banish'd from his native reign,
Unblest he sighs, detain'd by lawless charms,
And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.
Nor friends are there, nor vessels to convey,
25 Nor oars to cut th'immeasurable way.
And now fierce traytors, studious to destroy
His only son, their ambush'd fraud employ,
Q5 Who pious, following his great father's fame,
To sacred Pylos and to Sparta came."
30 "What words are these?" (replied the Pow'r who forms
The clouds of night, and darkens heav'n with storms)
"Is not already in thy soul decreed,
The chief's return shall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot Wisdom do? Thou may'st restore
35 The son in safety to his native shore;
While the fell foes who late in ambush lay,
✦ With fraud defeated measure back their way."
Then thus to Hermes the command was giv'n:
"Hermes, thou chosen messenger of heav'n!
40 Go, to the nymph be these our orders born;
'Tis Jove's decree Ulysses shall return:
5.42 The patient man shall view his old abodes,
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding Gods;

28 With me repair; and from thy warrior band
249 Three chosen chiefs of dauntless soul command:
Let their auxiliar force befriend the toil;
For strong the God, and perfected in guile.
Strech'd on the shelly shore, he first surveys
The flouncing herd ascending from the seas;
Their number summ'd, repos'd in sleep profound
The scaly charge their guardian God surround:
So with his batt'ring flocks the careful swain
Abides, pavilion'd on the grassy plain.
With pow'rs united, obstinately bold
Q195 Invade him, couch'd amid the scaly fold:
Instant he wears, elusive of the rape,
The mimic force of every savage shape:
Or glides with liquid lapse a murm'ring stream,
Or wrapt in flame, he glows at every limb.
Yet still retentive, with redoubled might
Thro' each vain passive form constrain his flight.
But when, his native shape resum'd, he stands
Patient of conquest, and your cause demands;
The cause that urg'd the bold attempt declare,
And sooth the vanquish'd with a victor's pray'r.
The bands relax'd, implore the Seer to say
What godhead interdicts the wat'ry way?
Who strait propitious, in prophetic strain
Will teach you to repass th' unmeasur'd main.'
She ceas'd, and bounding from the shelfy shore,
Round the descending nymph the waves resounding roar.
High rapt in wonder of the future deed,
With joy impetuous, to the port I speed:
The wants of nature with repast suffice,
7 'Till night with grateful shade involv'd the skies,
And shed ambrosial dews. Fast by the deep,
Q196 Along the tented shore, in balmy sleep,
Our cares were lost. When o'er the eastern lawn,
In saffron robes the Daughter of the dawn
Advanc'd her rosy steps; before the bay,
Due ritual honours to the Gods I pay:
7 Then seek the place the sea-born nymph assign'd,
With three associates of undaunted mind.
Arriv'd, to form along th'appointed strand
For each a bed, she scoops the hilly sand:
Then from her azure car, the finny spoils
Of four vast Phocae takes, to veil her wiles;
Beneath the finny spoils extended prone,
Hard toil! the prophet's piercing eye to shun;
New from the corse, the scaly frauds diffuse
Unsavoury stench of oil, and brackish ooze:
259 But the bright sea-maid's gentle pow'r implor'd,
31 With nectar'd drops the sick'ning sense restor'd.
Pope **Odyssey** **L1[O]** 𝔹 Q195 Q196 **4**.600

Thus 'till the sun had travell'd half the skies, **29 (17C)**
Ambush'd we lie, and wait the bold emprise: **250 (166C)**
When thronging thick to bask in open air,
The flocks of Ocean to the strand repair:
Q 197 Couch'd on the sunny sand, the monsters sleep:
Then Proteus mounting from the hoary deep,
Surveys his charge, unknowing of deceit:
◆ (In order told, we make the sum compleat.)
Pleas'd with the false review, secure he lies,
610 And leaden slumbers press his drooping eyes.
Rushing impetuous forth, we strait prepare
A furious onset with the sound of war,
And shouting seize the God: our force t'evade,
His various arts he soon resumes in aid:
615 A Lion now, he curls a surgy mane;
Sudden, our hands a spotted Pard restrain;
Then arm'd with tusks, and lightning in his eyes,
A Boar's obscener shape the God belies:
On spiry volumes there a Dragon rides;
620 Here, from our strict embrace a Stream he glides:
At last, sublime his stately growth he rears,
A Tree, and well-dissembled foliage wears.
Vain efforts! with superior pow'r compress'd,
Me with reluctance thus the Seer address'd:
625 'Say, son of Atreus, say what God inspir'd
L1[I] This daring fraud, and what the boon desir'd?'
ℬ Q 198 I thus: 'O thou, whose certain eye foresees
The fix'd event of fate's remote decrees;
After long woes, and various toil endur'd,
630 Still on this desert Isle my fleet is moor'd;
Unfriended of the gales. All-knowing! say
What Godhead interdicts the wat'ry way? **8 (6C)**
What vows repentant will the Pow'r appease,
To speed a prosperous voyage o'er the seas?'
635 'To Jove,' (with stern regard the God replies,)
And all th'offended synod of the skies;
Just hecatombs with due devotion slain,
Thy guilt absolv'd, a prosp'rous voyage gain.
To the firm sanction of thy fate attend! **8**
640 An exile thou, nor cheering face of friend,
Nor sight of natal shore, nor regal dome
Shalt yet enjoy, but still art doom'd to roam.
Once more the Nile, who from the secret source
Of Jove's high seat descends with sweepy force,
645 Must view his billows white beneath thy oar,
And altars blaze along his sanguine shore.
Pope Then will the Gods, with holy pomp ador'd,
Odyssey To thy long vows a safe return accord.'
Q 199 He ceas'd: heart-wounded with afflictive pain, **260**
4.650 (Doom'd to repeat the perils of the main, **32**

A sceptred Lord, who o'er the fruitful plain
Of Thessaly wide stretch'd his ample reign:)
As Pallas will'd, along the sable skies
To calm the Queen, the Phantom-sister flies.
Swift on the regal dome descending right, 1055
The bolted Valves are pervious to her flight.
Close to her head the pleasing vision stands,
And thus performs Minerva's high commands.
"O why, Penelope, this causeless fear,
To render sleep's soft blessing unsincere? 1060
Alike devote to sorrow's dire extreme
The day reflection, and the midnight dream!
Thy son, the Gods propitious will restore,
And bid thee cease his absence to deplore."
To whom the Queen, (whilst yet in pensive mind Q 218
Was in the silent gates of sleep confin'd):
"O sister, to my soul for ever dear,
Why this first visit to reprove my fear?
How in a realm so distant shou'd you know
From what deep source ceaseless sorrows flow? 1070
To all my hope my royal Lord is lost,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast:
And with consummate woe to weigh me down,
The heir of all his honours, and his crown,
My darling son is fled! an easy prey 1075
To the fierce storms, or men more fierce than they: **L1[I]**
Who in a league of blood associates sworn, ℬ
Will intercept th'unwary Youth's return."
"Courage resume," the shadowy form reply'd,
"In the protecting care of heav'n confide: 1080
On him attends the blue-eyed martial Maid;
What earthly can implore a surer aid?
Me now the guardian Goddess deigns to send,
To bid thee patient his return attend."
The Queen replies: "If in the blest abodes, 1085
A Goddess thou, hast commerce with the Gods;
Say, breathes my Lord the blissful realm of light, Q 219
Or lies he wrapt in ever-during night?"
"Enquire not of his doom," the Phantom cries,
"I speak not all the counsel of the skies: 1090
Nor must indulge with vain discourse, or long,
The windy satisfaction of the tongue."
Swift thro' the valves the visionary fair
Repass'd, and viewless mix'd with common air.
The Queen awakes, deliver'd of her woes; 1095
With florid joy her heart dilating glows:
The vision, manifest of future fate, **Pope**
Makes her with hope her son's arrival wait. **Odyssey**
Mean-time the Suitors plow the wat'ry plain,
Telemachus in thought already slain! **4**.1100

She bathes, and rob'd, the sacred dome ascends; **30** (18C)
Pope Her pious speed a female train attends: **251** (167C)
Odyssey The salted cakes in canisters are laid,
And thus the Queen invokes Minerva's aid:
1005 "Daughter divine of Jove, whose arm can wield
Th'avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
If e'er Ulysses to thy fane prefer'd
◆ The best and choicest of his flock and herd;
Hear, Goddess, hear, by those oblations won;
1010 And for the pious sire preserve the son:
His wish'd return with happy pow'r befriend,
And on the suitors let thy wrath descend."
She ceas'd; shrill ecstasies of joy declare
The fav'ring Goddess present to the pray'r:
1015 The Suitors heard, and deem'd the mirthful voice
A signal of her Hymenaeal choice:
Whilst one most jovial thus accosts the board:
"Too late the Queen selects a second lord:
In evil hour the nuptial rite intends,
1020 When o'er her son disastrous death impends."
Q216 Thus he, unskill'd of what the fates provide!
But with severe rebuke Antinoüs cry'd:
"These empty vaunts will make the voyage vain;
Alarm not with discourse the menial train:
1025 The great event with silent hope attend;
L2[O] Our deeds alone our counsel must commend."
𝔹 His speech thus ended short, he frowning rose,
And twenty chiefs renown'd for valour chose:
Down to the strand he speeds with haughty strides,
1030 Where anchor'd in the bay the vessel rides;
Replete with mail, and military store,
In all her tackle trim, to quit the shore. **9** (7C)
The desp'rate crew ascend, unfurl the sails;
(The sea-ward prow invites the tardy gales)
1035 Then take repast, 'till Hesperus display'd
His golden circlet in the western shade.
Mean-time the Queen without reflection due,
Heart-wounded, to the bed of state withdrew:
In her sad breast the Prince's fortunes roul, **9**
1040 And hope and doubt alternate seize her soul.
So when the wood-man's toyl her cave surrounds
And with the hunter's cry the grove resounds;
Q217 **With grief and rage the mother-lion stung,**
Fearless herself, yet trembles for her young.
1045 **While pensive in the silent slumb'rous shade,**
Sleep's gentle pow'rs her drooping eyes invade;
Minerva, life-like on imbody'd air,
Impress'd the form of Iphthima the fair:
(Icarius' daughter she, whose blooming charms **261**
4.1050 Allur'd Eumelus to her virgin-arms; **33**

A shelfy tract, and long!) 'O Seer,' I cry,
'To the stern sanction of th'offended sky **Pope**
My prompt obedience bows. But deign to say, **Odyssey**
What fate propitious, or what dire dismay
Sustain those Peers, the reliques of our host, 655
Whom I with Nestor on the Phrygian coast
Embracing left? Must I the warriors weep,
Whelm'd in the bottom of the monstrous deep?
Or did the kind domestic friend deplore
The breathless heroes on their native shore?' 660
'Press not too far,' reply'd the God: 'but cease
To know, what known, will violate thy peace:
Too curious of their doom! with friendly woe
Thy breast will heave, and tears eternal flow.
Part live; the rest, a lamentable train! 665
Range the dark bounds of Pluto's dreary reign.
Two, foremost in the roll of Mars renown'd,
Whose arms with conquest in thy cause were crown'd,
Fell by disastrous fate; by tempests tost,
A third lives wretched on a distant coast. 670
By Neptune rescu'd from Minerva's hate, Q200
On Gyrae, safe Oilean Ajax sate,
His ship o'erwhelm'd: but frowning on the floods,
Impious he roar'd defiance to the Gods:
To his own prowess all the glory gave, 675
The pow'r defrauding who vouchsaf'd to save. **L2[O]**
This heard the raging Ruler of the main; 𝔹
His spear, indignant for such high disdain,
He launch'd; dividing with his forky mace
Th'aerial summit from the marble base: 680
The rock rush'd sea-ward, with impetuous roar
Ingulf'd, and to th'abyss the boaster bore.
By Juno's guardian aid, the wat'ry Vast
Secure of storms, your royal brother past:
'Till coasting nigh the Cape, where Malea shrowds 685
Her spiry cliffs amid surrounding clouds;
A whirling gust tumultuous from the shore,
Across the deep his lab'ring vessel bore.
In an ill-fated hour the coast he gain'd,
Where late in regal pomp Thyestes reign'd; 690
But when his hoary honours bow'd to fate,
Aegisthus govern'd in paternal state.
The surges now subside, the tempest ends; Q201
From his tall ship the King of men descends:
There fondly thinks the Gods conclude his toil! 695
Far from his own domain salutes the soil:
With rapture oft the verge of Greece reviews,
And the dear turf with tears of joy bedews.
Him thus exulting on the distant strand,
A Spy distinguish'd from his airy stand; **4**.700

To bribe whose vigilance, Aegisthus told
A mighty sum of ill-persuading gold:
There watch'd this guardian of his guilty fear,
'Till the twelfth moon had wheel'd her pale career;
And now admonish'd by his eye, to court
With terror wing'd conveys the dread report.
Of deathful arts expert, his Lord employs
The ministers of blood in dark surprize;
And twenty youths in radiant mail incas'd,
Close ambush'd nigh the spacious hall he plac'd.
Then bids prepare the hospitable treat:
Vain shews of love to veil his felon hate!
To grace the victor's welcome from the wars,
A train of coursers, and triumphal cars
Magnificent he leads: the royal guest
Thoughtless of ill, accepts the fraudful feast.
The troop forth issuing from the dark recess,
With homicidal rage the King oppress!
So, whilst he feeds luxurious in the stall,
The sov'reign of the herd is doom'd to fall.
The partners of his fame and toils at Troy,
Around their Lord, a mighty ruin! lye:
Mix'd with the brave, the base invaders bleed;
Aegisthus sole survives to boast the deed.'
He said; chill horrors shook my shiv'ring soul
Rack'd with convulsive pangs in dust I roul;
And hate, in madness of extreme despair,
To view the sun, or breathe the vital air.
But when superior to the rage of woe,
I stood restor'd, and tears had ceas'd to flow;
Lenient of grief, the pitying God began: —
'Forget the brother, and resume the man:
To fate's supreme dispose the dead resign,
That care be fate's, a speedy passage thine.
Still lives the wretch who wrought the death deplor'd,
But lives a victim for thy vengeful sword;
Unless with filial rage Orestes glow,
And swift prevent the meditated blow:
You timely will return a welcome guest,
With him to share the sad funereal feast.'
He said: new thoughts my beating heart employ,
My gloomy soul receives a gleam of joy.
Fair hope revives; and eager I addresst
The prescient Godhead to reveal the rest:
'The doom decreed of those disastrous Two
I've heard with pain, but oh! the tale pursue;
What third brave son of Mars the fates constrain
To roam the howling desart of the main:
Or in eternal shade if cold he lies,
Provoke new sorrow from these grateful eyes.'

The mighty griefs that swell her lab'ring soul,
Rolling convulsive on the floor, is seen
The piteous object of a prostrate Queen.
Words to her dumb complaint a pause supplies,
And breath, to waste in unavailing cries.
Around their sov'reign wept the menial fair,
To whom she thus address'd her deep despair:
"Behold a wretch whom all the Gods consign
To woe! Did ever sorrows equal mine?
Long to my joys my dearest Lord is lost,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast:
Now from my fond embrace by tempests torn,
Our other column of the state is born:
Nor took a kind adieu, nor sought consent! —
Unkind confed'rates in his dire intent!
Ill suits it with your shews of duteous zeal,
From me the purpos'd voyage to conceal:
Tho' at the solemn midnight hour he rose,
Why did you fear to trouble my repose?
He either had obey'd my fond desire,
Or seen his mother pierc'd with grief expire.
Bid Dolius quick attend, the faithful slave
Whom to my nuptial train Icarius gave,
To tend the fruit-groves: With incessant speed
He shall this violence of death decreed,
To good Laërtes tell. Experienc'd age
May timely intercept the ruffian rage,
Convene the tribes, the murd'rous plot reveal,
And to their pow'r to save his race appeal."
Then Euryclea thus: "My dearest dread!
Tho' to the sword I bow this hoary head,
Or if a dungeon be the pain decreed,
I own me conscious of th'unpleasing deed:
Auxiliar to his flight, my aid implor'd,
With wine and viands I the vessel stor'd;
A solemn oath impos'd the secret seal'd,
'Till the twelfth dawn the light of heav'n reveal'd.
Dreading th'effect of a fond mother's fear,
He dar'd not violate your royal ear.
But bathe, and in imperial robes array'd,
Pay due devotions to the martial maid,
And rest affianc'd in her guardian aid.
Send not to good Laërtes, nor engage
In toils of state the miseries of age:
'Tis impious to surmize, the pow'rs divine
To ruin doom the Jove-descended line:
Long shall the race of just Arcesius reign,
And Isles remote enlarge his old domain."
The Queen her speech with calm attention hears,
Her eyes restrain the silver-streaming tears:

Then rise, and to the feastful hall remove: **32** (20C)
Pope Swift to the Queen the Herald Medon ran, **253** (169C)
Odyssey Who heard the consult of the dire Divan:
Before her dome the royal matron stands,
And thus the message of his haste demands:
"What will the Suitors? must my servant train
Th'allotted labours of the day refrain,
◆ For them to form some exquisite repast?
Heav'n grant this festival may prove their last!
Or if they still must live, from me remove
The double plague of luxury and love!
Q211 Forbear, ye sons of insolence! forbear,
In riot to consume a wretched heir.
In the young soul illustrious thought to raise,
Were ye not tutor'd with Ulysses' praise?
Have not your fathers oft my Lord defin'd,
Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind?
Some Kings with arbitrary rage devour,
Or in their tyrant-Minions vest the pow'r:
Ulysses let no partial favours fall,
The people's parent, he protected all;
But absent now, perfidious and ingrate!
His stores ye ravage, and usurp his state."
He thus: "O were the woes you speak the worst!
They form a deed more odious and accurst;
L3[O] More dreadful than your boding soul divines:
𝔹 But pitying Jove avert the dire designs!
The darling object of your royal care
Is mark'd to perish in a deathful snare;
Before he anchors in his native port,
From Pyle re-sailing and the Spartan court,
Horrid to speak! in ambush is decreed **11** (9C)
The hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed!"
Q212 Sudden she sunk beneath the weighty woes;
The vital streams a chilling horror froze:
The big round tear stands trembling in her eye,
And on her tongue imperfect accents dye.
At length, in tender language interwove
With sighs, she thus express'd her anxious love: **11**
"Why rashly wou'd my son his fate explore,
Ride the wild waves, and quit the safer shore?
Did he, with all the greatly wretched, crave
A blank oblivion, and untimely grave?"
"'Tis not," replied the Sage, "to Medon giv'n
To know, if some inhabitant of heav'n,
In his young breast the daring thought inspir'd:
Or if alone with filial duty fir'd,
The winds and waves he tempts in early bloom,
Studious to learn his absent father's doom." **263**
4.950 The Sage retir'd: Unable to controul **35**

'That chief' (rejoin'd the God) 'his race derives
From Ithaca, and wond'rous woes survives; **Pope**
Laërtes' son: girt with circumfluous tides, **Odyssey**
He still calamitous constraint abides.
Him in Calypso's cave of late I view'd, 755
When streaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd.
But vain his pray'r, his arts are vain to move
Th'enamour'd Goddess, or elude her love:
His vessel sunk, and dear companions lost, Q204
He lives reluctant on a foreign coast. 760
But oh beloved by heav'n! reserv'd to thee
A happier lot the smiling fates decree:
Free from that law, beneath whose mortal sway
Matter is chang'd, and varying forms decay;
Elysium shall be thine; the blissful plains 765
Of utmost earth, where Rhadamanthus reigns.
Joys ever-young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
Fill the wide circle of th' eternal year:
Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime:
The fields are florid with unfading prime: 770
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy snow;
But from the breezy deep, the Blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.
This grace peculiar will the Gods afford 775
To thee, the son of Jove, and beauteous Helen's Lord.' **L3[O]**
He ceas'd, and plunging in the vast profound, 𝔹
Beneath the God and whirling billows bound.
Then speeding back, involv'd in various thought,
My friends attending at the shore I sought. 780
Arriv'd, the rage of hunger we controll, Q205
'Till night with silent shade invests the pole;
Then lose the cares of life in pleasing rest. —
Soon as the morn reveals the roseate East,
With sails we wing the masts, our anchors weigh, 785
Unmoor the fleet, and rush into the sea.
Rang'd on the banks, beneath our equal oars
White curl the waves, and the vex'd ocean roars.
Then steering backward from the Pharian Isle,
We gain the stream of Jove-descended Nile: 790
There quit the ships, and on the destin'd shore
With ritual hecatombs the Gods adore:
Their wrath aton'd, to Agamemnon's name
A Cenotaph I raise of deathless fame.
These rites to piety and grief discharg'd, 795
The friendly Gods a springing gale inlarg'd:
The fleet swift tilting o'er the surges flew,
'Till Grecian cliffs appear'd, a blissful view!
Thy patient ear hath heard me long relate
A story, fruitful of disastrous fate: **4**.800

And now, young Prince, indulge my fond request;
Be Sparta honour'd with his royal guest,
Q206 'Till from his eastern goal, the joyous sun
His twelfth diurnal race begins to run.
Mean-time my train the friendly gifts prepare,
The sprightly coursers, and a polish'd car:
With these, a goblet of capacious mold,
◆ Figur'd with art to dignify the gold,
(Form'd for libation to the Gods,) shall prove
A pledge and monument of sacred love."
"My quick return," young Ithacus rejoin'd,
"Damps the warm wishes of my raptur'd mind:
Did not my fate my needful haste constrain,
Charm'd by your speech, so graceful and humane,
Lost in delight the circling year wou'd roll,
While deep attention fix'd my list'ning soul.
But now to Pyle permit my destin'd way,
My lov'd associates chide my long delay.
In dear remembrance of your royal grace,
I take the present of the promis'd Vase;
The coursers for the champian sports, retain;
That gift our barren rocks will render vain:
Horrid with cliffs, our meagre land allows
Thin herbage for the mountain-goat to browze,
Q207 But neither mead nor plain supplies, to feed
L3[I] The sprightly courser, or indulge his speed:
𝔹 To sea-surrounded realms the Gods assign
Small tract of fertile lawn, the least to mine."
His hand the King with tender passion press'd,
And smiling thus, the royal Youth address'd:
"O early worth! a soul so wise, and young,
Proclaims you from the sage Ulysses sprung.
Selected from my stores, of matchless price
An urn shall recompense your prudent choice:
Not mean the massy mold, of silver grac'd
By Vulcan's art, the verge with gold enchas'd.
A pledge the sceptred pow'r of Sidon gave,
When to his realm I plow'd the orient wave."
Thus they alternate; while with artful care
The menial train the regal feast prepare:
The firstlings of the flock are doom'd to dye;
Rich fragrant wines the cheering bowl supply;
A female band the gift of Ceres bring;
And the gilt roofs with genial triumph ring.
Mean-while, in Ithaca, the Suitor-pow'rs
In active games divide their jovial hours:
Pope Q208 In Areas vary'd with mosaic art,
Odyssey Some whirl the disk, and some the jav'lin dart.
Aside, sequester'd from the vast resort,
4.850 Antinoüs sate spectator of the sport;

33 (21C)
254 (170C)
12 (10C)
12
264
36

With great Eurymachus, of worth confest,
And high descent, superior to the rest;
Whom young Noëmon lowly thus address:
"My ship equip'd within the neighb'ring port,
The Prince, departing for the Pylian court,
Requested for his speed; but, courteous, say
When steers he home, or why this long delay?
For Elis I shou'd sail with utmost speed,
T'import twelve mares which there luxurious feed,
And twelve young mules, a strong laborious race,
New to the plow, unpractis'd in the trace."
Unknowing of the course to Pyle design'd,
A sudden horror seized on either mind:
The Prince in rural bow'r they fondly thought,
Numb'ring his flocks and herds, not far remote.
"Relate," Antinoüs cries, "devoid of guile,
When spread the Prince his sail for distant Pyle?
Did chosen chiefs across the gulphy main Q209
Attend his voyage, or domestic train?
Spontaneous did you speed his secret course,
Or was the vessel seiz'd by fraud or force?"
"With willing duty, not reluctant mind,"
(Noëmon cried) "the vessel was resign'd.
Who in the balance, with the great affairs
Of courts, presume to weigh their private cares?
With him, the peerage next in pow'r to you: L3[I]
And Mentor, captain of the lordly crew, 𝔹
Or some Celestial in his rev'rend form,
Safe from the secret rock and adverse storm,
Pilots their course: For when the glimm'ring ray
Of yester dawn disclos'd the tender day,
Mentor himself I saw, and much admir'd." —
Then ceas'd the Youth, and from the court retir'd.
Confounded and appall'd, th'unfinish'd game
The Suitors quit, and all to council came:
Antinoüs first th'assembled Peers address,
Rage sparkling in his eyes, and burning in his breast.
"O shame to manhood! shall one daring boy
The scheme of all our happiness destroy?
Fly unperceiv'd, seducing half the flow'r Q210
Of nobles, and invite a foreign pow'r?
The pond'rous engine rais'd to crush us all,
Recoiling, on his head is sure to fall.
Instant prepare me, on the neighb'ring strand,
With twenty chosen mates a vessel mann'd;
For ambush'd close beneath the Samian shore
His ship returning shall my spies explore: Pope
He soon his rashness shall with life atone, Odyssey
Seek for his father's fate, but find his own."
With vast applause the sentence all approve; 4.900

Stand still confest, tho' distant far they lie
Pope To habitants of earth, or sea, or sky.
Odyssey But sad Ulysses by himself apart,
Pour'd the big sorrows of his swelling heart;
All on the lonely shore he sate to weep,
And roll'd his eyes around the restless deep;
Tow'rd his lov'd coast he roll'd his eyes in vain,
'Till dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd again.
Q9 Now graceful seated on her shining throne,
To Hermes thus the nymph divine begun:
"God of the golden wand! on what behest
Arriv'st thou here, an unexpected guest?
Lov'd as thou art, thy free injunctions lay;
'Tis mine, with joy and duty to obey.
'Till now a stranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taste the dainties of my bow'r."
Thus having spoke, the nymph the table spread
(Ambrosial cates, with Nectar rosie red)
Hermes the hospitable rite partook,
Divine refection! then recruited, spoke:
"What mov'd this journey from my native sky,
A Goddess asks, nor can a God deny:
Hear then the truth. By mighty Jove's command
Unwilling, have I trod this pleasing land;
For who, self-mov'd, with weary wing wou'd sweep
L1[O] Such length of ocean and unmeasured deep?
A A world of waters! far from all the ways
Where men frequent, or sacred altars blaze.
Q10 But to Jove's will submission we must pay;
What pow'r so great to dare to disobey?
A man, he says, a man resides with thee,
Of all his kind most worn with misery:
The Greeks, (whose arms for nine long year employ'd
Their force on Ilion, in the tenth destroy'd)
At length embarking in a luckless hour,
With conquest proud, incens'd Minerva's pow'r:
✦ Hence on the guilty race her vengeance hurl'd
With storms pursu'd them thro' the liquid world.
There all his vessels sunk beneath the wave!
There all his dear companions found their grave!
Sav'd from the jaws of death by heav'n's decree,
The tempest drove him to these shores and thee.
Him, Jove now orders to his native lands
Straight to dismiss: so Destiny commands:
Impatient Fate his near return attends,
And calls him to his country, and his friends."
Ev'n to her inmost soul the Goddess shook;
Then thus her anguish and her passion broke:
Q11 "Ungracious Gods! with spite and envy curst!
5.150 Still to your own aethereal race the worst!

34
255
1
1
265
37

THE DEPARTURE OF ULYSSES FROM CALYPSO.

Pallas in a council of the gods complains of the detention of Ulysses in the island of Calypso: whereupon Mercury is sent to command his removal. The seat of Calypso described. She consents with much difficulty; and Ulysses builds a vessel with his own hands, in which he embarks. Neptune overtakes him with a terrible tempest, in which he is shipwrecked, and in the last danger of death; till Leucothea, a sea-goddess, assists him, and, after innumerable perils, he gets ashore on Phaeacia.

Pope's Odyssey (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 5

PREVIEW
BOOK 6

EPIC POEM .ORG

DIGITAL CLASSICS

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

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A 1L 1 - 150
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PRINT 2-SIDED:
37 to **44**

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

Q3 THE saffron Morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light.
Then met th'eternal Synod of the sky,
Before the God who thunders from on high,
Supreme in might, sublime in majesty.
Q4 Pallas, to these, deplores th'unequal fates
Of wise Ulysses, and his toils relates;
Her heroe's danger touch'd the pitying Pow'r,
The Nymph's seducements, and the magic bow'r.
Thus she began her plaint: "Immortal Jove!
And you who fill the blissful seats above!
Let Kings no more with gentle mercy sway,
Or bless a people willing to obey,
But crush the nations with an iron rod,
And ev'ry Monarch be the scourge of God:
If from your thoughts Ulysses you remove,
Who rul'd his subjects with a father's love.
Sole in an isle, encircled by the main,
Abandon'd, banish'd from his native reign,
Unblest he sighs, detain'd by lawless charms,
And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.
Nor friends are there, nor vessels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th'immeasurable way.
L1[I] And now fierce traytors, studious to destroy
A His only son, their ambush'd fraud employ,
Q5 Who pious, following his great father's fame,
To sacred Pylos and to Sparta came."
"What words are these?" (replied the Pow'r who forms
The clouds of night, and darkens heav'n with storms)
"Is not already in thy soul decreed,
The chief's return shall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot Wisdom do? Thou may'st restore
The son in safety to his native shore;
While the fell foes who late in ambush lay,
◆ With fraud defeated measure back their way."
Then thus to Hermes the command was giv'n:
"Hermes, thou chosen messenger of heav'n!
Go, to the nymph be these our orders born;
'Tis Jove's decree Ulysses shall return:
The patient man shall view his old abodes,
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding Gods;
In twice ten days shall fertile Scheria find,
Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.
The bold Phaeacians, there, whose haughty line
Pope Is mixt with Gods, half human, half divine,
Odyssey Q6 The chief shall honour as some heav'nly guest,
And swift transport him to his place of rest.
5.50 His vessels loaded with a plenteous store
Of brass, of vestures, and resplendent Ore;
(A richer prize than if his joyful Isle
Receiv'd him charg'd with Ilion's noble spoil)
His friends, his country he shall see, tho' late;
Such is our sov'reign Will, and such is Fate." 55
He spoke. The God who mounts the winged winds
Fast to his feet the golden pinions binds,
That high thro' fields of air his flight sustain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main.
He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly, 60
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye:
Then shoots from heaven to high Pieria's steep,
And stoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
So wat'ry fowl, that seek their fishy food,
With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood, 65
Now sailing smooth the level surface sweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.
Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew, Q7
'Till now the distant Island rose in view:
Then swift ascending from the azure wave, 70
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the Grot, in which the nymph he found,
(The fair-hair'd nymph with ev'ry beauty crown'd)
She sate and sung; the rocks resound her lays:
The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze: 75
Cedar and frankincense, an od'rous pile, L1[I]
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the Isle; A
While she with work and song the time divides,
And thro' the loom the golden shuttle guides.
Without the grot, a various sylvan scene 80
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quiv'ring play'd,
And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade;
On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
The birds of broadest wing their mansions form, 85
The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
Depending vines the shelving cavern screen, Q8
With purple clusters blushing thro' the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clefts distill, 90
And ev'ry fountain pours a sev'ral rill,
In mazy windings wand'ring down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odors round.
A scene, where if a God shou'd cast his sight, 95
A God might gaze, and wander with delight!
Joy touch'd the Messenger of heav'n: he stay'd Pope
Entranc'd, and all the blissful haunts survey'd. Odyssey
Him, ent'ring in the cave, Calypso knew,
For Pow'rs celestial to each other's view 5.100

35 (22C) 256 (171C) 2 (1C) 2 266 38

The snowy fleece, or twist the purpled wool.
Pope Mean-time Phaeacia's peers in council sate;
Odyssey From his high dome the King descends in state,
Q71 Then with a filial awe the royal maid
Approach'd him passing, and submissive said:
"Will my dread Sire his ear regardful deign,
70 And may his child the royal car obtain?
Say, with my garments shall I bend my way
Where thro' the vales the mazy waters stray?
A dignity of dress adorns the great,
And Kings draw lustre from the robe of state.
75 Five sons thou hast; three wait the bridal day,
And spotless robes become the young and gay:
So when with praise amid the dance they shine,
By these my cares adorn'd, that praise is mine."
Thus she: but blushes ill-restrain'd betray
80 Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day:
The conscious Sire the dawning blush survey'd,
And smiling thus bespoke the blooming maid:
"My child, my darling joy, the car receive;
That, and whate'er our daughter asks, we give."
85 Swift at the royal nod th'attending train
The car prepare, the mules incessant rein.
Q72 The blooming virgin with dispatchful cares
Tunics, and stoles, and robes imperial bears.
L1[O] The Queen, assiduous, to her train assigns
𝔹 90 The sumptuous viands, and the flav'rous wines.
The train prepare a cruise of curious mold,
A cruise of fragrance, form'd of burnish'd gold;
Odour divine! whose soft refreshing streams
Sleek the smooth skin, and scent the snowy limbs.
95 Now mounting the gay seat, the silken reins
Shine in her hand: Along the sounding plains
Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone,
Around, a beavy of bright damsels shone.
They seek the cisterns where Phaeacian dames
6.100 Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams;
Where gathering into depth from falling rills,
The lucid wave a spacious bason fills.
The mules unharness'd range beside the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.
105 Then aemulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave:
Q73 (The vestures cleans'd o'erspread the shelly sand,
Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand.)
Then with a short repast relieve their toil,
110 And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil;
And while the robes imbibe the solar ray,
O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play:
6.113 (Their shining veils unbound.) Along the skies
Tost, and retost, the ball incessant flies.

36 Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,
257 And love, the only sweet of life, destroy. **Pope**
Did ever Goddess by her charms ingage **Odyssey**
A favour'd mortal, and not feel your rage?
So when Aurora sought Orion's love, 155
Her joys disturb'd your blissful hours above,
'Till in Ortygia, Dian's winged dart
Had pierc'd the hapless hunter to the heart.
So when the covert of the thrice-ear'd field
Saw stately Ceres to her passion yield, 160
Scarce could Iäsion taste her heav'nly charms,
But Jove's swift lightning scorch'd him in her arms.
And is it now my turn, ye mighty pow'rs!
Am I the envy of your blissful bow'rs?
A man, an outcast to the storm and wave, 165
It was my crime to pity, and to save;
When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,
And sunk his brave companions in the main.
Alone, abandon'd, in mid ocean tost, Q12
The sport of winds, and driv'n from ev'ry coast, 170
Hither this Man of miseries I led,
Receiv'd the friendless, and the hungry fed;
Nay promis'd (vainly promis'd!) to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.
'Tis past — and Jove decrees he shall remove; 175
Gods as we are, we are but slaves to Jove. **L1[O]**
Go then he may (he must, if He ordain) 𝔹
Try all those dangers, all those deeps, again.
But never, never shall Calypso send
To toils like these, her husband, and her friend. 180
What ships have I, what sailors to convey,
3 What oars to cut the long laborious way?
Yet, I'll direct the safest means to go:
That last advice is all I can bestow."
To her, the Pow'r who hears the charming rod: 185
"Dismiss the Man, nor irritate the God;
Prevent the rage of him who reigns above,
For what so dreadful as the wrath of Jove?"
3 Thus having said, he cut the cleaving sky,
And in a moment vanish'd from her eye. 190
The Nymph, obedient to divine command,
To seek Ulysses, pac'd along the sand.
Him pensive on the lonely beach she found,
With streaming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
And inly pining for his native shore; 195
For now the soft Enchantress pleas'd no more:
For now, reluctant, and constrain'd by charms,
Absent he lay in her desiring arms,
267 In slumber wore the heavy night away,
39 On rocks and shores consum'd the tedious day; **5**.200

There sate all desolate, and sigh'd alone,
With echoing sorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the restless main,
'Till dimmed with rising grief, they stream'd again.
Here, on his musing mood the Goddess prest,
Approaching soft; and thus the chief addrest:
"Unhappy man! to wasting woes a prey,
No more in sorrows languish life away:
Free as the winds I give thee now to rove —
Go, fell the timber of yon' lofty grove,
And form a Raft, and build the rising ship,
Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.
To store the vessel let the care be mine,
With water from the rock, and rosie wine,
And life-sustaining bread, and fair array,
And prosp'rous gales to waft thee on the way.
These, if the Gods with my desires comply
(The Gods alas more mighty far than I,
And better skill'd in dark events to come)
In peace shall land thee at thy native home."
With sighs, Ulysses heard the words she spoke,
Then thus his melancholy silence broke:
"Some other motive, Goddess! sways thy mind,
(Some close design, or turn of womankind)
Nor my return the end, nor this the way,
On a slight Raft to pass the swelling sea
Huge, horrid, vast! where scarce in safety sails
The best-built ship, tho' Jove inspire the gales.
The bold proposal how shall I fulfil?
Dark as I am, unconscious of thy will.
Swear, then, thou mean'st not what my soul forebodes;
Swear, by the solemn oath that binds the Gods."
Him, while he spoke, with smiles Calypso ey'd,
And gently grasp'd his hand, and thus reply'd:
"This shows thee, friend, by old experience taught,
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought.
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise?
But hear, oh earth, and hear ye sacred skies!
And thou oh Styx! whose formidable floods
Glide thro' the shades, and bind th'attesting Gods!
No form'd design, no meditated end
Lurks in the counsel of thy faithful friend;
Kind the persuasion, and sincere my aim;
The same my practice, were my fate the same.
Heav'n has not curst me with **a heart of steel**,
But giv'n the sense, to pity, and to feel."
Thus having said, the Goddess march'd before:
He trod her footsteps in the sandy shore.
At the cool cave arriv'd, they took their state;
He fill'd the throne where Mercury had sate.

To heav'n the glitt'ring domes and temples blaz'd;
Just to his realms, he parted grounds from grounds,
And shar'd the lands, and gave the lands their bounds.
Now in the silent grave the Monarch lay,
And wise Alcinoüs held the legal sway.
To his high palace thro' the fields of air
The Goddess shot; Ulysses was her care.
There, as the night in silence roll'd away,
A heav'n of charms divine Nausicaa lay:
Thro' the thick gloom the shining portals blaze;
Two nymphs the portals guard, each nymph a Grace.
Light as the viewless air, the warrior Maid
Glides thro' the valves, and hovers round her head;
A fav'rite virgin's blooming form she took,
From Dymas sprung, and thus the vision spoke:
"Oh Indolent! to waste thy hours away!
And sleep'st thou, careless of the bridal day?
Thy spousal ornament neglected lies;
Arise, prepare the bridal train, arise!
A just applause the cares of dress impart,
And give soft transport to a parent's heart.
Haste, to the limpid stream direct thy way,
When the gay morn unveils her smiling ray;
Haste to the stream! companion of thy care,
Lo I thy steps attend, thy labours share.
Virgin awake! the marriage hour is nigh,
See! from their thrones thy kindred monarchs sigh!
The royal car at early dawn obtain,
And order mules obedient to the rein;
For rough the way, and distant rolls the wave
Where their fair vests Phaeacian virgins lave
In pomp ride forth: for pomp becomes the great,
And Majesty derives a grace from State."
Then to the Palaces of heav'n she sails,
Incumbent on the wings of wafting gales:
The seat of Gods, the regions mild of peace,
Full joy, and calm Eternity of ease.
There no rude winds presume to shake the skies,
No rains descend, no snowy vapours rise;
But on immortal thrones the blest repose:
The firmament with living splendors glows.
Hither the Goddess wing'd th'aerial way,
Thro' heav'n's eternal gates that blaz'd with day.
Now from her rosy car Aurora shed
The dawn, and all the orient flam'd with red.
Uprose the virgin with the morning light,
Obedient to the vision of the night.
The Queen she sought: the Queen her hours bestow'd
In curious works; the whirling spindle glow'd
With crimson threads, while busy damsels cull

Here by the stream, if I the night out-wear,
Pope Thus spent already, how shall nature bear
Odyssey The dews descending, and nocturnal air?
Or chilly vapors breathing from the flood
When Morning rises? If I take the wood,
And in thick shelter of innum'rous boughs
Enjoy the comfort gentle sleep allows;
Q34 Tho' fenc'd from cold, and tho' my toil be past,
What savage beasts may wander in the waste?
Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey
To prowling bears, or lions in their way."
Thus long debating in himself he stood:
At length he took the passage to the Wood,
Whose shady horrors on a rising brow
Wav'd high, and frown'd upon the stream below.
There grew two Olives, closest of the grove,
With roots intwin'd, the branches interwove;
Alike their leaves, but not alike they smil'd
With sister-fruits; one fertile, one was wild.
Nor here the sun's meridian rays had pow'r,
Nor wind sharp-piercing, nor the rushing show'r;
The verdant Arch so close its texture kept:
Beneath this covert, great Ulysses crept.
Of gather'd leaves an ample bed he made,
(Thick strewn by tempest thro' the bow'ry shade)
L2[O] Where three at least might winter's cold defy,
B Tho' Boreas rag'd along th'inclement sky.
Q35 This store, with joy the patient Heroe found,
And sunk amidst 'em, heap'd the leaves around.
As some poor peasant, fated to reside
Remote from neighbours, in a forest wide,
Studious to save what human wants require,
In embers heap'd, preserves the seeds of fire:
Hid in dry foliage thus Ulysses lyes,
'Till Pallas pour'd soft slumbers on his eyes;
And golden dreams (the gift of sweet repose)
5.637 ✦ Lull'd all his cares, and banish'd all his woes.
6.1 Q67 WHILE thus the weary Wand'rer sunk to rest,
And peaceful slumbers calm'd his anxious breast;
The martial Maid from heav'n's aerial height
Swift to Phaeacia wing'd her rapid flight.
In elder times the soft Phaeacian train
In ease possest the wide Hyperian plain;
Q68 'Till the Cyclopean race in arms arose,
A lawless nation of gigantic foes:
Then great Nausithous from Hyperia far
Thro' seas retreating from the sound of war,
The recreant nation to fair Scheria led,
Where never science rear'd her lawrel'd head:
6.13 There round his tribes a strength of wall he rais'd,

38 For him, the Nymph a rich repast ordains,
259 Such as the mortal life of man sustains:
Before herself were plac'd the the cates divine,
Ambrosial banquet, and celestial wine.
Their hunger satiate, and their thirst represt,
Thus spoke Calypso to her god-like guest:
"Ulysses!" (with a sigh she thus began)
"O sprung from Gods! in wisdom more than man.
Is then thy home the passion of thy heart?
Thus wilt thou leave me, are we thus to part?
Farewel! and ever joyful may'st thou be,
Nor break the transport with one thought of me.
But ah Ulysses! wert thou giv'n to know
What fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo;
Thy heart might settle in this scene of ease,
And ev'n these slighted charms might learn to please.
A willing Goddess, and Immortal life,
Might banish from thy mind an absent wife.
Am I inferior to a mortal dame? Q17
Less soft my feature, less august my frame?
Or shall the daughters of mankind compare
Their earth-born beauties with the heav'nly fair?"
"Alas! for this" (the prudent man replies)
"Against Ulysses shall thy anger rise?
Lov'd and ador'd, oh Goddess, as thou art,
Forgive the weakness of a human heart. L2[O]
Tho' well I see thy graces far above B
The dear, tho' mortal, object of my love,
Of youth eternal well the diff'rence know,
And the short date of fading charms below;
Yet ev'ry day, while absent thus I roam,
5 I languish to return, and dye at home.
Whate'er the Gods shall destine me to bear
In the black ocean, or the wat'ry war,
'Tis mine to master with a constant mind;
Enur'd to perils, to the worst resign'd.
By seas, by wars, so many dangers run,
Still I can suffer; Their high will be done!"
5 Thus while he spoke, the beamy Sun descends, Q18
And rising night her friendly shade extends.
To the close grot the lonely pair remove,
And slept delighted with the gifts of love.
When rosy morning call'd them from their rest,
Ulysses rob'd him in the cloak and vest.
The nymph's fair head a veil transparent grac'd,
Her swelling loins a radiant Zone embrac'd
With flow'rs of gold: an under robe, unbound,
In snowy waves flow'd glitt'ring on the ground.
269 Forth-issuing thus, she gave him first to wield
41 A weighty axe, with truest temper steel'd, **5**.300

And double-edg'd; the handle smooth and plain,
Wrought of the clouded olive's easy grain;
And next, a wedge to drive with sweepy sway:
Then to the neighb'ring forest led the way.
On the lone Island's utmost verge there stood
Of poplars, pine, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whose leafless summits to the skies aspire,
Scorch'd by the sun, or sear'd by heav'nly fire:
(Already dry'd.) These pointing out to view,
The Nymph just show'd him, and with tears withdrew.
Now toils the Heroe; trees on trees o'erthrown
Fall crackling round him, and the forests groan:
Sudden, full twenty on the plain are strow'd,
And lopp'd, and lighten'd of their branchy load.
At equal angles these dispos'd to join,
He smooth'd, and squar'd 'em, by the rule and line.
(The wimbles for the work Calypso found)
With those he pierc'd 'em, and with clinchers bound.
Long and capacious **as a shipwright forms**
Some bark's broad bottom to out-ride the storms,
So large he built the Raft: then ribb'd it strong
From space to space, and nail'd the planks along;
These form'd the sides: the deck he fashion'd last;
Then o'er the vessel rais'd the taper mast,
With crossing sail-yards dancing in the wind;
And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd.
(With yielding osiers fenc'd, to break the force
Of surging waves, and steer the steady course).
Thy loom, Calypso! for the future sails
Supply'd the cloth, capacious of the gales.
With stays and cordage last he rigg'd the ship,
And roll'd on leavers, launch'd her in the deep.
Four days were past, and now the work compleat,
Shone the fifth morn: when from her sacred seat
The nymph dismist him (od'rous garments giv'n,
And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of heav'n)
Then fill'd two goat-skins with her hands divine,
With water one, and one with sable wine;
Of ev'ry kind provisions heav'd aboard,
And the full decks with copious viands stor'd.
The Goddess last a gentle breeze supplies,
To curl old Ocean, and to warm the skies.
And now, rejoycing in the prosp'rous gales,
With beating heart Ulysses spreads his sails;
Plac'd at the helm he sate, and mark'd the skies,
Nor clos'd in sleep his ever-watchful eyes.
There view'd the Pleiads, and the northern Team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam.
To which, around the axle of the sky
The Bear revolving, points his golden eye;

Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave,
His ragged claws are stuck with stones and sands;
So the rough rock had shagg'd Ulysses hands.
And now had perish'd, whelm'd beneath the main,
Th'unhappy man; ev'n Fate had been in vain:
But all-subduing Pallas lent her pow'r,
And Prudence sav'd him in the needful hour.
Beyond the beating surge his course he bore,
(A wider circle, but in sight of shore),
With longing eyes, observing, to survey
Some smooth ascent, or safe-sequester'd bay.
Between the parting rocks at length he spy'd
A falling stream with gentler waters glide;
Where to the seas the shelving shore declin'd,
And form'd a bay, impervious to the wind.
To this calm port the glad Ulysses prest,
And hail'd the river, and its God addrest:
"Whoe'er thou art, before whose stream unknown
I bend, a suppliant at thy wat'ry throne,
Hear, azure King! nor let me fly in vain
To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
Heav'n hears and pities hapless men like me,
For sacred ev'n to Gods is Misery:
Let then thy waters give the weary rest,
And save a suppliant, and a man distrest."
He pray'd, and strait the gentle stream subsides,
Detains the rushing current of his tydes,
Before the wand'rer smooths the wat'ry way,
And soft receives him from the rowling sea.
That moment, fainting as he touch'd the shore,
He dropt his sinewy arms: his knees no more
Perform'd their office, or his weight upheld:
His swoln heart heav'd; his bloated body swell'd:
From mouth and nose the briny torrent ran;
And lost in lassitude lay all the man,
Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The soul scarce waking, in the arms of death.
Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
The mindful chief Leucothea's scarf unbound;
Observant of her word, he turn'd aside
His head, and cast it on the rolling tyde.
Behind him far, upon the purple waves
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.
Now parting from the stream, Ulysses found
A mossy bank with pliant rushes crown'd;
The bank he press'd, and gently kiss'd the ground.
Where on the flow'ry herb as soft he lay,
Thus to his soul the Sage began to say:
"What will ye next ordain, ye Pow'rs on high!
And yet, ah yet, what fates are we to try?

Then glassy smooth lay all the liquid plain, 40 (24C)
Pope The winds were hush'd, the billows scarcely curl'd, 261 (173C)
Odyssey And a dead silence still'd the wat'ry world.
When lifted on a ridgy wave, he spies
505 The land at distance, and with sharpen'd eyes.
As pious children joy with vast delight
When a loved Sire revives before their sight,
Q29 **(Who ling'ring long has call'd on death in vain,**
Fixt by some Daemon to his bed of pain,
510 **'Till heav'n by miracle his life restore)**
So joys Ulysses at th'appearing shore;
And sees (and labours onward as he sees)
The rising forests, and the tufted trees.
And now, **as near approaching as the sound**
515 **Of human voice the listening ear may wound**,
Amidst the rocks he heard a hollow roar
Of murm'ring surges breaking on the shore:
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To shield the vessel from the rowling sea;
520 But cliffs, and shaggy shores, a dreadful sight!
All rough with rocks, with foamy billows white.
Fear seiz'd his slacken'd limbs and beating heart;
As thus he communed with his soul apart:
"Ah me! when o'er a length of waters tost,
525 These eyes at last behold th'unhop'd-for coast,
L3[O] No port receives me from the angry main,
B But the loud deeps demand me back again.
Q30 Above, sharp rocks forbid access; around
Roar the wild waves; beneath, is sea profound!
530 No footing sure affords the faithless sand,
To stem too rapid, and too deep to stand.
If here I enter, my efforts are vain, 7 (3C)
Dash'd on the cliffs, or heav'd into the main;
Or round the Island if my course I bend,
535 Where the ports open, or the shores descend,
Back to the seas the rowling surge may sweep,
◆ And bury all my hopes beneath the deep.
Or some enormous whale the God may send,
(For many such on Amphitrite attend) 7
540 Too well the turns of mortal chance I know,
And hate relentless of my heav'nly foe."
While thus he thought, a monst'rous wave up-bore
The Chief, and dash'd him on the craggy shore:
Torn was his skin, nor had the ribs been whole,
545 But instant Pallas enter'd in his soul.
Close to the cliff with both his hands he clung,
And stuck adherent, and suspended hung:
Q31 'Till the huge surge roll'd off. Then backward sweep
The refluent tydes, and plunge him in the deep. 271
5.550 **As when the Polypus from forth his cave** 43

Who shines exalted on th'etherial plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main. Pope
Far on the left those radiant fires to keep Odyssey
The Nymph directed, as he sail'd the deep.
Full sev'nteen nights he cut the foamy way: 355
The distant land appear'd the following day:
Then swell'd to sight Phaeacia's dusky coast,
And woody mountains, half in vapours lost;
That lay before him, indistinct and vast,
Like a broad shield amid the watry waste. 360
But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
From far, on Solymé's aerial brow,
The King of Ocean saw, and seeing burn'd,
(From Aethiopia's happy climes return'd)
The raging Monarch shook his azure head, 365
And thus in secret to his soul he said:
"Heav'ns! how uncertain are the Pow'rs on high?
Is then revers'd the sentence of the sky,
In one man's favour? while a distant guest Q22
I shar'd secure the Aethiopian feast. 370
Behold how near Phaeacia's land he draws!
The land, affix'd by Fate's eternal laws
To end his toils. Is then our anger vain?
No, if this sceptre yet commands the main."
He spoke, and high the forky Trident hurl'd, 375
Rolls clouds on clouds, and stirs the wat'ry world, L3[O]
At once the face of earth and sea deforms, B
Swells all the winds, and rouzes all the storms.
Down rush'd the night. East, west, together roar,
And south, and north, roll mountains to the shore. 380
Then shook the Heroe, to despair resign'd,
And question'd thus his yet-unconquer'd mind:
"Wretch that I am! what farther Fates attend
This life of toils, and what my destin'd end?
Too well alas! the island Goddess knew, 385
On the black sea what perils shou'd ensue.
New horrors now this destin'd head enclose;
Unfill'd is yet the measure of my woes.
With what a cloud the brows of heav'n are crown'd? Q23
What raging winds? what roaring waters round? 390
'Tis Jove himself the swelling tempest rears;
Death, present death on ev'ry side appears.
Happy! thrice happy! who in battle slain
Prest in Atrides' cause the Trojan plain:
Oh! had I dy'd before that well-fought wall, 395
Had some distinguish'd day renown'd my fall;
(Such as was that, when show'rs of jav'lins fled
From conqu'ring Troy around Achilles dead)
All Greece had paid my solemn fun'rals then,
And spread my glory with the sons of men. **5**.400

A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,
Un-wept, un-noted, and for ever dead!"
A mighty wave rush'd o'er him as he spoke,
The Raft is cover'd, and the mast it broke;
Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,
Far on the swelling surge the chief was born:
While by the howling tempest rent in twain
Flew sail and sail-yards ratling o'er the main.
Long-press'd he heav'd beneath the weighty wave,
Clogg'd by the cumbrous vest Calypso gave:
At length emerging, from his nostrils wide
And gushing mouth, effus'd the briny tyde.
Ev'n then, not mindless of his last retreat,
He seis'd the Raft, and leapt into his seat,
Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood
Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood.
As when a heap of gather'd thorns is cast
Now to, now fro, before th'autumnal blast;
Together clung, it rolls around the field;
So roll'd the Float, and so its texture held:
And now the south, and now the north, bear sway,
And now the east the foamy floods obey,
And now the west-wind whirls it o'er the sea.
The wand'ring Chief, with toils on toils oppress,
Leucothea saw, and pity touch'd her breast:
(Herself a mortal once, of Cadmus' strain,
But now an azure sister of the main)
Swift as a Sea-mew springing from the flood,
All radiant on the Raft the Goddess stood:
Then thus address'd him: "Thou, whom heav'n decrees
To Neptune's wrath, stern Tyrant of the Seas,
(Unequal contest!) not his rage and pow'r,
Great as he is, such virtue shall devour.
What I suggest thy wisdom will perform;
Forsake thy float, and leave it to the storm:
Strip off thy garments; Neptune's fury brave
With naked strength, and plunge into the wave.
To reach Phaeacia all thy nerves extend,
There Fate decrees thy miseries shall end.
This heav'nly Scarf beneath thy bosom bind,
And live; give all thy terrors to the wind.
Soon as thy arms the happy shore shall gain,
Return the gift, and cast it in the main;
Observe my orders, and with heed obey,
Cast it far off, and turn thy eyes away."
With that, her hand the sacred veil bestows,
Then down the deeps she div'd from whence she rose;
A moment snatch'd the shining form away,
And all was cover'd with the curling sea.
Struck with amaze, yet still to doubt inclin'd,

41 (25C)
262 (174C)
8 (4C)
8
272
44

He stands suspended, and explores his mind.
"What shall I do? Unhappy me! who knows
But other Gods intend me other woes?
Whoe'er thou art, I shall not blindly join
Thy pleaded reason, but consult with mine:
For scarce in ken appears that distant Isle
Thy voice foretells me shall conclude my toil.
Thus then I judge: while yet the planks sustain
The wild waves fury, here I fix'd remain:
But, when their texture to the tempest yields,
I launch adventurous on the liquid fields,
Join to the help of Gods the strength of man,
And take this method, since the best I can."
While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,
The raging God a wat'ry mountain roll'd;
Like a black sheet the whelming billow spread,
Burst o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
Planks, Beams, dis-parted fly: the scatter'd wood
Rolls diverse, and in fragments strows the flood.
So the rude Boreas, o'er the field new shorn,
Tosses and drives the scatter'd heaps of corn.
And now a single beam the Chief bestrides;
There, poiz'd a while above the bounding tydes,
His limbs dis-cumbers of the clinging vest,
And binds the sacred cincture round his breast:
Then prone on Ocean in a moment flung,
Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and shot the seas along.
All naked now, on heaving billows laid,
Stern Neptune ey'd him, and contemptuous said:
"Go, learn'd in woes, and other foes essay!
Go, wander helpless on the wat'ry way:
Thus, thus find out the destin'd shore, and then
(If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men.
Whate'er thy Fate, the ills our wrath could raise
Shall last remember'd in thy best of days."
This said, his sea-green steeds divide the foam,
And reach high Aegae and the tow'ry dome.
Now, scarce withdrawn the fierce Earth-shaking pow'r,
Jove's daughter Pallas watch'd the fav'ring hour.
Back to their caves she bade the winds to fly,
And hush'd the blust'ring brethren of the sky.
The dryer blasts alone of Boreas sway,
And bear him soft on broken waves away;
With gentle force impelling to that shore,
Where Fate has destin'd he shall toil no more.
And now two nights, and now two days were past,
Since wide he wander'd on the wat'ry waste;
Heav'd on the surge with intermitting breath,
And hourly panting in the arms of death.
The third fair morn now blaz'd upon the main;

Q24 Q25 Q26 Q27 Q28
L3[I] L3[I]
B B
Pope Odyssey Pope Odyssey
5.450 5.500

Mean-while Ulysses at the Palace waits,
Pope There stops, and anxious with his soul debates,
Odyssey Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.
The front appear'd with radiant splendors gay,
Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day.
The walls were massy brass: the cornice high
Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the sky:
Rich plates of gold the folding doors incase;
The pillars silver, on a brazen base;
Silver the lintels deep-projecting o'er,
And gold, the ringlets that command the door.
Two rows of stately dogs, on either hand,
In sculptur'd gold and labour'd silver stand.
These Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait
Immortal guardians at Alcinoüs' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And still to live, beyond the pow'r of years.
Q 130 Fair thrones within from space to space were rais'd,
Where various carpets with embroidry blaz'd,
The work of matrons: These the Princes prest,
Day following day, a long-continu'd feast.
Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;
The polish'd Ore, reflecting ev'ry ray,
Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.
L1[O] Full fifty handmaids form the houshold train;
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain,
Some ply the loom; their busy fingers move
Like poplar-leaves when Zephyr fans the grove.
Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's Isle,
For sailing arts and all the naval toil,
✦ Than works of female skill their women's pride,
The flying shuttle thro' the threads to guide:
Pallas to these her double gifts imparts,
Inventive genius, and industrious arts.
Close to the gates a spacious Garden lies,
From storms defended, and inclement skies:
Q 131 Four acres was th'allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around. 1
Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mold;
The red'ning apple ripens here to gold,
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
7.150 The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise: 273
7.156 The same mild season gives the blooms to blow, 45
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Pallas appearing in a dream to Nausicaa (the daughter of Alcinoüs, king of Phaeacia), commands her to descend to the river, and wash the robes of state, in preparation for her nuptials. Nausicaa goes with her handmaids to the river; where, while the garments are spread on the bank, they divert themselves in sports. Their voices awake Ulysses, who, addressing himself to the princess, is by her relieved and clothed, and receives directions in what manner to apply to the king and queen of the island.

Pope's Odyssey (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 6

PREVIEW BOOK 7

.ORG
DIGITAL CLASSICS

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

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3L 1 - 394

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

PRINT 2-SIDED: **45** to **50**

Q67 WHILE thus the weary Wand'rer sunk to rest,
And peaceful slumbers calm'd his anxious breast;
The martial Maid from heav'n's aerial height
Swift to Phaeacia wing'd her rapid flight.
In elder times the soft Phaeacian train
In ease possest the wide Hyperian plain;
Q68 'Till the Cyclopean race in arms arose,
A lawless nation of gigantic foes:
Then great Nausithous from Hyperia far
Thro' seas retreating from the sound of war,
The recreant nation to fair Scheria led,
Where never science rear'd her lawrel'd head:
There round his tribes a strength of wall he rais'd,
To heav'n the glitt'ring domes and temples blaz'd;
Just to his realms, he parted grounds from grounds,
And shar'd the lands, and gave the lands their bounds.
Now in the silent grave the Monarch lay,
And wise Alcinoüs held the legal sway.
To his high palace thro' the fields of air
The Goddess shot; Ulysses was her care.
There, as the night in silence roll'd away,
A heav'n of charms divine Nausicaa lay:
Thro' the thick gloom the shining portals blaze;
Two nymphs the portals guard, each nymph a Grace.
Light as the viewless air, the warrior Maid
L1[I] Glides thro' the valves, and hovers round her head;
Q69 A fav'rite virgin's blooming form she took,
From Dymas sprung, and thus the vision spoke:
"Oh Indolent! to waste thy hours away!
And sleep'st thou, careless of the bridal day?
Thy spousal ornament neglected lies;
Arise, prepare the bridal train, arise!
A just applause the cares of dress impart,
And give soft transport to a parent's heart.
Haste, to the limpid stream direct thy way,
When the gay morn unveils her smiling ray;
Haste to the stream! companion of thy care,
Lo I thy steps attend, thy labours share.
Virgin awake! the marriage hour is nigh,
See! from their thrones thy kindred monarchs sigh!
The royal car at early dawn obtain,
And order mules obedient to the rein;
For rough the way, and distant rolls the wave
✦ Where their fair vests Phaeacian virgins lave
In pomp ride forth: for pomp becomes the great,
And Majesty derives a grace from State."
Pope Q70 Then to the Palaces of heav'n she sails,
Odyssey Incumbent on the wings of wafting gales:
The seat of Gods, the regions mild of peace,
6.50 Full joy, and calm Eternity of ease.

42 He next their princes' lofty domes admires,
263 In sep'rate Islands crown'd with rising spires;
And deep intrenchments, and high walls of stone,
That gird the city **like a marble zone**.
At length the kingly palace gates he view'd:
There stopp'd the Goddess, and her speech renew'd:
"My task is done; the mansion you enquire
Appears before you: enter, and admire.
High-thron'd, and feasting, there thou shalt behold
The sceptred Rulers. Fear not, but be bold:
A decent boldness ever meets with friends, Q127
Succeeds, and ev'n a stranger recommends.
First to the Queen prefer a suppliant's claim,
Alcinous' Queen, Aretè is her name,
The same her parents, and her pow'r the same.
For know, from Ocean's God Nausithous sprung,
And Peribaea, beautiful and young:
(Eurymedon's last hope, who rul'd of old
The race of Giants, impious, proud, and bold;
Perish'd the nation in unrighteous war,
Perish'd the Prince, and left this only heir.)
Who now by Neptune's am'rous pow'r comprest,
Produc'd a Monarch that his people blest,
Father and Prince of the Phaeacian name:
From him Rhexenor and Alcinoüs came.
The first, by Phoebus' burning arrows fir'd, **L1[I]**
New from his nuptials, hapless youth! expir'd.
No son surviv'd; Aretè heir'd his state,
And her, Alcinoüs chose his royal mate.
With honours yet to womankind unknown, Q128
This Queen he graces, and divides the throne;
1 In equal tenderness her sons conspire,
And all the children emulate their sire.
When thro' the streets she gracious deigns to move,
(The publick wonder, and the publick love)
The tongues of all with transport sound her praise,
The eyes of all, **as on a Goddess**, gaze.
She feels the triumph of a gen'rous breast;
2 To heal divisions, to relieve th' opprest;
In virtue rich; in blessing others, blest.
Go then secure, thy humble suit prefer,
And owe thy country and thy friends to her."
With that the Goddess deign'd no longer stay,
But o'er the world of waters wing'd her way: **7**.100
Forsaking Scheria's ever-pleasing shore,
The winds to Marathon the Virgin bore;
Thence, where proud Athens rears her tow'ry head,
With opening streets and shining structures spread,
274 She past, delighted with the well-known seats; Q129
46 And to Erectheus' sacred dome retreats. **7**.106

Q 124 She seeks the bridal bow'r: A matron there
Pope The rising fire supplies with busy care,
Odyssey Whose charms in youth her father's heart inflam'd,
10 Now worn with age, Eurymedusa nam'd:
The captive dame Phaeacian rovers bore,
Snatch'd from Epirus, her sweet native shore,
(A grateful prize) and in her bloom bestow'd
On good Alcinous, honour'd as a God:
15 Nurse of Nausicaa from her infant years,
And tender second to a mother's cares.
Now from the sacred thicket where he lay,
To town Ulysses took the winding way.
Propitious Pallas, to secure her care,
20 Around him spread a veil of thicken'd air;
To shun th'encounter of the vulgar crowd,
Insulting still, inquisitive, and loud.
When near the fam'd Phaeacian walls he drew,
The beauteous city opening to his view,
25 His step a Virgin met, and stood before:
A polish'd Urn the seeming Virgin bore,
Q 125 And youthful smil'd; but in the low disguise
Lay hid the Goddess with the azure eyes.
"Show me, fair daughter," (thus the chief demands)
30 "The house of him who rules these happy lands.
Thro' many woes and wand'erings, lo! I come
L2[O] To good Alcinoüs' hospitable dome.
Far from my native coast, I rove alone,
A wretched stranger, and of all unknown!"
35 The Goddess answer'd: "Father, I obey,
And point the wand'ring traveller his way:
Well known to me the palace you enquire,
◆ For fast beside it dwells my honour'd sire.
But silent march, nor greet the common train
40 With question needless, or enquiry vain.
A race of rugged mariners are these;
Unpolish'd men, and boistrous as their seas:
The native Islanders alone their care,
And hateful he who breathes a foreign air.
45 These did the Ruler of the deep ordain
To build proud navies, and command the main;
Q 126 On canvas wings to cut the wat'ry way;
No bird so light, no thought so swift as they."
Thus having spoke, th'unknown celestial leads:
7.50 The footsteps of the Deity he treads,
And secret moves along the crowded space,
Unseen of all the rude Phaeacian race.
(So Pallas order'd, Pallas to their eyes
The mist objected, and condens'd the skies)
The chief with wonder sees th'extended streets,
7.56 The spreading harbours, and the riding fleets;

43 There no rude winds presume to shake the skies,
264 No rains descend, no snowy vapours rise; **Pope**
But on immortal thrones the blest repose: **Odyssey**
The firmament with living splendors glows.
Hither the Goddess wing'd th'aerial way, 55
Thro' heav'n's eternal gates that blaz'd with day.
Now from her rosy car Aurora shed
The dawn, and all the orient flam'd with red.
Uprose the virgin with the morning light,
Obedient to the vision of the night. 60
The Queen she sought: the Queen her hours bestow'd
In curious works; the whirling spindle glow'd
With crimson threads, while busy damsels cull
The snowy fleece, or twist the purpled wool.
Mean-time Phaeacia's peers in council sate; 65
From his high dome the King descends in state,
Then with a filial awe the royal maid Q 71
Approach'd him passing, and submissive said:
"Will my dread Sire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal car obtain? 70
Say, with my garments shall I bend my way
Where thro' the vales the mazy waters stray?
A dignity of dress adorns the great,
And Kings draw lustre from the robe of state.
Five sons thou hast; three wait the bridal day, 75
And spotless robes become the young and gay: **L2[O]**
So when with praise amid the dance they shine,
By these my cares adorn'd, that praise is mine."
Thus she: but blushes ill-restrain'd betray
Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day: 80
The conscious Sire the dawning blush survey'd,
2 And smiling thus bespoke the blooming maid:
"My child, my darling joy, the car receive;
That, and whate'er our daughter asks, we give."
Swift at the royal nod th'attending train 85
The car prepare, the mules incessant rein.
The blooming virgin with dispatchful cares Q 72
Tunics, and stoles, and robes imperial bears.
3 The Queen, assiduous, to her train assigns
The sumptuous viands, and the flav'rous wines. 90
The train prepare a cruise of curious mold,
A cruise of fragrance, form'd of burnish'd gold;
Odour divine! whose soft refreshing streams
Sleek the smooth skin, and scent the snowy limbs.
Now mounting the gay seat, the silken reins 95
Shine in her hand: Along the sounding plains
Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone,
Around, a beavy of bright damsels shone.
275 They seek the cisterns where Phaeacian dames
47 Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams; **6**.100

Where gathering into depth from falling rills,
The lucid wave a spacious bason fills.
The mules unharness'd range beside the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.
Then aemulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave:
Q73 (The vestures cleans'd o'erspread the shelly sand,
Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand.)
Then with a short repast relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil;
And while the robes imbibe the solar ray,
O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play:
(Their shining veils unbound.) Along the skies
Tost, and retost, the ball incessant flies.
They sport, they feast; Nausicaa lifts her voice,
And warbling sweet, makes earth and heav'n rejoice.
As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves,
Or wide Täygetus' resounding groves;
A sylvan train the huntress Queen surrounds,
Her ratling quiver from her shoulders sounds:
Fierce in the sport, along the mountain brow
They bay the boar, or chase the bounding roe:
High o'er the lawn, with more majestic pace,
Above the nymphs she treads with stately grace;
Distinguish'd excellence the Goddess proves;
L2[I] **Exults Latona as the virgin moves**.
Q74 With equal grace Nausicaa trod the plain,
And shone transcendent o'er the beauteous train.
Mean time (the care and fav'rite of the skies)
Wrapt in embow'ring shade, Ulysses lies,
His woes forgot! but Pallas now addrest
To break the bands of all-composing rest.
Forth from her snowy hand Nausicaa threw
The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
And swam the stream: Loud shrieks the virgin train,
And the loud shriek redoubles from the main.
Wak'd by the shrilling sound, Ulysses rose,
And, to the deaf woods wailing, breath'd his woes:
"Ah me! on what inhospitable coast,
On what new region is Ulysses tost?
Possest by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
What sounds are these that gather from he shores?
✦ The voice of nymphs that haunt the sylvan bow'rs?
The fair-hair'd Dryads of the shady wood,
Or azure daughters of the silver flood?
Pope Q75 Or human voice? but issuing from the shades
Odyssey Why cease I strait to learn what sound invades?"
Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous bends,
6.150 With forceful strength a branch the Heroe rends;

44 We bend our way: a bubling fount distills
265 A lucid lake, and thence descends in rills:
Around the grove a mead with lively green
Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous scene;
Here a rich juice the royal vineyard pours;
And there the garden yields a waste of flow'rs.
Hence lies the town **as far, as to the ear**
Floats a strong shout along the waves of air.
There wait embowr'd, while I ascend alone
To great Alcinoüs on his royal throne.
Arriv'd, advance impatient of delay,
And to the lofty palace bend thy way:
The lofty palace overlooks the town,
From ev'ry dome by pomp superior known;
A child may point the way. With earnest gait Q86
Seek thou the Queen along the rooms of state;
Her royal hand a wond'rous work designs,
Around, a circle of bright damsels shines,
Part twist the threads, and part the wool dispose,
While with the purple orb the spindle glows.
High on a throne, amid the Scherian pow'rs,
My royal father shares the genial hours;
But to the Queen thy mournful tale disclose,
With the prevailing eloquence of woes:
So shalt thou view with joy thy natal shore,
Tho' mountains rise between, and oceans roar." **L2[I]**
She added not, but waving as she wheel'd
The silver scourge, it glitter'd o'er the field:
With skill the virgin guides th'embroider'd rein,
Slow rowls the car before th'attending train.
Now whirling down the heav'ns, the golden day
3 Shot thro' the western clouds a dewy ray;
The grove they reach, where from the sacred shade
To Pallas thus the pensive Heroe pray'd:
"Daughter of Jove! whose arms in thunder wield Q87
Th'avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield;
Forsook by thee, in vain I sought thy aid
When booming billows clos'd above my head:
4 Attend, unconquer'd maid! accord my vows,
Bid the Great hear, and pitying heal my woes."
This heard Minerva, but forbore to fly
(By Neptune aw'd) apparent from the sky:
Stern God! who rag'd with vengeance unrestrain'd,
'Till great Ulysses hail'd his native land. **6**.394
THE patient, heav'nly man thus suppliant pray'd; Q123 **7**.1
While the slow mules draw on th'imperial maid:
Thro' the proud street she moves, the publick gaze;
The turning wheel before the Palace stays.
276 With ready love her brothers gath'ring round,
48 Receiv'd the vestures, and the mules unbound. **7**.6

Far blooming o'er the field: and as she press'd
45 (26C)
The splendid seat, the list'ning chief address'd:
266 (175C)
"Stranger arise! the sun rolls down the day,
Lo, to the Palace I direct thy way:
Where in high state the nobles of the land
Attend my royal sire, a radiant band.
But hear, tho' wisdom in thy soul presides,
Speaks from thy tongue and ev'ry action guides;
Advance at distance, while I pass the plain
Where o'er the furrows waves the golden grain:
Alone I re-ascend — With airy mounds
A strength of wall the guarded city bounds:
The jutting land two ample bays divides;
Full thro' the narrow mouths descend the tides:
The spacious basons arching rocks enclose,
A sure defence from every storm that blows.
Close to the bay great Neptune's fane adjoins;
And near, a Forum flank'd with marble shines,
Where the bold youth, the num'rous fleets to store,
Shape the broad sail, or smooth the taper oar;
For not the bow they bend, nor boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill,
But the tall mast above the vessel rear,
Or teach the fluttering sail to float in air;
They rush into the deep with eager joy,
Climb the steep surge, and thro' the tempest fly;
A proud, unpolish'd race ----- To me belongs
The care to shun the blast of sland'rous tongues;
Lest malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
Thus with vile censure taint my spotless name:
'What stranger this, whom thus Nausicaa leads?
Heav'ns! with what graceful majesty he treads?
4 (1C)
Perhaps a native of some distant shore,
The future consort of her bridal hour;
Or rather, some descendant of the skies;
Won by her pray'r, th'aereal bridegroom flies.
Heav'n on that hour its choicest influence shed,
That gave a sov'reign spouse to crown her bed!
All, all the god-like worthies that adorn
5
This realm, she flies: Phaeacia is her scorn.'
And just the blame: for female innocence
Not only flies the guilt, but shuns th'offence:
Th'unguarded virgin as unchaste I blame,
◆
And the least freedom with the sex is shame,
Q85
'Till our consenting sires a spouse provide,
And public nuptials justify the bride.
But would'st thou soon review thy native plain?
Attend, and speedy thou shalt pass the main:
Nigh where a grove, with verdant poplars crown'd
277
To Pallas sacred, shades the holy ground,
49

Around his loins the verdant cincture spreads
A wreathy foliage, and concealing shades.
As when a Lion in the midnight hours
Beat by rude blasts, and wet with wintry show'rs,
Descends terrific from the mountain's brow,
With living flames his rowling eye-balls glow;
With conscious strength elate, he bends his way
Majestically fierce, to seize his prey;
(The steer or stag:) or with keen hunger bold
Springs o'er the fence, and dissipates the fold.
No less a terror, from the neighb'ring groves
Rough from the tossing surge Ulysses moves;
Urg'd on by want, and recent from the storms;
The brackish ooze his manly grace deforms.
Wide o'er the shore with many a piercing cry
Q76
To rocks, to caves, the frighted virgins fly;
All but the Nymph: the nymph stood fix'd alone,
By Pallas arm'd with boldness not her own.
Mean-time in dubious thought the King awaits,
And self-considering, as he stands, debates;
Distant his mournful story to declare,
Or prostrate at her knee address the pray'r.
But fearful to offend, by wisdom sway'd,
At awful distance he accosts the maid:
"If from the skies a Goddess, or if earth
(Imperial Virgin) boast thy glorious birth,
To thee I bend! if in that bright disguise
Thou visit earth, a daughter of the skies,
Hail, Dian, hail! the huntress of the groves
So shines majestic, and so stately moves,
So breathes an air divine! But if thy race
Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,
Blest is the father from whose loins you sprung,
Blest is the mother at whose breast you hung,
Blest are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To such a miracle of charms ally'd:
Joyful they see applauding Princes gaze,
When stately in the dance you swim th'harmonious maze.
But blest o'er all, the youth with heav'nly charms,
Who clasps the bright perfection in his arms!
Never, I never view'd 'till this blest hour
Such finish'd grace! I gaze and I adore!
Thus seems the Palm with stately honours crown'd
By Phoebus' altars; thus o'erlooks the ground;
The pride of Delos. (By the Delian coast
I voyag'd, leader of a warrior host,
But ah how chang'd! from thence my sorrow flows;
O fatal voyage, source of all my woes!)
Raptur'd I stood, and as this hour amaz'd,
With rev'rence at the lofty wonder gaz'd:

Pope Odyssey
L3[O]
6.350
Pope Odyssey
155
160
Q76
170
175
L3[O]
180
185
190
195
6.200

Raptur'd I stand! for earth ne'er knew to bear
A plant so stately, or a nymph so fair.
Aw'd from access, I lift my suppliant hands;
For Misery, oh Queen, before thee stands!
Twice ten tempestuous nights I roll'd, resign'd
To roaring billows, and the warring wind;
Heav'n bad the deep to spare! but heav'n my foe
Spares only to inflict some mightier woe!
Inur'd to cares, to death in all its forms,
Outcast I rove, familiar with the storms!
Once more I view the face of humankind:
Oh let soft pity touch thy gen'rous mind!
Unconscious of what air I breathe, I stand
Naked, defenceless on a narrow land.
Propitious to my wants, a Vest supply
To guard the wretched from th' inclement sky:
So may the Gods who heav'n and earth controul,
Crown the chaste wishes of thy virtuous soul,
On thy soft hours their choicest blessings shed;
Blest with a husband be thy bridal bed,
Blest be thy husband with a blooming race,
And lasting union crown your blissful days.
The Gods, when they supremely bless, bestow
Firm union on their Favorites below;
Then Envy grieves, with inly-pining Hate;
The good exult, and heav'n is in our state."
To whom the Nymph: "O stranger cease thy care;
Wise is thy soul, but man is born to bear:
Jove weighs affairs of earth in dubious scales,
And the good suffers, while the bad prevails:
Bear, with a soul resign'd, the will of Jove;
Who breathes, must mourn: thy woes are from above.
But since thou tread'st our hospitable shore,
'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more,
To cloath the naked, and thy way to guide —
Know, the Phaecian tribes this land divide;
From great Alcinoüs' royal loins I spring,
A happy nation, and a happy King."
Then to her maids — "Why, why, ye coward train
These fears, this flight? ye fear, and fly in vain.
Dread ye a foe? dismiss that idle dread,
'Tis death with hostile step these shores to tread;
Safe in the love of heav'n, an ocean flows
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes;
'Tis ours this son of sorrow to relieve,
Chear the sad heart, nor let affliction grieve.
By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent,
And what to those we give, to Jove is lent.
Then food supply, and bathe his fainting limbs
Where waving shades obscure the mazy streams."

Obedient to the call, the chief they guide
To the calm current of the secret tyde;
Close by the stream a royal dress they lay,
A vest and robe, with rich embroid'ry gay:
Then unguents in a vase of gold supply,
That breath'd a fragrance thro' the balmy sky.
To them the King: "No longer I detain
Your friendly care: retire, ye virgin train!
Retire, while from my weary'd limbs I lave
The foul pollution of the briny wave:
Ye Gods! since this worn frame refection knew,
What scenes have I survey'd of dreadful view?
But, nymphs, recede! sage chastity denies
To raise the blush, or pain the modest eyes."
The nymphs withdrawn, at once into the tide
Active he bounds; the flashing waves divide:
O'er all his limbs his hands the waves diffuse,
And from his locks compress the weedy ooze;
The balmy oil, a fragrant show'r, he sheds,
Then drest in pomp magnificently treads.
The warrior Goddess gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarg'd, and air divine;
Back from his brows a length of hair unfurls,
His hyacinthine locks descend in wavy curls.
As by some artist to whom Vulcan gives
His skill divine, a breathing statue lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wond'rous mold,
And o'er the silver pours the fusile gold.
So Pallas his heroic frame improves
With heav'nly bloom, and **like a God he moves**.
A fragrance breathes around: majestic grace
Attends his steps: th'astonished virgins gaze.
Soft he reclines along the murm'ring seas,
Inhaling freshness from the fanning breeze.
The wond'ring Nymph his glorious port survey'd,
And to her damsels, with amazement, said:
"Not without Care divine the stranger treads
This land of joy: his steps some Godhead leads:
Would Jove destroy him, sure he had been driv'n
Far from this realm, the fav'rite Isle of heav'n:
Late a sad spectacle of woe, he trod
The desart sands, and now be looks a God.
Oh heav'n! in my connubial hour decree
This man my spouse, or such a spouse as he!
But haste, the viands and the bowl provide —"
The maids the viand, and the bowl supply'd:
Eager he fed, for keen his hunger rag'd,
And with the generous vintage thirst asswag'd.
Now on return her care Nausicaa bends,
The robes resumes, the glittering car ascends,

With silver shone the throne; his Lyre well strung
Pope To rapturous sounds, at hand Pontonous hung:
Odyssey Before his seat a polish'd table shines,
And a full goblet foams with gen'rous wines:
Q181 His food a herald bore: And now they fed;
And now the rage of craving hunger fled.
Then fir'd by all the Muse, aloud he sings
70 The mighty deeds of Demigods and Kings:
From that fierce wrath the noble song arose,
That made Ulysses and Achilles foes:
How o'er the feast they doom the fall of Troy;
The stern debate Atrides hears with joy:
75 For heav'n foretold the contest, when he trod
The marble threshold of the Delphic God,
Curious to learn the counsels of the sky,
Ere yet he loos'd the rage of war on Troy.
Touch'd at the song, Ulysses strait resign'd
80 To soft affliction all his manly mind:
Before his eyes the purple vest he drew,
Industrious to conceal the falling dew:
But when the music paus'd, he ceas'd to shed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:
85 And lifting to the Gods a goblet crown'd,
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.
Q182 Transported with the song, the list'ning train
L1[O] Again with loud applause demand the strain:
Again Ulysses veil'd his pensive head,
90 Again unmann'd a show'r of sorrows shed:
Conceal'd he wept: the King observ'd alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan:
Then to the Bard aloud: "O cease to sing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute th'harmonious string;
95 Enough the feast has pleas'd, enough the pow'r
Of heav'nly song has crown'd the genial hour!
Incessant in the games your strength display,
Contest, ye brave, the honours of the day!
That pleas'd th'admiring stranger may proclaim
8.100 In distant regions the Phaeacian fame:
None wield the gauntlet with so dire a sway, 1
Or swifter in the race devour the way:
None in the leap spring with so strong a bound,
Or firmer, in the wrestling, press the ground."
105 Thus spoke the King; th'attending Peers obey:
In state they move, Alcinoüs leads the way:
Q183 His golden lyre Demodocus unstrung,
High on a column in the palace hung:
And guided by a herald's guardian cares,
110 Majestic to the lists of Fame repairs.
Now swarms the populace; a countless throng, 279
Youth and hoar age; and man drives man along: 51
The games begin: Ambitious of the prize,

THE COURT OF ALCINOÜS

The princess Nausicaa returns to the city, and Ulysses soon after follows thither. He is met by Pallas in the form of a young virgin, who guides him to the palace, and directs him in what manner to address the queen Aretè. She then involves him in a mist which causes him to pass invisible. The palace and gardens of Alcinoüs described. Ulysses falling at the feet of the queen, the mist disperses, the Phaeacians admire, and receive him with respect. The queen inquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates to her and Alcinoüs his departure from Calypso, and his arrival in their dominions.

The same day continues, and the book ends with the night. *Pope's Odyssey* (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 7

PREVIEW BOOK 8

EPIC POEM .ORG

DIGITAL CLASSICS

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

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PRINT 2-SIDED: **51** to **56**

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

Q 123 THE patient, heav'nly man thus suppliant pray'd;
While the slow mules draw on th'imperial maid:
Thro' the proud street she moves, the publick gaze;
The turning wheel before the Palace stays.
5 With ready love her brothers gath'ring round,
Receiv'd the vestures, and the mules unbound.
Q 124 She seeks the bridal bow'r: A matron there
The rising fire supplies with busy care,
Whose charms in youth her father's heart inflam'd,
10 Now worn with age, Eurymedusa nam'd:
The captive dame Phaeacian rovers bore,
Snatch'd from Epirus, her sweet native shore,
(A grateful prize) and in her bloom bestow'd
On good Alcinous, honour'd as a God:
15 Nurse of Nausicaa from her infant years,
And tender second to a mother's cares.
Now from the sacred thicket where he lay,
To town Ulysses took the winding way.
Propitious Pallas, to secure her care,
20 Around him spread a veil of thicken'd air;
To shun th'encounter of the vulgar crowd,
Insulting still, inquisitive, and loud.
When near the fam'd Phaeacian walls he drew,
The beauteous city opening to his view,
25 His step a Virgin met, and stood before:
L1[I] A polish'd Urn the seeming Virgin bore,
Q 125 And youthful smil'd; but in the low disguise
Lay hid the Goddess with the azure eyes.
"Show me, fair daughter," (thus the chief demands)
30 "The house of him who rules these happy lands.
Thro' many woes and wand'erings, lo! I come
To good Alcinoüs' hospitable dome.
Far from my native coast, I rove alone,
A wretched stranger, and of all unknown!"
35 The Goddess answer'd: "Father, I obey,
And point the wand'ring traveller his way:
Well known to me the palace you enquire,
◆ For fast beside it dwells my honour'd sire.
But silent march, nor greet the common train
40 With question needless, or enquiry vain.
A race of rugged mariners are these;
Unpolish'd men, and boistrous as their seas:
The native Islanders alone their care,
And hateful he who breathes a foreign air.
45 These did the Ruler of the deep ordain
To build proud navies, and command the main;
Pope Q 126 On canvas wings to cut the wat'ry way;
Odyssey **No bird so light, no thought so swift as they**."
Thus having spoke, th'unknown celestial leads:
7.50 The footsteps of the Deity he treads,

47 A Prince of grace divine your aid implores,
268 O'er unknown seas arriv'd from unknown shores."
She spoke, and sudden with tumultuous sounds 15
Of thronging multitudes the shore rebounds;
At once the seats they fill; and every eye
Glaz'd, **as before some brother of the sky**.
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
More high he treads, and more enlarg'd he moves: 20
She sheds celestial bloom, regard to draw,
And gives a dignity of mien, to awe,
With strength the future prize of fame to play,
And gather all the honours of the day.
Then from his glitt'ring throne Alcinoüs rose; 25
"Attend," he cry'd, "while we our will disclose,
Your present aid this godlike stranger craves, Q 179
Tost by rude tempest thro' a war of waves:
Perhaps from realms that view the rising day,
Or nations subject to the western ray. 30
Then grant, what here all sons of wine obtain,
(For here affliction never pleads in vain:)
Be chosen youth prepar'd, expert to try
The vast profound, and bid the vessel fly:
Launch the tall bark, and order ev'ry oar, 35
Then in our court indulge the genial hour: ◆
Instant you sailors to this task attend,
Swift to the palace, all ye Peers ascend: **L1[I]**
Let none to strangers honours due disclaim;
Be there Demodocus, the Bard of fame, 40
Taught by the Gods to please, when high he sings
The vocal lay responsive to the strings."
Thus spoke the Prince: th'attending Peers obey,
1 In state they move; Alcinoüs leads the way:
Swift to Demodocus the herald flies, 45
At once the sailors to their charge arise:
They launch the vessel, and unfurl the sails, Q 180
And stretch the swelling canvas to the gales;
Then to the palace move: a gath'ring throng,
Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along: **8**.50
2 Now all accesses to the dome are fill'd;
Eight boars, the choicest of the herd, are kill'd:
Two beeves, twelve fatlings from the flock they bring
To crown the feast; so wills the bounteous King.
The herald now arrives, and guides along 55
The sacred master of celestial song:
Dear to the Muse! who gave his days to flow
With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe:
With clouds of darkness quench'd his visual ray, **Pope**
But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay. 60 **Odyssey**
280 High on a radiant throne sublime in state,
52 Encircled by huge multitudes, he sate: **8**.62

In such alliance could'st thou wish to join,
Pope A Palace stor'd with treasures shou'd be thine.
Odyssey But if reluctant, who shall force thy stay?
Jove bids to set the stranger on his way,
And ships shall wait thee with the morning ray.
Q 144 'Till then, let slumber close thy careful eyes;
The wakeful mariners shall watch the skies,
And seize the moment when the breezes rise:
Then gently waft thee to the pleasing shore,
Where thy soul rests, and labour is no more.
Far as Euboea tho' thy country lay,
Our ships with ease transport thee in a day.
Thither of old, Earth's Giant-son to view,
On wings of wind with Rhadamanth they flew:
This land, from whence their morning course begun,
Saw them returning with the setting sun.
Your eyes shall witness and confirm my tale,
Our youth how dext'rous, and how fleet our sail,
When justly tim'd with equal sweep they row,
And Ocean whitens in long tracts below."
Thus he. No word th'experienc'd man replies,
But thus to heav'n (and heav'nward lifts his eyes)
"O Jove! oh father! what the King accords
Do thou make perfect! sacred be his words!
Wide o'er the world Alcinoüs' glory shine!
L2[O] Let Fame be his, and ah! my country mine!"
Q 145 Mean-time Aretè, for the hour of rest
Ordains the fleecy couch, and cov'ring vest;
Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,
And the thick carpets spread with busy care.
With torches blazing in their hands they past,
And finish'd all their Queen's command with haste:
Then gave the signal to the willing guest;
He rose with pleasure, and retir'd to rest.
There, soft-extended, to the murm'ring sound
Of the high porch, Ulysses sleeps profound:
Within, releas'd from cares Alcinoüs lies;
7.438 ◆ And fast beside, were clos'd Aretè's eyes.

8.1 Q 177 NOW fair Aurora lifts her golden ray,
And all the ruddy Orient flames with day:
Alcinoüs, and the chief with dawning light,
Rose instant from the slumbers of the night;
Then to the Council seat they bend their way,
And fill the shining thrones along the bay.
Q 178 Mean-while Minerva in her guardian care
Shoots from the starry vault thro' fields of air;
In form a herald of the King she flies
From Peer to Peer, and thus incessant cries:
"Nobles and Chiefs who rule Phaeacia's states,
8.12 The King in council your attendance waits:

48 And secret moves along the crowded space,
269 Unseen of all the rude Phaeacian race.
Pope (So Pallas order'd, Pallas to their eyes
Odyssey The mist objected, and condens'd the skies)
The chief with wonder sees th'extended streets,
The spreading harbours, and the riding fleets;
He next their princes' lofty domes admires,
In sep'rate Islands crown'd with rising spires;
And deep intrenchments, and high walls of stone,
That gird the city **like a marble zone**.
At length the kingly palace gates he view'd:
There stopp'd the Goddess, and her speech renew'd:
"My task is done; the mansion you enquire
Appears before you: enter, and admire.
High-thron'd, and feasting, there thou shalt behold
The sceptred Rulers. Fear not, but be bold:
A decent boldness ever meets with friends,
Q 127 Succeeds, and ev'n a stranger recommends.
First to the Queen prefer a suppliant's claim,
Alcinous' Queen, Aretè is her name,
The same her parents, and her pow'r the same.
For know, from Ocean's God Nausithous sprung,
And Peribaea, beautiful and young:
(Eurymedon's last hope, who rul'd of old
The race of Giants, impious, proud, and bold;
Perish'd the nation in unrighteous war,
L2[O] Perish'd the Prince, and left this only heir.)
Who now by Neptune's am'rous pow'r comprest,
Produc'd a Monarch that his people blest,
Father and Prince of the Phaeacian name:
From him Rhexenor and Alcinoüs came.
2 The first, by Phoebus' burning arrows fir'd,
New from his nuptials, hapless youth! expir'd.
No son surviv'd; Aretè heir'd his state,
And her, Alcinoüs chose his royal mate.
With honours yet to womankind unknown,
Q 128 This Queen he graces, and divides the throne;
In equal tenderness her sons conspire,
3 And all the children emulate their sire.
When thro' the streets she gracious deigns to move,
(The publick wonder, and the publick love)
The tongues of all with transport sound her praise,
The eyes of all, **as on a Goddess**, gaze.
She feels the triumph of a gen'rous breast;
To heal divisions, to relieve th' opprest;
In virtue rich; in blessing others, blest.
Go then secure, thy humble suit prefer,
And owe thy country and thy friends to her."
281 With that the Goddess deign'd no longer stay,
53 But o'er the world of waters wing'd her way:
7.100

Forsaking Scheria's ever-pleasing shore, **49 (28C)**
The winds to Marathon the Virgin bore; **270 (177C)**
Thence, where proud Athens rears her tow'ry head,
With opening streets and shining structures spread,
Q129 She past, delighted with the well-known seats;
And to Erectheus' sacred dome retreats.
Mean-while Ulysses at the Palace waits,
There stops, and anxious with his soul debates,
Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.
110 The front appear'd with radiant splendors gay,
Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day.
The walls were massy brass: the cornice high
Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the sky:
Rich plates of gold the folding doors incase;
115 The pillars silver, on a brazen base;
Silver the lintels deep-projecting o'er,
And gold, the ringlets that command the door.
Two rows of stately dogs, on either hand,
In sculptur'd gold and labour'd silver stand.
120 These Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait
Immortal guardians at Alcinoüs' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And still to live, beyond the pow'r of years.
Q130 Fair thrones within from space to space were rais'd,
125 Where various carpets with embroidry blaz'd,
L2[I] The work of matrons: These the Princes prest,
Day following day, a long-continu'd feast.
Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;
130 The polish'd Ore, reflecting ev'ry ray,
Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.
Full fifty handmaids form the houshold train; **3 (1C)**
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain,
Some ply the loom; their busy fingers move
135 **Like poplar-leaves when Zephyr fans the grove.**
Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's Isle,
For sailing arts and all the naval toil,
◆ Than works of female skill their women's pride,
The flying shuttle thro' the threads to guide: **4**
140 Pallas to these her double gifts imparts,
Inventive genius, and industrious arts.
Close to the gates a spacious Garden lies,
From storms defended, and inclement skies:
Q131 Four acres was th'allotted space of ground,
145 Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around.
Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mold;
Pope The red'ning apple ripens here to gold,
Odyssey Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows, **282**
7.150 The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear, **54**

Her self supply'd the stores and rich array;
And gave the gales to waft me on my way.
In sev'nteen days appear'd your pleasing coast,
And woody mountains half in vapours lost.
Joy touch'd my soul: My soul was joy'd in vain, 355
For angry Neptune rouz'd the raging main:
The wild winds whistle, and the billows roar;
The splitting Raft the furious tempest tore;
And storms vindictive intercept the shore.
Soon as their rage subsides, the seas I brave 360
With naked force, and shoot along the wave,
To reach this Isle: but there my hopes were lost,
The surge impell'd me on a craggy coast.
I chose the safer sea, and chanc'd to find
A river's mouth, impervious to the wind, 365
And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood; Q142
Then took the shelter of the neighb'ring wood.
'Twas night; and cover'd in the foliage deep,
Jove plung'd my senses in the death of sleep.
All night I slept, oblivious of my pain: 370
Aurora dawn'd, and Phoebus shin'd in vain,
Nor 'till oblique he slop'd his evening ray,
Had Somnus dry'd the balmy dews away.
Then female voices from the shore I heard:
A maid amidst them, Goddess-like, appear'd: 375
To her I su'd, she pity'd my distress; **L2[I]**
Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue less.
Who from such youth cou'd hope consid'rate care?
In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare!
She gave me life, reliev'd with just supplies 380
My wants, and lent these robes that strike your eyes.
This is the truth: And oh ye pow'rs on high!
Forbid that want shou'd sink me to a lye."
To this the King: "Our daughter but exprest
Her cares imperfect to our god-like guest. 385
Suppliant to her, since first he chose to pray, Q143
Why not her self did she conduct the way,
And with her handmaids to our court convey?"
"Heroe and King!" (Ulysses thus reply'd)
"Nor blame her faultless, nor suspect of pride: 390
She bade me follow in th'attendant train;
But fear and rev'rence did my steps detain,
Lest rash suspicion might alarm thy mind:
Man's of a jealous and mistaken kind."
"Far from my soul" (he cry'd) "the Gods efface 395
All wrath ill-grounded, and suspicion base!
Whate'er is honest, Stranger, I approve. **Pope**
And would to Phoebus, Pallas, and to Jove, **Odyssey**
Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were one,
Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my son. **7**.400

But finish, oh ye Peers! what you propose, **50** (29C)
Pope And let the morrow's dawn conclude my woes. **271** (178C)
Odyssey Pleas'd will I suffer all the Gods ordain,
To see my soil, my son, my friends, again.
Q139 That view vouchsaf'd, let instant death surprise
With ever-during shade these happy eyes!"
Th'assembled Peers with gen'ral praise approv'd
His pleaded reason, and the suit he mov'd.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
310 And to the gifts of balmy sleep repairs.
Ulysses in the regal walls alone
Remain'd: Beside him, on a splendid throne,
Divine Aretè and Alcinoüs shone.
The Queen, on nearer view, the guest survey'd
315 Rob'd in the garments her own hands had made;
Not without wonder seen. Then thus began,
Her words addressing to the god-like man:
"Cam'st thou not hither, wond'rous stranger! say,
From lands remote, and o'er a length of sea?
320 Tell then whence art thou? whence that Princely air?
And robes like these, so recent and so fair?"
"Hard is the task, oh Princess! you impose:"
(Thus sighing spoke the Man of many woes)
"The long, the mournful series to relate
325 Of all my sorrows, sent by heav'n and fate!
L3[O] Q140 Yet what you ask, attend. An Island lies
Beyond these tracts, and under other skies,
Ogygia nam'd, in Ocean's wat'ry arms:
Where dwells Calypso, dreadful in her charms!
330 Remote from Gods or men she holds her reign,
Amid the terrors of the rowling main.
Me, only me, the hand of fortune bore **4** (2C)
Unblest! to tread that interdicted shore:
When Jove tremendous in the sable deeps
335 Launch'd his red lightning at our scatter'd ships:
Then, all my fleet, and all my foll'wers lost,
Sole on a plank, on boiling surges tost,
◆ Heav'n drove my wreck th'Ogygian Isle to find,
Full nine days floating to the wave and wind. **5**
340 Met by the Goddess there with open arms,
She brib'd my stay with more than human charms;
Nay promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.
But all her blandishments successless prove,
345 To banish from my breast my country's love.
Q141 I stay reluctant sev'n continu'd years,
And water her ambrosial couch with tears.
The eighth, she voluntary moves to part,
Or urg'd by Jove, or her own changeful heart. **283**
7.350 A Raft was form'd to cross the surging sea; **55**

And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale **Pope**
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail: **Odyssey**
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise: 155
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run, 160
Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun,
Others to tread the liquid harvest join:
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flow'r descry'd, Q132
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side, 165
And there in autumn's richest purple dy'd.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.
Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd;
This thro' the gardens leads its streams around, 170
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they bring,
The People one, and one supplies the King. 175
Such were the glories which the Gods ordain'd, **L3[O]**
To grace Alcinoüs, and his happy land.
Ev'n from the Chief whom men and nations knew,
Th'unwonted scene surprize and rapture drew;
In pleasing thought he ran the prospect o'er, 180
Then hasty enter'd at the lofty door.
Night now approaching, in the palace stand
With goblets crown'd, the Rulers of the land;
Prepar'd for rest, and off'ring to the God Q133
Who bears the virtue of the sleepy rod. 185
Unseen he glided thro' the joyous crowd,
With darkness circled, and an ambient cloud.
Direct to great Alcinoüs' throne he came,
And prostrate fell before th'Imperial dame.
Then from around him drop'd the veil of night; 190
Sudden he shines, and manifest to sight.
The Nobles gaze, with awful fear oppress;
Silent they gaze, and eye the god-like guest.
"Daughter of great Rhexenor!" (thus began
Low at her knees, the much-enduring man) 195
"To thee, thy consort, and this royal train,
To all that share the blessings of your reign,
A suppliant bends: oh pity human woe!
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country send, **7**.200

Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.
So may the Gods your better days increase,
And all your joys descend on all your race,
Q 134 So reign for ever on your country's breast,
205 Your people blessing, by your people blest!"
Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,
And humbled in the ashes took his place.
Silence ensu'd. The eldest first began,
Echeneus sage, a venerable man!
210 Whose well-taught mind the present age surpast,
And join'd to that th'experience of the last.
Fit words attended on his weighty sense,
And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence.
"Oh sight" (he cry'd) "dishonest and unjust!
215 A guest, a stranger, seated in the dust!
To raise the lowly suppliant from the ground
Befits a Monarch. Lo! the Peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle guest to grace
And seat him fair in some distinguish'd place.
220 Let first the herald due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wand'rer on his way;
Then set the genial banquet in his view,
And give the stranger-guest a stranger's due."
Q 135 His sage advice the list'ning King obeys;
225 He stretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raise,
L3[I] And from his seat Laodamas remov'd,
(The monarch's offspring, and his best belov'd)
There next his side the god-like hero sate;
With stars of silver shone the bed of state.
230 The golden ew'r a beauteous handmaid brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs,
Whose polish'd vase with copious streams supplies
A silver layer, of capacious size.
The table next in regal order spread,
235 The glitt'ring canisters are heap'd with bread:
Viands of various kinds invite the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!
◆ Thus feasting high, Alcinoüs gave the sign
And bad the herald pour the rosy wine:
240 "Let all around the due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wand'rer on his way."
He said. Pontonous heard the King's command;
The circling goblet moves from hand to hand:
Q 136 Each drinks the juice that glads the heart of man.
245 Alcinoüs then, with aspect mild, began:
"Princes and Peers, attend! while we impart
Pope To you, the thoughts of no inhuman heart.
Odyssey Now pleas'd and satiate from the social rite
Repair we to the blessings of the night:
7.250 But with the rising day, assembled here,

51 (30C)
272 (179C)
5 (3C)
6
284
56

Let all the Elders of the land appear,
Pious observe our hospitable laws,
And heav'n propitiate in the stranger's cause:
Then join'd in council, proper means explore
Safe to transport him to the wish'd-for shore: 255
(How distant that, imports us not to know,
Nor weigh the labour, but relieve the woe)
Mean-time, nor harm nor anguish let him bear;
This interval, Heav'n trusts him to our care,
But to his native land our charge resign'd, 260
Heav'n's is his life to come, and all the woes behind.
Then must he suffer what the Fates ordain;
For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
And twins ev'n from the birth, are misery and man!
But if descended from th'Olympian bow'r, Q 137
Gracious approach us some immortal pow'r;
If in that form thou com'st a guest divine:
Some high event the conscious Gods design.
As yet, unbid they never grac'd our feast,
The solemn sacrifice call'd down the guest; 270
Then manifest of heav'n the vision stood,
And to our eyes familiar was the God.
Oft with some favour'd traveller they stray,
And shine before him all the desart way:
With social intercourse, and face to face, 275
The friends and guardians of our pious race. **L3[I]**
So near approach we their celestial kind,
By justice, truth, and probity of mind;
As our dire neighbours of Cyclopean birth
Match in fierce wrong, the Giant-sons of earth." 280
"Let no such thought" (with modest grace rejoin'd
The prudent Greek) "possess the royal mind.
Alas! a mortal, like thy self, am I;
No glorious native of yon azure sky:
In form, ah how unlike their heav'nly kind? Q 138
How more inferior in the gifts of mind?
Alas, a mortal! most opprest of those
Whom Fate has loaded with a weight of woes;
By a sad train of miseries alone
Distinguish'd long, and second now to none! 290
By heav'n's high will compell'd from shore to shore;
With heav'n's high will prepar'd to suffer more.
What histories of toil could I declare?
But still long-weary'd nature wants repair;
Spent with fatigue, and shrunk with pining fast, 295
My craving bowels still require repaste.
Howe'er the noble, suff'ring mind, may grieve **Pope**
Its load of anguish, and disdain to live; **Odyssey**
Necessity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is insolent, and will be fed. **7**.300

This ever grateful in remembrance bear,
Pope To me thou ow'st, to me, the vital air."
Odyssey "O royal maid!" Ulysses strait returns,
"Whose worth the splendors of thy race adorns,
So may dread Jove (whose arm in vengeance forms
The writhen bolt, and blackens heav'n with storms,)
Q203 Restore me safe, thro' weary wand'rings tost,
To my dear country's ever-pleasing coast,
As while the spirit in this bosom glows,
To thee, my Goddess, I address my vows,
My life, thy gift I boast!" He said, and sate
Fast by Alcinoüs on a throne of state.
Now each partakes the feast, the wine prepares,
Portions the food, and each his portion shares.
The Bard a herald guides: the gazing throng
Pay low obeysance as he moves along:
Beneath a sculptur'd arch he sits enthron'd,
The Peers encircling form an awful round.
Then from the chine, Ulysses carves with art
Delicious food, an honorary part;
This, let the Master of the Lyre receive,
A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
Lives there a man beneath the spacious skies,
Who sacred honours to the Bard denies?
The Muse the Bard inspires, exalts his mind;
L1[O] The Muse indulgent loves th'harmonious kind."
A Q204 The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
Not fond of flattery, nor unpleas'd with praise.
When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
Thus to the Lyrist wise Ulysses said:
"O more than man! thy soul the Muse inspires,
Or Phoebus animates with all his fires:
For who by Phoebus uninform'd, could know
The woe of Greece, and sing so well the woe?
Just to the tale, as present at the fray,
◆ Or taught the labours of the dreadful day:
The song recalls past horrours to my eyes,
And bids proud Ilion from her ashes rise.
Once more harmonious strike the sounding string,
Th' Epaean fabric, fram'd by Pallas, sing:
How stern Ulysses, furious to destroy,
With latent heroes sack'd imperial Troy.
If faithful thou record the tale of fame,
The God himself inspires thy breast with flame:
And mine shall be the task, henceforth to raise
In ev'ry land, thy monument of praise."
Q205 Full of the God he rais'd his lofty strain,
How the Greeks rush'd tumultuous to the main:
How blazing tents illumin'd half the skies,
8.550 While from the shores the winged navy flies:

52
273
1
1
285
57

THE ARGUMENT

Alcinoüs calls a council, in which it is resolved to transport Ulysses into his country. After which splendid entertainments are made, where the celebrated musician and poet, Demodocus, plays and sings to the guests. They next proceed to the games, the race, the wrestling, discus, &c., where Ulysses casts a prodigious length, to the admiration of all the spectators. They return again to the banquet and Demodocus sings the loves of Mars and Venus. Ulysses, after a compliment to the poet, desires him to sing the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy, which subject provoking his tears, Alcinoüs inquires of his guest his name, parentage, and fortunes. *Pope's Odyssey* (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 8

PREVIEW BOOK 9

.ORG
DIGITAL CLASSICS

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

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As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

Q 177 NOW fair Aurora lifts her golden ray,
And all the ruddy Orient flames with day:
Alcinoüs, and the chief with dawning light,
Rose instant from the slumbers of the night;
Then to the Council seat they bend their way,
And fill the shining thrones along the bay.
Q 178 Mean-while Minerva in her guardian care
Shoots from the starry vault thro' fields of air;
In form a herald of the King she flies
From Peer to Peer, and thus incessant cries:
"Nobles and Chiefs who rule Phaeacia's states,
The King in council your attendance waits:
A Prince of grace divine your aid implores,
O'er unknown seas arriv'd from unknown shores."
She spoke, and sudden with tumultuous sounds
Of thronging multitudes the shore rebounds;
At once the seats they fill; and every eye
Glaz'd, **as before some brother of the sky**.
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
More high he treads, and more enlarg'd he moves:
She sheds celestial bloom, regard to draw,
And gives a dignity of mien, to awe,
With strength the future prize of fame to play,
And gather all the honours of the day.
Then from his glitt'ring throne Alcinoüs rose;
L1[I] "Attend," he cry'd, "while we our will disclose,
A Q 179 Your present aid this godlike stranger craves,
Tost by rude tempest thro' a war of waves:
Perhaps from realms that view the rising day,
Or nations subject to the western ray.
Then grant, what here all sons of wine obtain,
(For here affliction never pleads in vain:)
Be chosen youth prepar'd, expert to try
The vast profound, and bid the vessel fly:
Launch the tall bark, and order ev'ry oar,
◆ Then in our court indulge the genial hour:
Instant you sailors to this task attend,
Swift to the palace, all ye Peers ascend:
Let none to strangers honours due disclaim;
Be there Demodocus, the Bard of fame,
Taught by the Gods to please, when high he sings
The vocal lay responsive to the strings."
Thus spoke the Prince: th'attending Peers obey,
In state they move; Alcinoüs leads the way:
Swift to Demodocus the herald flies,
At once the sailors to their charge arise:
Pope Odyssey Q 180 They launch the vessel, and unfurl the sails,
And stretch the swelling canvas to the gales;
Then to the palace move: a gath'ring throng,
8.50 Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along:

53 (31C) He said, and o'er his shoulder flung the blade.
274 (180C) Now o'er the earth ascends the evening shade:
The precious gifts th'illustrious heralds bear,
And to the court th'embodied Peers repair.
Before the Queen Alcinoüs' sons unfold
The vests, the robes, and heaps of shining gold;
Then to the radiant thrones they move in state:
Aloft, the King in pomp Imperial sate.
Thence to the Queen: "O partner of our reign,
O sole belov'd! command thy menial train
A polish'd chest and stately robes to bear,
And healing waters for the bath prepare:
That bath'd, our guest may bid his sorrows cease,
Hear the sweet song, and taste the feast in peace.
A bowl that flames with gold, of wond'rous frame,
Our self we give, memorial of our name:
To raise in off'rings to almighty Jove,
Q 201 And every God that treads the courts above."
Instant the Queen, observant of the King,
Commands her train a spacious vase to bring,
The spacious vase with ample streams suffice,
Heap the high wood, and bid the flames arise.
The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.
Her self the chest prepares; in order roll'd
The robes, the vests are rang'd, and heaps of gold:
L1[I] And adding a rich dress inwrought with art
A A gift expressive of her bounteous heart,
Thus spoke to Ithacus: "To guard with bands
Insolvable these gifts, thy care demands:
Lest, in thy slumbers on the watry main,
2 (1C) The hand of Rapine make our bounty vain."
Then bending with full force, around he roll'd
A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,
Clos'd with Circaean art. A train attends
Around the bath: the bath the King ascends:
(Untasted joy, since that disastrous hour,
Q 202 He sail'd ill-fated from Calypso's bow'r)
2 Where, **happy as the Gods that range the sky,**
He feasted ev'ry sense, with ev'ry joy.
He bathes: the damsels with officious toil,
Shed sweets, shed unguents, in a show'r of oil:
Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he spreads,
And to the feast magnificently treads.
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Nausicaa **blooming as a Goddess** stands,
With wond'ring eyes the heroe she survey'd,
Pope Odyssey And graceful thus began the royal maid:
286 "Hail god-like stranger! and when heav'n restores
58 To thy fond wish thy long-expected shores,
8.500

Unguents that charm the Gods! she last assumes
Her wond'rous robes; and full the Goddess blooms.
Thus sung the Bard: Ulysses hears with joy,
And loud applauses rend the vaulted sky.
Then to the sports his sons the King commands,
Each blooming youth before the monarch stands:
In dance unmatch'd! a wond'rous ball is brought
(The work of Polypus, divinely wrought)
This youth with strength enormous bids it fly,
And bending backward whirls it to the sky;
His brother springing with an active bound
At distance intercepts it from the ground:
The ball dismiss'd, in dance they skim the strand,
Turn and return, and scarce imprint the sand.
Th'assembly gazes with astonish'd eyes,
And sends in shouts applauses to the skies.
Then thus Ulysses: "Happy King, whose name
The brightest shines in all the rolls of fame!
In subjects happy! with surprize I gaze;
Thy praise was just; their skill transcends thy praise."
Pleas'd with his people's fame the Monarch hears,
And thus benevolent accosts the Peers:
"Since Wisdom's sacred guidance he pursues,
Give to the stranger-guest a stranger's dues:
Twelve Princes in our realm dominion share,
O'er whom supreme, imperial pow'r I bear:
Bring gold, a pledge of love, a talent bring,
A vest, a robe, and imitate your King:
Be swift to give; that he this night may share
The social feast of joy, with joy sincere.
And thou, Euryalus, redeem thy wrong:
A gen'rous heart repairs a sland'rous tongue."
Th'assenting Peers, obedient to the King,
In haste their heralds send the gifts to bring.
Then thus Euryalus: "O Prince, whose sway
Rules this blest realm, repentant I obey!
Be his this sword, whose blade of brass displays
A ruddy gleam; whose hilt, a silver blaze;
Whose ivory sheath inwrought with curious pride,
Adds graceful terror to the wearer's side."
He said, and to his hand the sword consign'd;
"And if," he cry'd, my words affect thy mind,
Far from thy mind those words, ye whirlwinds bear,
And scatter them, ye storms, in empty air!
Crown, oh ye heav'ns, with joy his peaceful hours,
And grant him to his spouse and native shores!"
"And blest be thou, my friend," Ulysses cries,
"Crown him with ev'ry joy, ye fav'ring skies;
To thy calm hours continu'd peace afford,
And never, never may'st thou want this sword!"
Now all accesses to the dome are fill'd;
Eight boars, the choicest of the herd, are kill'd:
Two beeves, twelve fatlings from the flock they bring
To crown the feast; so wills the bounteous King.
The herald now arrives, and guides along
The sacred master of celestial song:
Dear to the Muse! who gave his days to flow
With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe:
With clouds of darkness quench'd his visual ray,
But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay.
High on a radiant throne sublime in state,
Encircled by huge multitudes, he sate:
With silver shone the throne; his Lyre well strung
To rapturous sounds, at hand Pontonous hung:
Before his seat a polish'd table shines,
And a full goblet foams with gen'rous wines:
His food a herald bore: And now they fed;
And now the rage of craving hunger fled.
Then fir'd by all the Muse, aloud he sings
The mighty deeds of Demigods and Kings:
From that fierce wrath the noble song arose,
That made Ulysses and Achilles foes:
How o'er the feast they doom the fall of Troy;
The stern debate Atrides hears with joy:
For heav'n foretold the contest, when he trod
The marble threshold of the Delphic God,
Curious to learn the counsels of the sky,
Ere yet he loos'd the rage of war on Troy.
Touch'd at the song, Ulysses strait resign'd
To soft affliction all his manly mind:
Before his eyes the purple vest he drew,
Industrious to conceal the falling dew:
But when the music paus'd, he ceas'd to shed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:
And lifting to the Gods a goblet crown'd,
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.
Transported with the song, the list'ning train
Again with loud applause demand the strain:
Again Ulysses veil'd his pensive head,
Again unmann'd a show'r of sorrows shed:
Conceal'd he wept: the King observ'd alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan:
Then to the Bard aloud: "O cease to sing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute th'harmonious string;
Enough the feast has pleas'd, enough the pow'r
Of heav'nly song has crown'd the genial hour!
Incessant in the games your strength display,
Contest, ye brave, the honours of the day!
That pleas'd th'admiring stranger may proclaim
In distant regions the Phaeacian fame:

Pope Odyssey
405
Q 198
410
415
420
425
L2[O]
A Q 199
430
435
◆
440
445
Q 200
8.450
54 (32C)
275 (181C)
3 (2C)
3
287
59
Pope Odyssey
55
Q 181
60
65
70
75
L2[O] A
80
Q 182
85
90
95
8.100

None wield the gauntlet with so dire a sway,
Or swifter in the race devour the way:
None in the leap spring with so strong a bound,
Or firmer, in the wrestling, press the ground."
Thus spoke the King; th'attending Peers obey:
In state they move, Alcinoüs leads the way:
Q 183 His golden lyre Demodocus unstrung,
High on a column in the palace hung:
And guided by a herald's guardian cares,
Majestic to the lists of Fame repairs.
Now swarms the populace; a countless throng,
Youth and hoar age; and man drives man along:
The games begin: Ambitious of the prize,
Acroneus, Thoon, and Eretmeus rise;
The prize Ocyalus and Prymneus claim,
Anchialus and Ponteus, chiefs of fame:
There Proreus, Nautes, Eratreus appear,
And fam'd Amphialus, Polyneus' heir:
Euryalus, like Mars terrific, rose,
When clad in wrath he withers hosts of foes:
Naubolides with grace unequall'd shone,
Or equal'd by Laodamas alone.
With these came forth Ambasineus the strong;
And three brave sons, from great Alcinoüs sprung.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand,
L2[I] Start from the goal, and vanish o'er the strand:
𝔸 Q 184 **Swift as on wings of winds** upborn they fly,
And drifts of rising dust involve the sky:
Before the rest, **what space the hinds allow**
Between the mule and ox, from plow to plow;
Clytonius sprung: he wing'd the rapid way,
And bore th'unrivall'd honours of the day. **4 (3C)**
With fierce embrace the brawny wrestlers joyn;
The conquest, great Euryalus, is thine.
Amphialus sprung forward with a bound,
◆ Superior in the leap, a length of ground:
From Elatreus' strong arm the Discus flies,
And sings with unmatch'd force along the skies.
And Laodame whirls high, with dreadful sway, **4**
The gloves of death, victorious in the fray.
While thus the Peerage in the games contends,
In act to speak, Laodamas ascends:
"O friends," he cries, "the stranger seems well skill'd
To try th'illustrious labours of the field:
I deem him brave; then grant the brave man's claim,
Invite the Hero to his share of fame.
Pope Q 185 What nervous arms he boasts! how firm his tread!
Odyssey His limbs how turn'd! how broad his shoulders spread!
By age unbroke! — but all-consuming care **288**
8.150 Destroys perhaps the strength that time wou'd spare: **60**
If I am lame, that stain my natal hour
By fate impos'd; such me my parent bore:
Why was I born? see how the wanton lies!
O sight tormenting to an husband's eyes!
But yet I trust, this once ev'n Mars would fly
His fair one's arms — he thinks her, once, too nigh.
But there remain, ye guilty, in my pow'r,
'Till Jove refunds his shameless daughter's dow'r.
Too dear I priz'd a fair enchanting face:
Beauty unchaste is beauty in disgrace."
Mean-while the Gods the dome of Vulcan throng,
Apollo comes, and Neptune comes along,
With these gay Hermes trod the starry plain;
But modesty with-held the Goddess-train.
All heav'n beholds, imprison'd as they lye,
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the sky.
Then mutual, thus they spoke: "Behold on wrong Q 196
Swift vengeance waits: and Art subdues the strong!
Dwells there a God on all th'Olympian brow
More swift than Mars, and **more than Vulcan slow**?
Yet Vulcan conquers, and the God of arms
Must pay the penalty for lawless charms."
Thus serious they: but he who gilds the skies,
The gay Apollo thus to Hermes cries:
"Would'st thou enchain'd like Mars, oh Hermes, lye,
And bear the shame, like Mars, to share the joy?" **L2[I]**
"O envy'd shame!" (the smiling Youth rejoin'd,) 𝔸
"Add thrice the chains, and thrice more firmly bind;
Gaze all ye Gods, and ev'ry Goddess gaze,
Yet eager would I bless the sweet disgrace."
Loud laugh the rest, ev'n Neptune laughs aloud,
Yet sues importunate to loose the God:
"And free," he cries, "oh Vulcan! free from shame
Thy captives; I ensure the penal claim."
"Will Neptune" (Vulcan then) "the faithless trust?
He suffers who gives surety for th'unjust:
But say, if that lewd scandal of the sky Q 197
To liberty restor'd, perfidious fly,
Say wilt thou bear the Mulct?" He instant cries,
"The mulct I bear, if Mars perfidious flies."
To whom appeas'd: "No more I urge delay;
When Neptune sues, my part is to obey."
Then to the snares his force the God applies;
They burst; and Mars to Thrace indignant flies:
To the soft Cyprian shores the Goddess moves,
To visit Paphos and her blooming groves,
Where to the pow'r an hundred altars rise, **Pope**
And breathing odours scent the balmy skies. **Odyssey**
Conceal'd she bathes in consecrated bow'rs,
The Graces unguents shed, ambrosial show'rs, **8**.400

Skill'd in the dance, tall youths, a blooming band, **56 (34C)**
Pope Graceful before the heav'nly minstrel stand; **277 (183C)**
Odyssey Light-bounding from the earth, at once they rise,
Their feet half-viewless quiver in the skies:
Ulysses gaz'd, astonish'd to survey
The glancing splendors as their sandals play.
Q193 Mean-time the Bard alternate to the strings
The loves of Mars and Citherea sings;
How the stern God enamour'd with her charms
Clasp'd the gay panting Goddess in his arms,
By bribes seduc'd: and how the Sun, whose eye
Views the broad heav'ns disclos'd the lawless joy.
Stung to the soul, indignant thro' the skies
To his black forge vindictive Vulcan flies:
Arriv'd, his sinewy arms incessant place
Th'eternal anvil on the massy base.
A wond'rous Net he labours, to betray
The wanton lovers, as entwin'd they lay,
Indissolubly strong! then instant bears
To his immortal dome the finish'd snares.
Above, below, around, with art dispread,
The sure enclosure folds the genial bed;
Whose texture ev'n the search of Gods deceives,
Thin, as the filmy threads the spider weaves.
Then as withdrawing from the starry bow'rs,
L3[O] He feigns a journey to the Lemnian shores:
𝔸 Q194 His fav'rite Isle! Observant Mars descries
His wish'd recess, and to the Goddess flies;
He glows, he burns: The fair-hair'd Queen of love
Descends smooth-gliding from the Courts of Jove,
Gay blooming in full charms: her hand he prest
With eager joy, and with a sigh addrest: **5 (4C)**
"Come, my belov'd! and taste the soft delights;
Come, to repose the genial bed invites:
Thy absent spouse neglectful of thy charms
◆ Prefers his barb'rous Sintians to thy arms!"
Then, nothing loth, th'enamour'd fair he led,
And sunk transported on the conscious bed.
Down rush'd the toils, enwrapping as they lay **5**
The careless lovers in their wanton play:
In vain they strive, th'entangling snares deny
(Inextricably firm) the pow'r to fly:
Warn'd by the God who sheds the golden day,
Stern Vulcan homeward treads the starry way:
Arriv'd, he sees, he grieves, with rage he burns;
Full horribly he roars, his voice all heav'n returns.
Q195 "O Jove," he cry'd, "oh all ye pow'rs above,
See the lewd dalliance of the Queen of Love!
Me, aukward me she scorns, and yields her charms **289**
8.350 To that fair Lecher, the strong God of arms. **61**

Dire is the Ocean, dread in all its forms!
Man must decay, when man contends with storms." **Pope**
"Well hast thou spoke," (Euryalus replies) **Odyssey**
"Thine is the guest, invite him thou to rise."
Swift as the word advancing from the croud,
He made obeysance, and thus spoke aloud:
"Vouchsafes the rev'rend stranger to display
His manly worth, and share the glorious day?
Father, arise! for thee thy port proclaims
Expert to conquer in the solemn games.
To fame arise! for what more fame can yield
Than the swift race, or conflict of the field?
Steal from corroding care one transient day,
To glory give the space thou hast to stay;
Short is the time, and lo! ev'n now the gales
Call thee aboard, and stretch the swelling sails."
To whom with sighs Ulysses gave reply: Q186
"Ah why th' ill-suiting pastime must I try?
To gloomy care my thoughts alone are free;
Ill the gay sports with troubled hearts agree;
Sad from my natal hour my days have ran,
A much-afflicted, much-enduring man!
Who suppliant to the King and Peers, implores
A speedy voyage to his native shores.
Wide wanders, Laodame, thy erring tongue,
The sports of glory to the brave belong." **L3[O]**
(Retorts Euryalus:) "He boasts no claim 𝔸
Among the great, unlike the sons of Fame.
A wand'ring merchant he frequents the main,
Some mean sea-farer in pursuit of gain;
Studious of freight, in naval trade well skill'd,
But dreads th'athletic labours of the field."
Incens'd Ulysses with a frown replies,
"O forward to proclaim thy soul unwise!
With partial hands the Gods their gifts dispense;
Some greatly think, some speak with manly sense;
Here heav'n an elegance of form denies, Q187
But wisdom the defect of form supplies:
This man with energy of thought controuls,
And steals with modest violence our souls,
He speaks reserv'dly, but he speaks with force,
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worse;
In public more than mortal he appears,
And as he moves, the gazing crowd reveres.
While others **beauteous as th' aetherial kind**,
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
In outward show heav'n gives thee to excell,
But heav'n denies the praise of thinking well.
Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
And, youth, my gen'rous soul resents the wrong: **8**.200

Skill'd in heroic exercise, I claim
A post of honour with the sons of Fame:
Such was my boast, while vigour crown'd my days,
Now care surrounds me, and my force decays;
Inur'd a melancholy part to bear,
In scenes of death, by tempest and by war.
Yet thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave
To prove the heroe — Slander stings the brave."
Then striding forward with a furious bound,
He wrench'd a rocky fragment from the ground:
By far more pond'rous and more huge by far,
Than what Phaeacia's sons discharg'd in air.
Fierce from his arm th' enormous load he flings;
Sonorous thro' the shaded air it sings;
Couch'd to the earth, tempestuous as it flies,
The crowd gaze upward while it cleaves the skies.
Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round
Down rushing, it up-turns a hill of ground.
That instant Pallas, bursting from a cloud,
Fix'd a distinguish'd mark, and cry'd aloud:
"Ev'n he who sightless wants his visual ray,
May by his touch alone award the day:
Thy signal throw transcends the utmost bound
Of ev'ry champion, by a length of ground:
Securely bid the strongest of the train
Arise to throw: the strongest throws in vain."
She spoke: and momentary mounts the sky:
The friendly voice Ulysses hears with joy;
Then thus aloud, (elate with decent pride):
"Rise ye Phaecians, try your force," he cry'd;
"If with this throw the strongest Caster vye,
Still, further still, I bid the Discus fly.
Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet wield,
Or you, the swiftest racers of the field!
Stand forth ye wrestlers who these pastimes grace!
I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race.
In such heroic games I yield to none,
Or yield to brave Laodamas alone:
Shall I with brave Laodamas contend?
A friend is sacred, and I stile him friend.
Ungen'rous were the man, and base of heart,
Who takes the kind, and pays th'ungrateful part;
Chiefly the man, in foreign realms confin'd,
Base to his friend, to his own interest blind:
All, all your heroes I this day defy:
Give me a man that we our might may try!
Expert in ev'ry art, I boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill;
Should a whole host at once discharge the bow,
My well-aim'd shaft with death prevents the foe:
Alone superior in the field of Troy,
Great Philoctetes taught the shaft to fly.
From all the sons of earth unrival'd praise
I justly claim; but yield to better days,
To those fam'd days when great Alcides rose,
And Eurytus, who bade the Gods be foes:
(Vain Eurytus, whose art became his crime,
Swept from the earth, he perish'd in his prime;
Sudden th'irremeable way he trod,
Who boldly durst defy the Bowyer God.)
In fighting fields **as far the spear I throw,**
As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.
Sole in the race the contest I decline,
Stiff are my weary joints; and I resign
By storms and hunger worn: Age well may fail,
When storms and hunger both at once assail."
Abash'd, the numbers hear the god-like man,
'Till great Alcinoüs mildly thus began:
"Well hast thou spoke, and well thy gen'rous tongue
With decent pride refutes a public wrong:
Warm are thy words, but warm without offence;
Fear only fools, secure in men of sense;
Thy worth is known. Then hear our country's claim,
And bear to heroes our heroic fame;
In distant realms our glorious deeds display,
Repeat them frequent in the genial day;
When blest with ease thy woes and wand'rings end,
Teach them thy consort, bid thy sons attend;
How loved of Jove he crown'd our sires with praise,
How we their offspring dignify our race.
Let other realms the deathful gauntlet wield,
Or boast the glories of th'athletic field;
We in the course unrivall'd speed display,
Or thro' caerulean billows plow the way:
To dress, to dance, to sing our sole delight,
The feast or bath by day, and love by night:
Rise then ye skill'd in measures: let him bear
Your fame to men that breathe a distant air:
And faithful say, to you the pow'rs belong
To race, to sail, to dance, to chaunt the song.
But, herald, to the palace swift repair,
And the soft Lyre to grace our pastimes bear."
Swift at the word, obedient to the King
The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.
Up rose nine Seniors, chosen to survey
The future games, the judges of the day:
With instant care they mark a spacious round,
And level for the dance th'allotted ground:
The herald bears the Lyre: Intent to play,
The Bard advancing meditates the lay:

Promiscuous death the form of war confounds,
Each adverse battel gor'd with equal wounds:
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Then conquest crown'd the fierce Ciconian train.
Six brave companions from each ship we lost,
The rest escape in haste, and quit the coast.
With sails outspread we fly th'unequal strife,
Sad for their loss, but joyful of our life.
Yet as we fled, our fellows rites we pay'd,
And thrice we call'd on each unhappy Shade.
Mean-while the God whose hand the thunder forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heav'n with storms:
Wide o'er the waste the rage of Boreas sweeps,
And Night rush'd headlong on the shaded deeps.
Now here, now there, the giddy ships are born,
And all the rattling shrouds in fragments torn.
We furl'd the sail, we ply'd the lab'ring oar,
Took down our masts, and row'd our ships to shore.
Two tedious days and two long nights we lay,
O'erwatch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.
But the third morning when Aurora brings,
We rear the masts, we spread the canvas wings;
Refresh'd, and careless on the deck reclin'd,
We sit, and trust the pilot and the wind.
Then to my native country had I sail'd;
But, the cape doubled, adverse winds prevail'd.
Strong was the tyde, which by the northern blast
Impell'd, our vessels on Cythera cast.
Nine days our fleet th'uncertain tempest bore
Far in wide ocean, and from sight of shore:
The tenth we touch'd, by various errors tost,
The land of Lotos, and the flow'ry coast.
We climb'd the beach, and springs of water found,
Then spread our hasty banquet on the ground.
Three men were sent, deputed from the crew,
(A herald one) the dubious coast to view,
And learn what habitants possest the place?
They went, and found a hospitable race:
Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
They eat, they drink, and nature gives the feast;
The trees around them all their food produce,
Lotus the name, divine, nectareous juice!
(Thence call'd Lotophagi) which whoso tastes,
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends:
The three we sent, from off th'inchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:
The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,
Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more.
Now plac'd in order, on their banks they sweep

How ev'n in Ilion's walls, in deathful bands,
Came the stern Greeks by Troy's assisting hands:
All Troy up-heav'd the steed; of diff'ring mind,
Various the Trojans counsell'd: part consign'd
The monster to the sword, part sentence gave
To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave;
Th'unwise award to lodge it in the tow'rs,
An off'ring sacred to th'immortal pow'rs:
Th'unwise prevail, they lodge it in the walls,
And by the Gods' decree proud Ilion falls;
Destruction enters in the treach'rous wood,
And vengeful slaughter, fierce for human blood.
He sung the Greeks stern-issuing from the steed,
How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed:
How to thy dome, Deïphobus! ascends
The Spartan King; how Ithacus attends,
(Horrid as Mars) and how with dire alarms
He fights, subdues: for Pallas strings his arms.
Thus while he sung, Ulysses' griefs renew,
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground bedew:
As some fond matron views in mortal fight
Her husband falling in his country's right:
Frantic thro' clashing swords she runs, she flies,
As ghastly pale he groans, and faints, and dies;
Close to his breast she grovels on the ground,
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound;
She cries, she shrieks: the fierce insulting foe
Relentless mocks her violence of woe,
To chains condemn'd as wildly she deplores,
A widow, and a slave, on foreign shores!
So from the sluices of Ulysses' eyes
Fast fell the tears, and sighs succeeded sighs:
Conceal'd he griev'd: the King observ'd alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan;
Then to the Bard aloud: "O cease to sing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful string:
To ev'ry note his tears responsive flow,
And his great heart heaves with tumultuous woe;
Thy Lay too deeply moves: then cease the lay,
And o'er the banquet every heart be gay:
This social right demands: for him the sails
Floating in air, invite th'impelling gales:
His are the gifts of love: The wise and good
Receive the stranger as a brother's blood.
But, friend, discover faithful what I crave,
Artful concealment ill becomes the brave:
Say what thy birth, and what the name you bore,
Impos'd by parents in the natal hour?
(For from the natal hour distinctive names,
One common right, the great and lowly claims:)

Say from what city, from what regions tost,
And what inhabitants those regions boast?
So shalt thou instant reach the realm assign'd,
In wond'rous ships self-mov'd, instinct with mind;
No helm secures their course, no pilot guides,
Like man intelligent, they plow the tides,
Conscious of every coast, and every bay,
That lies beneath the sun's all-seeing ray;
Tho' clouds and darkness veil th'encumber'd sky,
Fearless thro' darkness and thro' clouds they fly:
Tho' tempests rage, tho' rolls the swelling main,
The seas may roll, the tempests rage in vain.
Ev'n the stern God that o'er the waves presides,
Safe as they pass, and safe repass the tides,
With fury burns; while careless they convey
Promiscuous every guest to every bay.
These ears have heard my royal Sire disclose
A dreadful story big with future woes,
How Neptune rag'd, and how by his command
Firm-rooted in a surge a ship should stand
A monument of wrath: how mound on mound
Should bury these proud tow'rs beneath the ground.
But this the Gods may frustrate or fulfill,
As suits the purpose of th'eternal will.
But say thro' what waste regions hast thou stray'd,
What customs noted, and what coasts survey'd?
Possest by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
Say why the fate of Troy awak'd thy cares,
Why heav'd thy bosom, and why flow'd thy tears?
Just are the ways of heav'n: From heav'n proceed
The woes of man; heav'n doom'd the Greeks to bleed,
A theme of future song! Say then if slain
Some dear-lov'd brother press'd the Phrygian plain?
Or bled some friend? who bore a brother's part,
And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart."

THEN thus Ulysses: "Thou, whom first in sway
As first in virtue, these thy realms obey!
How sweet the products of a peaceful reign?
The heav'n-taught Poet, and enchanting strain:
The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feast,
A land rejoycing, and a people blest.
How goodly seems it, ever to employ
Man's social days in union, and in joy?
The plenteous board high-heap'd with cates divine,
And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine!
Amid these joys, why seeks thy mind to know
Th'unhappy series of a wand'rer's woe?
Rememberance sad, whose image to review
Alas! must open all my wounds anew.
And oh, what first, what last shall I relate,
Of woes unnumber'd, sent by Heav'n and Fate?
Know first the man (tho' now a wretch distrest)
Who hopes thee, Monarch! for his future guest.
Behold Ulysses! no ignoble name,
Earth sounds my wisdom and high heav'n my fame.
My native soil is Ithaca the fair,
Where high Neritus waves his woods in air:
Dulichium, Samè and Zacynthus crown'd
With shady mountains, spread their isles around.
These to the north and night's dark regions run,
Those to Aurora and the rising sun.)
Low lies our Isle, yet blest in fruitful stores;
Strong are her sons, tho' rocky are her shores;
And none, ah none so lovely to my sight,
Of all the lands that heav'n o'erspreads with light!
In vain Calypso long constrain'd my stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
With all her charms as vainly Circe strove,
And added magick, to secure my love.
In pomps or joys, the palace or the grott,
My country's image never was forgot,
My absent parents rose before my sight,
And distant lay contentment and delight.
Hear then the woes, which mighty Jove ordain'd
To wait my passage from the Trojan land.
The winds from Ilion to the Cicons' shore,
Beneath cold Ismarus, our vessels bore.
We boldly landed on the hostile place,
And sack'd the city, and destroy'd the race,
Their wives made captive, their possessions shar'd,
And ev'ry soldier found a like reward.
I then advis'd to fly: not so the rest,
Who stay'd to revel, and prolong the feast:
The fatted sheep and sable bulls they slay,
And bowls flow round, and riot wastes the day.
Mean-time the Cicons, to their holds retir'd,
Call on the Cicons, with new fury fir'd;
With early morn the gather'd country swarms,
And all the Continent is bright with arms:
Thick, as the budding leaves or rising flow'rs
O'erspread the land, when spring descends in show'rs:
All expert soldiers, skill'd on foot to dare,
Or from the bounding courser urge the war.
Now Fortune changes (so the fates ordain)
Our hour was come, to taste our share of pain.
Close at the ships the bloody fight began,
Wounded they wound, and man expires on man.
Long as the morning sun increasing bright
O'er heav'n's pure azure spreads the glowing light,

And learn what habitants possest the place?
Pope They went, and found a hospitable race:
Odyssey Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
They eat, they drink, and nature gives the feast;
105 The trees around them all their food produce,
Lotus the name, divine, nectareous juice!
Q255 (Thence call'd Lotophagi) which whoso tastes,
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
◆ Nor other home nor other care intends,
110 But quits his house, his country, and his friends:
The three we sent, from off th'inchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:
The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,
Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more.
115 Now plac'd in order, on their banks they sweep
The sea's smooth face, and cleave the hoary deep;
With heavy hearts we labour thro' the tyde,
To coasts unknown, and oceans yet untry'd.
The land of Cyclops first, a savage kind,
120 Nor tam'd by manners, nor by laws confin'd:
Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and sow,
They all their products to free nature owe.
The soil untill'd a ready harvest yields,
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields,
125 Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,
L1[O] And Jove descends in each prolific show'r.
A Q256 By these no statutes and no rights are known,
No council held, no Monarch fills the throne,
But high on hills or airy cliffs they dwell,
130 Or deep in caves whose entrance leads to hell.
Each rules his race, his neighbour not his care,
Heedless of others, to his own severe.
Oppos'd to the Cyclopean coast, there lay
An Isle, whose hill their subject fields survey;
135 Its name Lachaea, crown'd with many a grove,
Where savage goats thro' pathless thickets rove:
No needy mortals here, with hunger bold,
Or wretched hunters thro' the wintry cold
Pursue their flight, but leave them safe to bound
140 From hill to hill, o'er all the desart ground.
Nor knows the soil to feed the fleecy care,
Or feels the labours of the crooked share,
But uninhabited, untill'd, unsown
It lies, and breeds the bleating goat alone.
145 For there no vessel with vermilion prore,
Or bark of traffic, glides from shore to shore;
Q257 The rugged race of savages, unskill'd
The seas to traverse, or the ships to build,
Gaze on the coast, nor cultivate the soil,
9.150 Unlearn'd in all th'industrious art of toil.

60
281

THE ADVENTURES OF THE CICONS, LOTOPHAGI, AND CYCLOPS.

Ulysses begins the relation of his adventures; how, after the destruction of Troy, he with his companions made an incursion on the Cicons, by whom they were repulsed; and, meeting with a storm, were driven to the coast of the Lotophagi. From thence they sailed to the land of the Cyclops, whose manners and situation are particularly characterised. The giant Polyphemus and his cave described; the usage Ulysses and his companions met with there; and, lastly, the method and artifice by which he escaped.

Pope's Odyssey (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 9

PREVIEW BOOK 10

.ORG

1 **DIGITAL CLASSICS**

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

language: Modern English (1725)
1 copy text: Lintot (vol. ii 1725)
typeface: Kings Caslon
by Dalton Maag

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293 **A 1L** 1 - 150
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PRINT 2-SIDED:
65 to **72**

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

Q249 THEN thus Ulysses: "Thou, whom first in sway
As first in virtue, these thy realms obey! 61 (36C) 282 (185C)
How sweet the products of a peaceful reign?
The heav'n-taught Poet, and enchanting strain:
The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feast,
A land rejoycing, and a people blest.
Q250 How goodly seems it, ever to employ
Man's social days in union, and in joy?
◆ The plenteous board high-heap'd with cates divine,
And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine!
Amid these joys, why seeks thy mind to know
Th'unhappy series of a wand'rer's woe?
Rememberance sad, whose image to review
Alas! must open all my wounds anew.
And oh, what first, what last shall I relate,
Of woes unnumber'd, sent by Heav'n and Fate?
Know first the man (tho' now a wretch distrest)
Who hopes thee, Monarch! for his future guest.
Behold Ulysses! no ignoble name,
Earth sounds my wisdom and high heav'n my fame.
My native soil is Ithaca the fair,
Where high Neritus waves his woods in air:
Dulichium, Samè and Zacynthus crown'd
With shady mountains, spread their isles around.
These to the north and night's dark regions run,
L1[I] Those to Aurora and the rising sun.)
A Q251 Low lies our Isle, yet blest in fruitful stores;
Strong are her sons, tho' rocky are her shores;
And none, ah none so lovely to my sight,
Of all the lands that heav'n o'erspreads with light!
In vain Calypso long constrain'd my stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay; 2 (1C)
With all her charms as vainly Circe strove,
And added magick, to secure my love.
In pomps or joys, the palace or the grott,
My country's image never was forgot,
My absent parents rose before my sight,
And distant lay contentment and delight.
Hear then the woes, which mighty Jove ordain'd 2
To wait my passage from the Trojan land.
The winds from Ilion to the Cicons' shore,
Beneath cold Ismarus, our vessels bore.
We boldly landed on the hostile place,
And sack'd the city, and destroy'd the race,
Their wives made captive, their possessions shar'd,
And ev'ry soldier found a like reward.
Pope Q252 I then advis'd to fly: not so the rest,
Odyssey Who stay'd to revel, and prolong the feast:
The fatted sheep and sable bulls they slay, 294
9.50 And bowls flow round, and riot wastes the day. 66

Mean-time the Cicons, to their holds retir'd,
Call on the Cicons, with new fury fir'd;
With early morn the gather'd country swarms,
And all the Continent is bright with arms:
Thick, as the budding leaves or rising flow'rs
O'erspread the land, when spring descends in show'rs:
All expert soldiers, skill'd on foot to dare,
Or from the bounding courser urge the war.
Now Fortune changes (so the fates ordain)
Our hour was come, to taste our share of pain.
Close at the ships the bloody fight began,
Wounded they wound, and man expires on man.
Long as the morning sun increasing bright
O'er heav'n's pure azure spreads the glowing light,
Promiscuous death the form of war confounds,
Each adverse battel gor'd with equal wounds:
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main, Q253
Then conquest crown'd the fierce Ciconian train.
Six brave companions from each ship we lost,
The rest escape in haste, and quit the coast.
With sails outspread we fly th'unequal strife,
Sad for their loss, but joyful of our life.
Yet as we fled, our fellows rites we pay'd,
And thrice we call'd on each unhappy Shade.
Mean-while the God whose hand the thunder forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heav'n with storms: L1[I]
Wide o'er the waste the rage of Boreas sweeps, A
And Night rush'd headlong on the shaded deeps.
Now here, now there, the giddy ships are born,
And all the rattling shrouds in fragments torn.
We furl'd the sail, we ply'd the lab'ring oar,
Took down our masts, and row'd our ships to shore.
Two tedious days and two long nights we lay,
O'erwatch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.
But the third morning when Aurora brings,
We rear the masts, we spread the canvas wings;
Refresh'd, and careless on the deck reclin'd, Q254
We sit, and trust the pilot and the wind.
Then to my native country had I sail'd;
But, the cape doubled, adverse winds prevail'd.
Strong was the tyde, which by the northern blast
Impell'd, our vessels on Cythera cast.
Nine days our fleet th'uncertain tempest bore
Far in wide ocean, and from sight of shore:
The tenth we touch'd, by various errors tost,
The land of Lotos, and the flow'ry coast.
We climb'd the beach, and springs of water found, Pope
Then spread our hasty banquet on the ground. Odyssey
Three men were sent, deputed from the crew,
(A herald one) the dubious coast to view, 9.100

‘Say whence, ye Gods, contending nations strive
Pope Who most shall please, who most our Hero give?
Odyssey Long have his coffers groan’d with Trojan spoils;
45 Whilst we, the wretched part’ners of his toils,
Reproach’d by want, our fruitless labours mourn,
And only rich in barren fame return.
Now Aeolus, ye see, augments his store:
But come, my friends, these mystick gifts explore.’
10.50 They said: and (oh curs’d fate!) the thongs unbound;
The gushing tempest sweeps the Ocean round;
Snatch’d in the whirl, the hurried navy flew,
The Ocean widen’d, and the shores withdrew.
Q6 Rowz’d from my fatal sleep, I long debate
55 If still to live, or desp’rate plunge to Fate:
Thus doubting, prostrate on the deck I lay,
’Till all the coward thoughts of death gave way.
Mean-while our vessels plough the liquid plain,
And soon the known Aeolian coast regain:
60 Our groans the rocks re-murmur’d to the main.
We leap’d on shore, and with a scanty feast
Our thirst and hunger hastily repress’d;
That done, two chosen heralds strait attend
Our second progress to my royal friend;
65 And him amidst his jovial sons we found,
The banquet steaming, and the goblets crown’d:
L1[O] There humbly stoop’d with conscious shame and awe,
𝔹 Nor nearer than the gate presum’d to draw.
But soon his sons their well-known guest descry’d,
70 And starting from their couches loudly cry’d:
‘Ulysses here! what Daemon cou’dst thou meet
To thwart thy passage, and repel thy fleet?
Wast thou not furnish’d by our choicest care
For Greece, for home, and all thy soul held dear?’
Q7 Thus they; in silence long my fate I mourn’d,
At length these words with accent low return’d.
‘Me, lock’d in sleep, my faithless crew bereft
Of all the blessing of your god-like gift!
But grant, oh grant our loss we may retrieve:
80 A favour you, and you alone can give.’
Thus I with art to move their pity try’d,
And touch’d the Youths; but their stern Sire reply’d:
‘Vile wretch, begone! this instant I command
Thy fleet accurs’d to leave our hallow’d land.
85 His baneful suit pollutes these bless’d abodes,
Whose fate proclaims him hateful to the Gods.’
Thus fierce he said: we sighing went our way,
And with desponding hearts put off to sea.
The sailors spent with toils their folly mourn,
90 But mourn in vain; no prospect of return.
10.91 Six days and nights a doubtful course we steer,
The next proud Lamos’ stately tow’rs appear,

62 Yet here all products and all plants abound,
283 Sprung from the fruitful genius of the ground; **Pope**
Fields waving high with heavy crops are seen, **Odyssey**
And vines that flourish in eternal green,
Refreshing meads along the murm’ring main, 155
And fountains streaming down the fruitful plain.
A port there is, inclos’d on either side,
Where ships may rest, unanchor’d and unty’d;
’Till the glad mariners incline to sail,
And the sea whitens with the rising gale, 160
High at its head, from out the cavern’d rock
In living rills a gushing fountain broke:
Around it, and above, for ever green
The bushing alders form’d a shady scene.
Hither some fav’ring God, beyond our thought, 165
Thro’ all surrounding shade our navy brought;
For gloomy Night descended on the main, Q258
Nor glimmer’d Phoebe in th’ethereal plain:
But all unseen the clouded Island lay,
And all unseen the surge and rowling sea, 170
’Till safe we anchor’d in the shelter’d bay:
Our sails we gather’d, cast our cables o’er,
And slept secure along the sandy shore.
Soon as again the rosy morning shone,
Reveal’d the landscape and the scene unknown, 175
With wonder seiz’d, we view the pleasing ground, **L1[O]**
And walk delighted, and expatiate round. 𝔹
Rous’d by the woodland nymphs, at early dawn,
The mountain goats came bounding o’er the lawn:
In haste our fellows to the ships repair, 180
For arms and weapons of the sylvan war;
3 Strait in three squadrons all our crew we part,
And bend the bow, or wing the missile dart;
The bounteous Gods afford a copious prey,
And nine fat goats each vessel bears away: 185
The royal bark had ten. Our ships compleat
We thus supply’d, (for twelve were all the fleet.)
Here, till the setting sun rowl’d down the light, Q259
3 We sate indulging in the genial rite:
Nor wines were wanting; those from ample jars 190
We drain’d, the prize of our Ciconian wars.
The land of Cyclops lay in prospect near;
The voice of goats, and bleating flocks we hear,
And from their mountains rising smokes appear.
Now sunk the sun, and darkness cover’d o’er 195
The face of things: along the sea-beat shore
Satiate we slept: But when the sacred dawn
Arising glitter’d o’er the dewy lawn,
295 I call’d my fellows, and these words addrest:
67 ‘My dear associates, here indulge your rest: **9**.200

While, with my single ship, adventurous I
Go forth, the manners of yon men to try;
Whether a race unjust, of barb'rous might,
Rude, and unconscious of a stranger's right;
Or such who harbour pity in their breast,
Revere the Gods, and succour the distrest?'
This said, I climb'd my vessel's lofty side;
My train obey'd me and the ship unty'd.
In order seated on their banks, they sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.
When to the nearest verge of land we drew,
Fast by the sea a lonely cave we view,
High, and with dark'ning lawrels cover'd o'er;
Where sheep and goats lay slumb'ring round the shore.
Near this, a fence of marble from the rock,
Brown with o'er-arching pine, and spreading oak.
A Giant-shepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the rest, and solitary reigns,
In shelter thick of horrid shade reclin'd;
And gloomy mischiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! **far unlike the race**
Of human birth, in stature, or in face;
As some lone mountain's monstrous growth he stood,
Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.
I left my vessel at the point of land,
And close to guard it, gave our crew command:
With only twelve, the boldest and the best,
I seek th'adventure, and forsake the rest.
Then took a goatskin fill'd with precious wine,
The gift of Maron, of Evantheus' line,
(The Priest of Phoebus at th'Ismarian shrine)
In sacred shade his honour'd mansion stood
Amidst Apollo's consecrated wood;
Him, and his house, heav'n mov'd my mind to save,
And costly presents in return he gave;
Sev'n golden talents to perfection wrought,
A silver bowl that held a copious draught,
And twelve large vessels of unmingled wine,
Mellifluous, undecaying, and divine!
Which now some ages from his race conceal'd,
The hoary Sire in gratitude reveal'd.
Such was the wine: to quench whose fervent steam,
Scarce twenty measures from the living stream
To cool one cup suffic'd: the goblet crown'd
Breathed aromatic fragrances around.
Of this an ample vase we heav'd a-board,
And brought another with provisions stor'd.
My soul foreboded I should find the bow'r
Of some fell monster, fierce with barb'rous pow'r;
Some rustic wretch, who liv'd in heav'n's despight,
'Till evening Phoebus roll'd away the light:
Stretch'd on the shore in careless ease we rest,
'Till ruddy morning purpled o'er the east.
Then from their anchors all our ships unbind,
And mount the decks, and call the willing wind.
Now rang'd in order on our banks, we sweep
With hasty strokes the hoarse-resounding deep;
Blind to the future, pensive with our fears,
Glad for the living, for the dead in tears."
AT length we reach'd Aeolia's sea-girt shore,
Where great Hippotades the scepter bore,
A floating Isle! High-rais'd by toil divine,
Strong walls of brass the rocky coast confine.
Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred,
And six fair daughters, grac'd the royal bed:
These sons their sisters wed, and all remain
Their parents' pride, and pleasure of their reign.
All day they feast, all day the bowls flow round,
And joy and music thro' the Isle resound:
At night each pair on splendid carpets lay,
And crown'd with love the pleasures of the day.
This happy port affords our wand'ring fleet
A month's reception, and a safe retreat.
Full oft the Monarch urg'd me to relate
The fall of Ilion, and the Grecian fate;
Full oft I told: at length for parting mov'd;
The King with mighty gifts my suit approv'd.
The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling blast:
For him the mighty Sire of Gods assign'd
The tempest's Lord, the tyrant of the wind;
His word alone the list'ning storms obey,
To smooth the deep, or swell the foamy sea.
These in my hollow ship the Monarch hung,
Securely fetter'd by a silver thong.
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charg'd to fill, and guide the swelling sails:
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails!
Nine prosp'rous days we ply'd the lab'ring oar;
The tenth presents our welcome native shore:
The hills display the beacon's friendly light,
And rising mountains gain upon our sight.
Then first my eyes, by watchful toils opprest,
Comply'd to take the balmy gifts of rest;
Then first my hands did from the rudder part,
(So much the love of home possess'd my heart)
When lo! on board a fond debate arose;
What rare device those vessels might enclose?
What sum, what prize from Aeolus I brought?
Whilst to his neighbour each express'd his thought:

I deem'd some godlike Giant to behold,
Or lofty Hero, haughty, brave, and bold;
Not this weak pigmy-wretch, of mean design,
Who not by strength subdu'd me, but by wine.
But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray
Great Neptune's blessing on the watry way:
For his I am, and I the lineage own;
Th'immortal father no less boasts the son.
His pow'r can heal me, and re-light my eye;
And only his, of all the Gods on high.'
'O! could this arm' (I thus aloud rejoin'd)
'From that vast bulk dislodge thy bloody mind,
And send thee howling to the realms of night!
As sure, as Neptune cannot give thee sight.'
Thus I: while raging he repeats his cries,
With hands uplifted to the starry skies:
'Hear me, O Neptune! thou whose arms are hurl'd
From shore to shore, and gird the solid world;
If thine I am nor thou my birth disown,
And if th'unhappy Cyclop be thy Son,
Let not Ulysses breathe his native air,
Laërtes' son, of Ithaca the fair.
If to review his country be his fate,
Be it thro' toils and suff'rings, long and late;
His lost companions let him first deplore;
Some vessel, not his own, transport him o'er;
And when at home from foreign suff'rings freed,
More near and deep, domestic woes succeed!'
With Imprecations thus he fill'd the air,
And angry Neptune heard th'unrighteous pray'r.
A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
He whirl'd it round; it sung across the main:
It fell, and brush'd the stern: The billows roar,
Shake at the weight, and refluent beat the shore.
With all our force we kept aloof to sea,
And gain'd the Island where our vessels lay.
Our sight the whole collected navy chear'd,
Who, waiting long, by turns had hop'd and fear'd.
There disembarking on the green sea-side,
We land our cattle, and the spoil divide:
Of these due shares to ev'ry sailor fall;
The master Ram was voted mine by all:
And him (the guardian of Ulysses' fate)
With pious mind to Heav'n I consecrate.
But the great God, whose thunder rends the skies,
Averse, beholds the smoaking sacrifice;
And sees me wand'ring still from coast to coast;
And all my vessels, all my people, lost!
While thoughtless we, indulge the genial rite,
As plenteous cates and flowing bowls invite;
Contemning laws, and trampling on the right.
The cave we found, but vacant all within,
(His flock the Giant tended on the green)
But round the grott we gaze; and all we view
In order rang'd, our admiration drew:
The bending shelves with loads of cheeses prest,
The folded flocks each sep'rate from the rest,
(The larger here, and there the lesser lambs,
The new-fall'n young here bleating for their dams;
The kid distinguish'd from the lambkin lies:)
The cavern ecchoes with responsive cries.
Capacious chargers all around were lay'd,
Full pails, and vessels of the milking trade.
With fresh provisions hence our fleet to store
My friends advise me, and to quit the shore;
Or drive a flock of sheep and goats away,
Consult our safety, and put off to sea.
Their wholesome counsel rashly I declin'd,
Curious to view the man of monstrous kind,
And try what social rites a savage lends:
Dire rites alas! and fatal to my friends!
Then first a fire we kindle, and prepare
For his return with sacrifice and prayer.
The loaden shelves afford us full repast;
We sit expecting. Lo! he comes at last.
Near half a forest on his back he bore,
And cast the pond'rous burden at the door.
It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,
And sought the deep recesses of the den.
New driv'n before him, thro' the arching rock,
Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, th'unnumber'd flock:
Big-udder'd ewes, and goats of female kind,
(The males were penn'd in outward courts behind)
Then, heav'd on high, a rock's enormous weight
To the cave's mouth he roll'd, and clos'd the gate.
(Scarce twenty four-wheel'd cars, compact and strong,
The massy load cou'd bear, or roll along)
He next betakes him to his evening cares,
And sitting down, to milk his flocks prepares;
Of half their udders eases first the dams,
Then to the mother's teat submits the lambs.
Half the white stream to hard'ning cheese be prest,
And high in wicker baskets heap'd: the rest
Reserv'd in bowls, supply'd his nightly feast.
His labour done, he fir'd the pyle that gave
A sudden blaze, and lighted all the cave:
We stand discover'd by the rising fires;
Askance the giant glares, and thus enquires:
'What are ye, guests? on what adventure, say,
Thus far ye wander thro' the wat'ry way?

Pope
Odyssey
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Odyssey
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Pyrates perhaps, who seek thro' seas unknown
The lives of others, and expose your own?'
His voice **like thunder** thro' the cavern sounds:
My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,
Appall'd at sight of more than mortal man!
At length, with heart recover'd, I began:
'From Troy's fam'd fields, sad wand'rers o'er the main,
Behold the relicks of the Grecian train!
Thro' various seas by various perils tost,
And forc'd by storms, unwilling, on your coast;
Far from our destined course, and native land,
Such was our fate, and such high Jove's command!
Nor what we are befits us to disclaim,
Atrides' friends, (in arms a mighty name)
Who taught proud Troy and all her sons to bow;
Victors of late, but humble suppliants now!
Low at thy knee thy succour we implore;
Respect us, human, and relieve us, poor.
At least some hospitable gift bestow;
'Tis what the happy to th'unhappy owe:
'Tis what the Gods require: Those Gods revere,
The poor and stranger are their constant care;
To Jove their cause, and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.'
'Fools that ye are!' (the Savage thus replies,
His inward fury blazing at his eyes)
Or strangers, distant far from our abodes,
To bid me rev'rence or regard the Gods.
Know then we Cyclops are a race above
Those air-bred people, and their goat-nurs'd Jove:
And learn, our pow'r proceeds with thee and thine,
Not as He wills, but as our selves incline.
But answer, the good ship that brought ye o'er,
Where lies she anchor'd? near, or off the shore?'
Thus he. His meditated fraud I find,
(Vers'd in the turns of various humankind)
And cautious, thus: 'Against a dreadful rock,
Fast by your shore the gallant vessel broke.
Scarce with these few I 'scaped; of all my train,
Whom angry Neptune whelm'd beneath the main;
The scatter'd wreck the winds blew back again.'
He answer'd with his deed. His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band;
And dash'd **like dogs against the stony floor**:
The pavement swims with brains and mingled gore.
Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid feast,
And fierce devours it **like a mountain beast**:
He sucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, flesh, nor solid bone remains.
We see the death from which we cannot move,
Big tears of transport stand in ev'ry eye:
I check their fondness, and command to fly.
Aboard in haste they heave the wealthy sheep,
And snatch their oars, and rush into the deep.
Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,
As far as human voice cou'd reach the ear;
With taunts the distant giant I accost,
'Hear me, oh Cyclop! hear ungracious host!
'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,
Thou meditat'st thy meal in yonder cave;
But one, the vengeance fated from above
Doom'd to inflict; the instrument of Jove.
Thy barb'rous breach of hospitable bands,
The God, the God revenges by my hands.'
These words the Cyclop's burning rage provoke:
From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock;
High o'er the billows flew the massy load,
And near the ship came thund'ring on the flood.
It almost brush'd the helm, and fell before:
The whole sea shook, and refluent beat the shore.
The strong concussion on the heaving tyde
Roll'd back the vessel to the Island's side:
Again I shov'd her off; our fate to fly,
Each nerve we stretch, and ev'ry oar we ply.
Just 'scap'd impending death, when now again
We twice as far had furrow'd back the main,
Once more I raise my voice; my friends afraid
With mild entreaties my design dissuade:
'What boots the god-less Giant to provoke?
Whose arm may sink us at a single stroke.
Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,
Old Ocean shook, and back his surges flew.
The sounding voice directs his aim again;
The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'scap'd in vain.'
But I, of mind elate, and scorning fear,
Thus with new taunts insult the monster's ear:
'Cyclop! if any, pitying thy disgrace,
Ask who disfigur'd thus that eye-less face?
Say 'twas Ulysses: 'twas his deed, declare,
Laërtes' son, of Ithaca the fair;
Ulysses, far in fighting fields renown'd,
Before whose arm Troy tumbled to the ground.'
Th'astonished Savage with a roar replies:
'Oh heav'ns! oh faith of ancient prophecies!
This, Telemus Eurymedes foretold,
(The mighty Seer who on these hills grew old;
Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,
And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)
Long since he menac'd, such was Fate's command;
And nam'd Ulysses as the destin'd hand.

'Twas for our lives my lab'ring bosom wrought;
Each scheme I turn'd, and sharpen'd ev'ry thought;
This way and that, I cast to save my friends,
'Till one resolve my varying counsel ends.
Strong were the Rams, with native purple fair,
Well fed, and largest of the fleecy care.
These, three and three, with osier bands we ty'd,
(The twining bands the Cyclop's bed supply'd)
The midmost bore a man; the outward two
Secur'd each side: So bound we all the crew.
One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock;
In his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,
And fast beneath in wooly curls inwove
There cling implicite, and confide in Jove.
When rosy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales,
He drove to pasture all the lusty males:
The ewes still folded, with distended thighs
Unmilk'd, lay bleating in distressful cries.
But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,
He felt their fleeces as they pass'd along,
(Fool that he was,) and let them safely go,
All unsuspecting of their freight below.
The master Ram at last approach'd the gate,
Charg'd with his wool, and with Ulysses' fate.
Him while he past the monster blind bespoke:
'What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?
First thou wert wont to crop the flow'ry mead,
First to the field and river's bank to lead,
And first with stately step at evening hour
Thy fleecy fellows usher to their bow'r.
Now far the last, with pensive pace and slow
Thou mov'st, as conscious of thy master's woe!
Seest thou these lids that now unfold in vain?
(The deed of Noman and his wicked train)
Oh! didst thou feel for thy afflicted Lord,
And wou'd but Fate the pow'r of speech afford!
Soon might'st thou tell me, where in secret here
The dastard lurks, all trembling with his fear:
Swung round and round, and dash'd from rock to rock,
His batter'd brains shou'd on the pavement smoke.
No ease, no pleasure my sad heart receives,
While such a monster as vile Noman lives.'
The Giant spoke, and thro' the hollow rock
Dismiss'd the Ram, the father of the flock.
No sooner freed, and thro' th'enclosure past,
First I release my self, my fellows last:
Fat sheep and goats in throngs we drive before,
And reach our vessel on the winding shore.
With joy the sailors view their friends return'd,
And hail us living whom as dead they mourn'd.

And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.
His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,
A milky deluge next the giant swill'd;
Then stretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd rock,
Lay senseless, and supine, amidst the flock.
To seize the time, and with a sudden wound
To fix the slumb'ring monster to the ground,
My soul impels me; and in act I stand
To draw the sword; but Wisdom held my hand.
A deed so rash had finish'd all our fate,
No mortal forces from the lofty gate
Could roll the rock. In hopeless grief we lay,
And sigh, expecting the return of day.
Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.
He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams,
And to the mother's teat submits the lambs.
The task thus finish'd of his morning hours,
Two more he snatches, murders, and devours.
Then pleas'd and whistling, drives his flock before;
Removes the rocky mountain from the door,
And shuts again; with equal ease dispos'd,
As a light quiver's lid is op'd and clos'd.
His giant voice the echoing region fills:
His flocks, obedient, spread o'er all the hills.
Thus left behind, ev'n in the last despair
I thought, devis'd, and Pallas heard my prayer.
Revenge, and doubt, and caution, work'd my breast;
But this of many counsels seem'd the best:
The monster's club within the cave I spy'd,
A tree of stateliest growth, and yet undry'd,
Green from the wood; **of height and bulk so vast,**
The largest ship might claim it for a mast.
This shorten'd of its top, I gave my train
A fathom's length, to shape it and to plain;
The narrow'r end I sharpen'd to a spire;
Whose point we harden'd with the force of fire,
And hid it in the dust that strow'd the cave.
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Propos'd, who first the vent'rous deed should try?
In the broad orbit of his monstrous eye
To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood;
When slumber next should tame the man of blood.
Just as I wish'd, the lots were cast on four;
My self the fifth. We stand, and wait the hour.
He comes with evening: all his fleecy flock
Before him march, and pour into the rock:
Not one, or male or female, stay'd behind;
(So fortune chanc'd, or so some God design'd)
Then heaving high the stone's unwieldy weight,

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He roll'd it on the cave, and clos'd the gate.
First down he sits, to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.
Next seiz'd two wretches more, and headlong cast,
Brain'd on the rock; his second dire repast.
I then approach'd him reeking with their gore,
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er:
'Cyclop! since human flesh has been thy feast,
Now drain this goblet, potent to digest:
Know hence what treasures in our ship we lost,
And what rich liquors other climates boast.
We to thy shore the precious freight shall bear,
If home thou send us, and vouchsafe to spare.
But oh! thus furious, thirsting thus for gore,
The sons of men shall ne'er approach thy shore,
And never shalt thou taste this Nectar more.'
He heard, he took, and pouring down his throat
Delighted swill'd the large, luxurious draught.
'More! give me more,' he cry'd: 'the boon be thine,
Whoe'er thou art that bear'st celestial wine!
Declare thy name; not mortal is this juice,
Such as th'unblest Cyclopean climes produce,
(Tho' sure our vine the largest cluster yields,
And Jove's scorn'd thunder serves to drench our fields)
But this descended from the best abodes,
A rill of Nectar, streaming from the Gods.'
He said, and greedy grasp'd the heady bowl,
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his soul.
His sense lay cover'd with the dozy fume;
While thus my fraudful speech I reassume.
'Thy promised boon, O Cyclop! now I claim,
And plead my title: Noman is my name.
By that distinguish'd from my tender years,
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers.'
The Giant then: 'Our promis'd grace receive,
The hospitable boon we mean to give:
When all thy wretched crew have felt my pow'r,
Noman shall be the last I will devour.'
He said; then nodding with the fumes of wine
Dropt his huge head, and snoring lay supine.
His neck obliquely o'er his shoulder hung,
Prest with the weight of sleep that tames the strong:
There belcht the mingled steams of wine and blood,
And human flesh, his indigested food.
Sudden I stir the embers, and inspire
With animating breath the seeds of fire;
Each drooping spirit with bold words repair,
And urged my train the dreadful deed to dare.
The stake now glow'd beneath the burning bed
(Green as it was) and sparkled fiery red.

Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring;
With beating hearts my fellows form a ring.
Urg'd by some present God, they swift let fall
The pointed torment on his visual ball.
My self above them from a rising ground
Guide the sharp stake, and twirl it round and round.
As when a shipwright stands his workmen o'er,
Who plye the wimble, some huge beam to bore;
Urg'd on all hands it nimbly spins about,
The grain deep-piercing till it scoops it out:
In his broad eye he whirls the fiery wood;
From the pierc'd pupil spouts the boiling blood;
Sing'd are his brows; the scorching lids grow black;
The gelly bubbles, and the fibres crack.
And as when Arm'rers temper in the ford
The keen-edg'd pole-axe, or the shining sword,
The red-hot metal hisses in the lake,
Thus in his eye-ball hiss'd the plunging stake.
He sends a dreadful groan: the rocks around
Thro' all their inmost-winding caves resound.
Scar'd we receded. Forth, with frantic hand
He tore, and dash'd on earth and goary brand:
Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.
From all their dens the one-ey'd race repair,
From rifted rocks, and mountains bleak in air.
All haste assembled, at his well-known roar,
Enquire the cause, and croud the cavern door.
'What hurts thee, Polypheme? what strange affright
Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the night?
Does any mortal, in th'unguarded hour
Of sleep, oppress thee, or by fraud or pow'r?
Or thieves insidious thy fair flock surprize?'
Thus they: the Cyclop from his den replies:
'Friends, Noman kills me; Noman in the hour
Of sleep, oppresses me with fraudful pow'r.'
'If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine
Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign:
To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray.'
The brethren cry'd, and instant strode away.
Joy touch'd my secret soul, and conscious heart,
Pleas'd with th'effect of conduct and of art.
Mean-time the Cyclop raging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and round:
At last, the stone removing from the gate,
With hands extended in the midst he sate;
And search'd each passing sheep, and felt it o'er,
Secure to seize us ere we reach'd the door.
(Such as his shallow wit, he deem'd was mine)
But secret I revolv'd the deep design:

Ulysses arrives at the island of Aeolus, who gives him prosperous winds, and incloses the adverse ones in a bag, which his companions untying, they are driven back again and rejected. Then they sail to the Laestrygons, where they lose eleven ships, and, with only one remaining, proceed to the island of Circe. Eurylochus is sent first with some companions, all which, except Eurylochus, are transformed into swine. Ulysses then undertakes the adventure, and, by the help of Mercury, who gives him the herb Moly, overcomes the enchantress, and procures the restoration of his men. After a year's stay with her, he prepares, at her instigation, for his voyage to the infernal shades. *Pope's Odyssey* (1880 edition)

Within a long recess a bay there lies,
Pope Edg'd round with cliffs, high-pointing to the skies;
Odyssey The jutting shores that swell on either side
Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.
105 Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet:
For here retir'd the sinking billows sleep,
And smiling calmness silver'd o'er the deep.
I only in the bay refus'd to moor,
110 And fix'd, without, my haulsers to the shore.
From thence we climb'd a point, whose airy brow
Commands the prospect of the plains below:
No tracks of beasts, or signs of men we found,
But smoaky volumes rolling from the ground.
115 Two with our herald thither we command,
With speed to learn what men possess'd the land.
Q9 They went, and kept the wheel's smooth-beaten road
Which to the city drew the mountain wood;
When lo! they met, beside a crystal spring,
120 The daughter of Antiphates the King;
She to Artacia's silver streams came down,
(Artacia's streams alone supply the town:)
The damsel they approach, and ask'd what race
The people were? who monarch of the place?
125 With joy the Maid th'unwary strangers heard,
L1[O] And shew'd them where the royal dome appear'd.
𝔸 They went; but as they ent'ring saw the Queen
Of size enormous, and terrific mien,
(Not yielding to some bulky mountain's height)
130 A sudden horror struck their aking sight.
Swift at her call her husband scowr'd away
To wreak his hunger on the destin'd prey;
One for his food the raging glutton slew,
But two rush'd out, and to the navy flew.
135 Balk'd of his prey, the yelling monster flies,
And fills the city with his hideous cries;
A ghastly band of Giants hear the roar,
And pouring down the mountains, crowd the shore.
Q10 Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
140 ✦ And dash the ruins on the ships below:
The crackling vessels burst; hoarse groans arise,
And mingled horrors eccho to the skies.
The men, **like fish**, they stuck upon the flood,
And cram'd their filthy throats with human food.
145 Whilst thus their fury rages at the bay,
My sword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh;
And charg'd my men, as they from fate wou'd flie,
Each nerve to strain, each bending oar to ply.
The sailors catch the word, their oars they seize,
10.150 And sweep with equal strokes the smoaky seas;

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 10

PREVIEW
BOOK 11

EPIC POEM .ORG

DIGITAL CLASSICS

1

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

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301 **A 1L** 1 - 150
73 **B 3L** 151 - 690

PRINT
2-SIDED:
73 to **80**

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

Q3 “AT length we reach’d Aeolia’s sea-girt shore, **69** (41C)
Where great Hippotades the scepter bore, **290** (190C)
A floating Isle! High-rais’d by toil divine,
Strong walls of brass the rocky coast confine.
Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred,
And six fair daughters, grac’d the royal bed:
These sons their sisters wed, and all remain
Their parents’ pride, and pleasure of their reign.
All day they feast, all day the bowls flow round,
And joy and music thro’ the Isle resound:
Q4 At night each pair on splendid carpets lay,
And crown’d with love the pleasures of the day.
This happy port affords our wand’ring fleet
A month’s reception, and a safe retreat.
Full oft the Monarch urg’d me to relate
The fall of Ilion, and the Grecian fate;
Full oft I told: at length for parting mov’d;
The King with mighty gifts my suit approv’d.
The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac’d,
Compress’d their force, and lock’d each struggling blast:
For him the mighty Sire of Gods assign’d
The tempest’s Lord, the tyrant of the wind;
His word alone the list’ning storms obey,
To smooth the deep, or swell the foamy sea.
These in my hollow ship the Monarch hung,
L1[I] Securely fetter’d by a silver thong.
A But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charg’d to fill, and guide the swelling sails:
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails!
Nine prosp’rous days we ply’d the lab’ring oar;
The tenth presents our welcome native shore:
Q5 The hills display the beacon’s friendly light, **2** (1C)
And rising mountains gain upon our sight.
Then first my eyes, by watchful toils opprest,
Comply’d to take the balmy gifts of rest;
Then first my hands did from the rudder part,
(So much the love of home possess’d my heart)
When lo! on board a fond debate arose;
What rare device those vessels might enclose? **2**
◆ What sum, what prize from Aeolus I brought?
Whilst to his neighbour each express’d his thought:
‘Say whence, ye Gods, contending nations strive
Who most shall please, who most our Hero give?
Long have his coffers groan’d with Trojan spoils;
Whilst we, the wretched part’ners of his toils,
Reproach’d by want, our fruitless labours mourn,
Pope And only rich in barren fame return.
Odyssey Now Aeolus, ye see, augments his store:
But come, my friends, these mystick gifts explore.’ **302**
10.50 They said: and (oh curs’d fate!) the thongs unbound; **74**
The gushing tempest sweeps the Ocean round;
Snatch’d in the whirl, the hurried navy flew,
The Ocean widen’d, and the shores withdrew.
Rowz’d from my fatal sleep, I long debate Q6
If still to live, or desp’rate plunge to Fate: 55
Thus doubting, prostrate on the deck I lay,
’Till all the coward thoughts of death gave way.
Mean-while our vessels plough the liquid plain,
And soon the known Aeolian coast regain:
Our groans the rocks re-murmur’d to the main. 60
We leap’d on shore, and with a scanty feast
Our thirst and hunger hastily repress’d;
That done, two chosen heralds strait attend
Our second progress to my royal friend;
And him amidst his jovial sons we found, 65
The banquet steaming, and the goblets crown’d:
There humbly stoop’d with conscious shame and awe,
Nor nearer than the gate presum’d to draw.
But soon his sons their well-known guest descry’d,
And starting from their couches loudly cry’d: 70
‘Ulysses here! what Daemon cou’dst thou meet
To thwart thy passage, and repel thy fleet?
Wast thou not furnish’d by our choicest care
For Greece, for home, and all thy soul held dear?’
Thus they; in silence long my fate I mourn’d, Q7
At length these words with accent low return’d. **L1[I]**
‘Me, lock’d in sleep, my faithless crew bereft A
Of all the blessing of your god-like gift!
But grant, oh grant our loss we may retrieve:
A favour you, and you alone can give.’ 80
Thus I with art to move their pity try’d,
And touch’d the Youths; but their stern Sire reply’d:
‘Vile wretch, begone! this instant I command
Thy fleet accurs’d to leave our hallow’d land.
His baneful suit pollutes these bless’d abodes, 85
Whose fate proclaims him hateful to the Gods.’
Thus fierce he said: we sighing went our way,
And with desponding hearts put off to sea.
The sailors spent with toils their folly mourn,
But mourn in vain; no prospect of return. 90
Six days and nights a doubtful course we steer,
The next proud Lamos’ stately tow’rs appear,
And Laestrigonia’s gates arise distinct in air.
The shepherd quitting here at night the plain,
Calls, to succeed his cares, the watchful swain; 95
But he that scorns the chains of sleep to wear Q8
And adds the herdsman’s to the shepherd’s care, **Pope**
So near the pastures, and so short the way, **Odyssey**
His double toils may claim a double pay,
And joyn the labours of the night and day. **10**.100

Q76 Now sunk the Sun from his aerial height,
Pope And o'er the shaded billows rush'd the night:
Odyssey When lo! we reach'd old Ocean's utmost bounds,
Where rocks controul his waves with ever-during mounds.
There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells;
The Sun ne'er views th'uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances, or retreats:
Unhappy race! whom endless night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in shades.
The ship we moor on these obscure abodes;
Dis-bark the sheep, an offering to the Gods;
And hellward bending, o'er the beach descry
The doleful passage to th'infernal sky.
The victims, vow'd to each Tartarean pow'r,
Eurylochus and Perimedes bore.
Here open'd Hell, all Hell I here implor'd,
And from the scabbard drew the shining sword;
And trenching the black earth on ev'ry side,
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.
New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we bring,
Then living waters from the chrystal spring;
Q77 O'er these was strow'd the consecrated flour,
And on the surface shone the holy store.
Now the wan shades we hail, th'infernal Gods,
L1[O] To speed our course, and waft us o'er the floods:
𝔹 So shall a barren heifer from the stall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall;
So in our palace, at our safe return
Rich with unnumber'd gifts the Pyle shall burn;
So shall a Ram, the largest of the breed,
Black as these regions, to Tiresias bleed.
Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
◆ To all the Phantom nations of the dead.
Then dy'd the sheep; a purple torrent flow'd,
And all the caverns smok'd with streaming blood.
When lo! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts;
Fair, pensive youths, and soft-enamour'd maids,
11.50 And wither'd Elders, pale and wrinkled shades:
Ghastly with wounds the forms of warriors slain
Stalk'd with majestic port, a martial train:
These, and a thousand more swarm'd o'er the ground,
And all the dire assembly shriek'd around.
Q78 Astonish'd at the sight, aghast I stood,
And a cold fear ran shivering thro' my blood;
Strait I command the sacrifice to haste,
Strait the flea'd victims to the flames are cast,
And mutter'd vows, and mystic song apply'd
To griesly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.
Now swift I wav'd my faulchion o'er the blood;
70 Clear of the rocks th'impatient vessel flies;
291 Whilst in the port each wretch encumber'd dies. Pope
With earnest haste my frighted sailors press, Odyssey
While kindling transports glow'd at our success;
But the sad fate that did our friends destroy
Cool'd ev'ry breast, and damp'd the rising joy.
Now dropp'd our anchors in th' Aeaean bay,
Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the Day;
Her mother Persè, of old Ocean's strain,
Thus from the Sun descended, and the Main.
(From the same lineage stern Aeaetes came, Q11
The far-fam'd brother of th'enchantress dame)
Goddess, the Queen, to whom the pow'rs belong
Of dreadful Magic, and commanding Song.
Some God directing, to this peaceful bay
Silent we came, and melancholy lay,
Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights roll'd on,
And now the third succeeding morning shone.
I climb'd a cliff, with spear and sword in hand,
Whose ridge o'erlook'd a shady length of land;
To learn if aught of mortal works appear,
Or chearful voice of mortal strike the ear?
From the high point I mark'd, in distant view,
A stream of curling smoke ascending blue,
And spiry tops, the tufted trees above,
Of Circe's Palace bosom'd in the grove. L1[O]
Thither to haste, the region to explore, 𝔹
Was first my thought: but speeding back to shore
I deem'd it best to visit first my crew,
And send our spies the dubious coast to view.
As down the hill I solitary go,
3 Some pow'r divine who pities human woe
Sent a tall stag, descending from the wood, Q12
To cool his fervor in the crystal flood;
Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay,
Stretch'd forth, and panting in the sunny ray.
I lanc'd my spear, and with a sudden wound
Transpierc'd his back, and fix'd him to the ground.
3 He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries:
Thro' the wide wound the vital spirit flies.
I drew, and casting on the river side
The bloody spear, his gather'd feet I ty'd
With twining osiers which the bank supply'd.
An ell in length the pliant wisp I weav'd,
And the huge body on my shoulders heav'd:
Then leaning on my spear with both my hands,
Up-bore my load, and prest the sinking sands
With weighty steps, 'till at the ship I threw
303 The welcome burden, and bespoke my crew:
75 'Chear up my friends! it is not yet our fate **10**.200

To glide with ghosts thro' Pluto's gloomy gate.
Food in the desart land, behold! is giv'n,
Live, and enjoy the providence of heav'n.'
Q13 The joyful crew survey his mighty size,
205 And on the future banquet feast their eyes,
As huge in length extended lay the beast;
Then wash their hands, and hasten to the feast.
There, 'till the setting sun rowl'd down the light,
They sate indulging in the genial rite.
210 When evening rose, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things, we slept along the shore.
But when the rosy morning warm'd the east,
My men I summon'd, and these words addrest:
'Followers and friends! attend what I propose:
215 Ye sad companions of Ulysses' woes!
We know not here what land before us lies,
Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes,
Or where the sun shall set, or where shall rise?
Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)
220 If any counsel, any hope remain.
Alas! from yonder Promontory's brow,
I view'd the coast, a region flat and low;
An Isle incircled with the boundless flood;
A length of thickets, and entangled wood.
Q14 Some smoak I saw amid the forest rise,
L1[I] And all around it only seas and skies!'
𝔹 With broken hearts my sad companions stood,
Mindful of Cyclops and his human food,
And horrid Lestrygons, the men of blood.
230 Presaging tears apace began to rain;
But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
In equal parts I strait divide my band,
And name a chief each party to command;
I led the one, and of the other side
235 Appointed brave Eurylochus the guide.
Then in the brazen helm the lotts we throw,
And fortune casts Eurylochus to go:
He march'd, with twice eleven in his train:
Pensive they march, and pensive we remain.
240 ✦ The Palace in a woody vale they found,
High rais'd of stone; a shaded space around:
Where mountain wolves and brindled lions roam,
(By magic tam'd) familiar to the dome.
With gentle blandishment our men they meet,
245 And wag their tails, and fawning lick their feet.
Q15 **As from some feast a man returning late,**
Pope **His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,**
Odyssey **Rejoycing round, some morsel to receive,**
(Such as the good man ever us'd to give.)
10.250 Domestick thus the griesly beasts drew near;

71 A Tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;
292 Her waste was circled with a zone of gold.
Forth issuing then, from place to place I flew;
Rouze man by man, and animate my crew.
'Rise, rise, my mates! 'tis Circe gives command; 655
Our journey calls us; haste, and quit the land.'
All rise and follow, yet depart not all,
For fate decreed one wretched man to fall.
A youth there was, Elpenor was he nam'd,
Not much for sense, nor much for courage fam'd; 660
The youngest of our band, a vulgar soul
Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
He, hot and careless, on a turret's height Q34
With sleep repair'd the long debauch of night:
The sudden tumult stirr'd him where he lay, 665
And down he hasten'd, but forgot the way;
Full endlong from the roof the sleeper fell,
And snapt the spinal joint, and wak'd in hell.
The rest crowd round me with an eager look;
I met them with a sigh, and thus bespoke: 670
'Already, friends! ye think your toils are o'er,
Your hopes already touch your native shore:
Alas! far otherwise the nymph declares,
Far other journey first demands our cares;
To tread th'uncomfortable paths beneath, 675
The dreary realms of darkness and of death: **L1[I]**
To seek Tiresias' awful shade below, 𝔹
And thence our fortunes and our fates to know.'
My sad companions heard in deep despair;
Frantic they tore their manly growth of hair; 680
To earth they fell; **the tears began to rain**;
4 But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
Sadly they far'd along the sea-beat shore;
Still heav'd their hearts, and still their eyes ran o'er.
The ready victims at our bark we found, Q35
The sable ewe, and ram, together bound.
For **swift as thought**, the Goddess had been there,
And thence had glided, **viewless as the air**:
4 The paths of Gods what mortal can survey?
Who eyes their motion, who shall trace their way?" **10**.690

"NOW to the shores we bend, a mournful train, Q75 **11**.1
Climb the tall bark, and launch into the main:
At once the mast we rear, at once unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind;
Then pale and pensive stand, with cares opprest, 5
And solemn horrour saddens every breast.
A freshning breeze the Magic pow'r supply'd, **Pope**
While the wing'd vessel flew along the tyde: **Odyssey**
304 Our oars we shipp'd: all day the swelling sails
76 Full from the guiding pilot catch'd the gales. **11**.10

The northern winds shall wing thee on thy way. **72 (42C)**
Soon shalt thou reach old Ocean's utmost ends, **293 (191C)**
Where to the main the shelving shore descends;
The barren trees of Proserpine's black woods,
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods:
There fix thy vessel in the lonely bay,
And enter there the kingdoms void of day:
Where Phlegeton's loud torrents rushing down,
Hiss in the flaming gulf of Acheron;
And where, slow rolling from the Stygian bed,
Cocytus' lamentable waters spread;
Where the dark rock o'erhangs th'infernal lake,
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.
First draw thy faulchion, and on ev'ry side
Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide:
To all the shades around libations pour,
And o'er th'ingredients strow the hallow'd flour:
New wine and milk, with honey temper'd, bring,
And living water from the chrystal spring.
Then the wan shades and feeble ghosts implore,
With promis'd off'rings on thy native shore;
A barren cow, the stateliest of the Isle,
And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing pyle:
These to the rest; but to the Seer must bleed
A sable ram, the pride of all thy breed.
These solemn vows and holy off'rings paid
To all the Phantome-nations of the dead;
Be next thy care the sable sheep to place
Full o'er the pit, and hell-ward turn their face:
But from th'infernal rite thine eye withdraw,
And back to Ocean glance with rev'rend awe.
Sudden shall skim along the dusky glades **5 (2C)**
Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades.
Then give command the sacrifice to haste,
Let the flea'd victims in the flames be cast,
And sacred vows, and mystic song, apply'd
To griesly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.
Wide o'er the pool thy faulchion wav'd around
Shall drive the spectres from forbidden ground: **5**
The sacred draught shall all the dead forbear,
'Till awful from the shades arise the Seer.
Let him, Oraculous, the end, the way,
The turns of all thy future fate, display,
Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy day.'
So speaking, from the ruddy orient shone
The morn conspicuous on her golden throne.
The Goddess with a radiant tunick drest
My limbs, and o'er me cast a silken vest.
Long flowing robes of purest white array **305**
The nymph, that added lustre to the day: **77**
They gaze with wonder, not unmixt with fear.
Now on the threshold of the dome they stood,
And heard a voice resounding thro' the wood:
Plac'd at her loom within, the Goddess sung;
The vaulted roofs and solid pavement rung.
O'er the fair web the rising figures shine,
Immortal labour! worthy hands divine.
Polites to the rest the question mov'd,
(A gallant leader, and a man I lov'd.):
'What voice celestial, chaunting to the loom
(Or Nymph, or Goddess), ecchos from the room?
Say shall we seek access?' With that they call;
And wide unfold the portals of the hall.
The Goddess rising, asks her guests to stay,
Who blindly follow where she leads the way.
Eurylochus alone of all the band,
Suspecting fraud, more prudently remain'd.
On thrones around, with downy coverings grac'd,
With semblance fair th'unhappy men she plac'd.
Milk newly prest, the sacred flow'r of wheat,
And honey fresh, and Pramnian wines the treat:
But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl,
With drugs of force to darken all the soul:
Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost,
And drank oblivion of their native coast.
Instant her circling wand the Goddess waves,
To hogs transforms 'em, and the Sty receives.
No more was seen the human form divine,
Head, face and members bristle into swine:
Still cursed with sense, their minds remain alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they groan.
Mean-while the Goddess in disdain bestows
The mast and acorn, brutal food! and strows
The fruits and cornel, as their feast, around;
Now prone, and grovelling on unsav'ry ground.
Eurylochus with pensive steps and slow,
Aghast returns; the messenger of woe,
And bitter fate. To speak he made essay,
In vain essay'd, nor would his tongue obey,
His swelling heart deny'd the words their way:
But speaking tears the want of words supply,
And the full soul bursts copious from his eye.
Affrighted, anxious for our fellows' fates,
We press to hear what sadly he relates:
'We went, Ulysses! (such was thy command)
Thro' the lone thicket, and the desart land.
A Palace in a woody vale we found
Brown with dark forests, and with shades around.
A voice celestial eccho'd from the doom,
Or Nymph, or Goddess, chaunting to the loom.

Access we sought, nor was access deny'd:
Radiant she came; the portals open'd wide:
The Goddess mild invites the guests to stay:
They blindly follow where she leads the way.
I only wait behind, of all the train;
I waited long, and ey'd the doors in vain:
The rest are vanish'd, none repass'd the gate;
And not a man appears to tell their fate.'
I heard, and instant o'er my shoulder flung
The belt in which my weighty faulchion hung;
(A beamy blade) then seiz'd the bended bow,
And bade him guide the way, resolv'd to go.
He, prostrate falling, with both hands embrac'd
My knees, and weeping thus his suit address'd:
'O King belov'd of Jove! thy servant spare,
And ah, thy self the rash attempt forbear!
Never, alas! thou never shalt return,
Or see the wretched for whose loss we mourn.
With what remains, from certain ruin fly,
And save the few not fated yet to die.'
I answer'd stern: 'Inglorious then remain,
Here feast and loiter, and desert thy train.
Alone, unfriended, will I tempt my way;
The laws of Fate compell, and I obey.'
This said, and scornful turning from the shore
My haughty step, I stalk'd the vally o'er.
'Till now approaching nigh the magic bow'r,
Where dwelt th' enchantress skill'd in herbs of pow'r,
A form divine forth issu'd from the wood,
(Immortal Hermes with the golden rod)
In human semblance. On his bloomy face
Youth smil'd celestial, with each opening grace.
He seiz'd my hand, and gracious thus began:
'Ah whither roam'st thou, much-enduring man!
O blind to fate! what led thy steps to rove
The horrid mazes of this magic grove?
Each friend you seek in yon enclosure lies,
All lost their form, and habitants of styes.
Think'st thou by wit to model their escape?
Sooner shalt thou, a stranger to thy shape,
Fall prone their equal: First thy danger know,
Then take the antidote the Gods bestow.
The plant I give thro' all the direful bow'r
Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.
Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes
The bowl shall sparkle, and the banquet rise;
Take this, nor from the faithless feast abstain,
For temper'd drugs and poysons shall be vain.
Soon as she strikes her wand, and gives the word,
Draw forth and brandish thy refulgent sword,

And the soul saddens by the use of pain.'
Her kind intreaty mov'd the gen'ral breast;
Tir'd with long toil, we willing sunk to rest.
We ply'd the banquet and the bowl we crown'd,
'Till the full circle of the year came round.
But when the Seasons, following in their train,
Brought back the months, the days, and hours again;
As from a lethargy at once they rise,
And urge their chief with animating cries:
'Is this, Ulysses, our inglorious lot?
And is the name of Ithaca forgot?
Shall never the dear land in prospect rise,
Or the lov'd palace glitter in our eyes?'
Melting I heard; yet 'till the sun's decline
Prolong'd the feast, and quaff'd the rosy wine:
But when the shades came on at evening hour,
And all lay slumbering in the dusky bow'r,
I came a suppliant to fair Circe's bed,
The tender moment seiz'd, and thus I said:
'Be mindful, Goddess, of thy promise made;
Must sad Ulysses ever be delay'd?
Around their lord my sad companions mourn,
Each breast beats homeward, anxious to return:
If but a moment parted from thy eyes,
Their tears flow round me, and my heart complies.'
'Go then,' (she cry'd) 'ah go! yet think, not I,
Not Circe, but the Fates your wish deny.
Ah hope not yet to breathe thy native air!
Far other journey first demands thy care;
To tread th'uncomfortable paths beneath,
And view the realms of darkness and of death.
There seek the Theban Bard, depriv'd of sight,
Within, irradiate with prophetic light;
To whom Persephone, entire and whole,
Gave to retain th'unseparated soul:
The rest are forms of empty Aether made,
Impassive semblance, and a flitting shade.'
Struck at the word, my very heart was dead:
Pensive I sate; my tears bedew'd the bed;
To hate the light and life my soul begun,
And saw that all was grief beneath the sun.
Compos'd at length, the gushing tears supprest,
And my tost limbs now weary'd into rest,
'How shall I tread' (I cry'd) 'ah Circe! say,
The dark descent, and who shall guide the way?
Can living eyes behold the realms below?
What bark to waft me, and what wind to blow?'
'Thy fated road' (the magic Pow'r reply'd)
'Divine Ulysses! asks no mortal guide.
Rear but the mast, the spacious sail display,

73 (43C)
294 (192C)
Q29
555
560
565
Q30 L2[I]
580
6 (3C)
585
6
590
Q31 Odyssey
306
78
595
Pope
600

I answer'd chearful: 'Haste, your gally moor, **74 (44C)**
Pope And bring our treasures and our arms a-shore: **295 (193C)**
Odyssey Those in yon hollow caverns let us lay;
Then rise and follow where I lead the way.
Your fellows live: believe your eyes, and come
To taste the joys of Circe's sacred dome.'
With ready speed the joyful crew obey:
Alone Eurylochus persuades their stay.
'Whither' (he cry'd) 'ah whither will ye run?
Seek ye to meet those evils ye shou'd shun?
Q27 Will you the terrors of the dome explore,
In swine to grovel, or in lions roar,
Or **wolf-like** howl away the midnight hour
In dreadful watch around the magic bow'r?
Remember Cyclops, and his bloody deed;
The leader's rashness made the soldiers bleed.'
I heard incens'd, and first resolv'd to speed
My flying faulchion at the rebel's head.
Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,
This hand had stretch'd him breathless on the ground;
But all at once my interposing train
For mercy pleaded, nor could plead in vain.
'Leave here the man who dares his Prince desert,
Leave to repentance and his own sad heart,
To guard the ship. Seek we the sacred shades
L3[O] Of Circe's Palace, where Ulysses leads.'
𝔹 This with one voice declar'd, the rising train
Left the black vessel by the murm'ring main.
Shame touch'd Eurylochus his alter'd breast,
He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the rest.
Mean-while the Goddess with indulgent cares
And social joys, the late-transform'd repairs: **7 (4C)**
Q28 The bath, the feast, their fainting soul renews;
Rich in refulgent robes, and dropping balmy dews:
Brightening with joy their eager eyes behold
Each other's face, and each his story told:
Then gushing tears the narrative confound,
And with their sobs the vaulted roofs resound.
When hush'd their passion, thus the Goddess cries: **7**
✦ 'Ulysses, taught by labours to be wise,
Let this short memory of grief suffice.
To me are known the various woes ye bore,
In storms by sea, in perils on the shore;
Forget whatever was in Fortune's pow'r,
And share the pleasures of this genial hour.
Such be your mind as ere ye left your coast,
Or learn'd to sorrow for a country lost.
Exiles and wand'rers now, wher-e'er ye go,
Too faithful memory renews your woe; **307**
10.550 The cause remov'd, habitual griefs remain, **79**

And menace death: those menaces shall move
Her alter'd mind to blandishment and love. **Pope**
Nor shun the blessing proffer'd to thy arms, **Odyssey**
Ascend her bed, and taste celestial charms:
So shall thy tedious toils a respite find,
And thy lost friends return to humankind.
But swear her first by those dread oaths that tie Q20
The pow'rs below, the blessed in the sky;
Lest to thee naked secret fraud be meant,
Or magic bind thee, cold and impotent.
Thus while he spoke, the sovereign plant he drew,
Where on th'all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew,
And shew'd its nature and its wond'rous pow'r:
Black was the root, but milky white the flow'r;
Moly the name, to mortals hard to find,
But all is easy to th'ethereal kind.
This Hermes gave, then gliding off the glade
Shot to Olympus from the woodland shade.
While full of thought, revolving fates to come,
I speed my passage to th'enchanted dome:
Arriv'd, before the lofty gates I stay'd;
The lofty gates the Goddess wide display'd;
She leads before, and to the feast invites;
I follow sadly to the magic rites.
Radiant with starry studs, a silver seat
Receiv'd my limbs; a footstool eas'd my feet. **L3[O]**
She mixt the potion, fraudulent of soul; 𝔹
The poison mantled in the golden bowl.
I took, and quaff'd it, confident in heav'n. Q21
Then wav'd the wand, and then the word was giv'n.
Hence, to thy fellows! (dreadful she began)
Go, be a beast!' — I heard, and yet was man.
Then, sudden whirling **like a waving flame**,
My beamy faulchion, I assault the dame.
Struck with unusual fear, she trembling cries,
She faints, she falls; she lifts her weeping eyes.
"'What art thou? say! from whence, from whom you came?
O more than human! tell thy race, thy name.
Amazing strength, these poysons to sustain!
Not mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain.
Or art thou he? the man to come (foretold
By Hermes pow'rful with the wand of gold)
The man from Troy, who wander'd Ocean round;
The man, for Wisdom's various arts renown'd.
Ulysses? oh! thy threat'ning fury cease,
Sheath thy bright sword, and join our hands in peace;
Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,
And Love, and love-born confidence be thine.'
'And how, dread Circe!' (furious I rejoyn)
'Can Love and love-born confidence be mine? **10**.400

Q22 Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,
Transform'd to beasts, with accents not their own?
O thou of fraudful heart! shall I be led
To share thy feast-rites, or ascend thy bed;
That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent,
And magic bind me, cold and impotent?
Celestial as thou art, yet stand deny'd;
Or swear that oath by which the Gods are ty'd,
Swear, in thy soul no latent frauds remain,
Swear, by the Vow which never can be vain.'
The Goddess swore: then seiz'd my hand, and led
To the sweet transports of the genial bed.
Ministrant to the Queen, with busy care
Four faithful handmaids the soft rites prepare;
Nymphs sprung from fountains, or from shady woods,
Or the fair offspring of the sacred floods.
One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,
Whose purple lustre glow'd against the view:
White linnen lay beneath. Another plac'd
The silver stands with golden flaskets grac'd:
With dulcet bev'rage this the beaker crown'd,
Fair in the midst, with gilded cups around:
Q23 That in the tripod o'er the kindled pyle
The water pours; the bubling waters boil:
An ample vase receives the smoking wave,
L3[I] And in the bath prepar'd, my limbs I lave;
𝔹 Reviving sweets repair the mind's decay,
And take the painful sense of toil away.
A vest and tunick o'er me next she threw,
Fresh from the bath and dropping balmy dew.
Then led and plac'd me on the sov'reign seat,
With carpets spread; a footstool at my feet.
The golden ew'r a nymph obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool, translucent springs;
With copious water the bright vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
I wash'd. The table in fair order spread,
They heap the glittering canisters with bread;
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
✦ Of choicest sort and savour, rich repaste!
Circe in vain invites the feast to share;
Absent I ponder, and absorpt in care:
While scenes of woe rose anxious in my breast,
The Queen beheld me, and these words addrest:
Q24 'Why sits Ulysses silent and apart?
Some hoard of grief close harbour'd at his heart.
Pope Untouch'd before thee stand the cates divine,
Odyssey And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.
Can yet a doubt, or any dread remain,
10.450 When sworn that oath which never can be vain?'

75 (45C)
296 (194C)
8 (5C)
8
308
80

I answer'd: 'Goddess! Human is my breast,
By justice sway'd, by tender pity prest:
Ill fits it me, whose friends are sunk to beasts,
To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feasts.
Me wou'dst thou please? for them thy cares imploy,
And them to me restore, and me to joy.'
With that, she parted: In her potent hand
She bore the virtue of the magic wand.
Then hast'ning to the styes set wide the door,
Urg'd forth, and drove the bristly herd before;
Unwieldy, out They rush'd, with gen'ral cry,
Enormous beasts dishonest to the eye.
Now touch'd by counter-charms, they change agen,
And stand majestic, and recall'd to men.
Those hairs of late that bristled ev'ry part,
Fall off, miraculous effect of art:
'Till all the form in full proportion rise,
Q25 More young, more large, more graceful to my eyes.
They saw, they knew me, and with eager pace
Clung to their master in a long embrace:
Sad, pleasing sight! with tears each eye ran o'er,
And sobs of joy re-eccho'd thro' the bow'r:
E'en Circe wept, her adamantine heart
Felt pity enter, and sustain'd her part.
'Son of Laertes!' (then the Queen began)
'Oh much-enduring, much experienc'd man! L3[I]
Haste to thy vessel on the sea-beat shore, 𝔹
Unload thy treasures, and the gally moor;
Then bring thy friends, secure from future harms,
And in our grotto's stow thy spoils and arms.'
She said. Obedient to her high command
I quit the place, and hasten to the strand,
My sad companions on the beach I found,
Their wistful eyes in floods of sorrow drown'd.
As from fresh pastures and the dewy field
(When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)
The lowing herds return; around them throng
With leaps and bounds their late-imprison'd young,
Rush to their mothers with unruly joy, Q26
And ecchoing hills return the tender cry:
So round me press'd exulting at my sight,
With cries and agonies of wild delight,
The weeping sailors; nor less fierce their joy
Than if return'd to Ithaca from Troy.
'Ah master! ever-honour'd, ever dear,
(These tender words on ev'ry side I hear)
What other joy can equal thy return? Pope
Not that lov'd country for whose sight we mourn, Odyssey
The soyl that nurs'd us, and that gave us breath:
But ah! relate our lost companions' death.' 10.500

Ulysses continues his narration. How he arrived at the land of the Cimmerians, and what ceremonies he performed to invoke the dead. The manner of his descent, and the apparition of the shades: his conversation with Elpenor, and with Tiresias, who informs him in a prophetic manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his mother Anticlea, from whom he learns the state of his family. He sees the shades of the ancient heroines, afterwards of the heroes, and converses in particular with Agamemnon and Achilles; Ajax keeps at a sullen distance, and disdains to answer him. He then beholds Tityus, Tantalus, Sisyphus, Hercules; till he is deterred from further curiosity by the apparition of horrid spectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments. *Pope's Odyssey* (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 11

PREVIEW BOOK 12

EPIC POEM .ORG

DIGITAL CLASSICS

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

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𝔸 **1L** 1 - 150
𝔹 **2L** 151 - 550
ℂ **2L** 551 - 794

PRINT 2-SIDED: **81** to **90**

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

Tear follow'd tear, and groan succeeded groan.
Pope But as my waving sword the blood surrounds,
Odyssey The shade withdrew, and mutter'd empty sounds.
There as the wond'rous visions I survey'd,
All pale ascends my royal mother's shade:
A Queen, to Troy she saw our legions pass;
Now a thin form is all Anticlea was!
Struck at the sight I melt with filial woe,
And down my cheek the pious sorrows flow.
Yet as I shook my faulchion o'er the blood,
Regardless of her son the Parent stood.
When lo! the mighty Theban I behold;
To guide his steps he bore a staff of gold;
Awful he trod! majestic was his look,
And from his holy lips these accents broke:
'Why, mortal, wandrest thou from chearful day,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
What angry Gods to these dark regions led
Thee yet alive, companion of the dead?
Q81 But sheath thy ponyard, while my tongue relates
Heav'n's stedfast purpose, and thy future fates.'
While yet he spoke, the Prophet I obey'd,
And in the scabbard plung'd the glitt'ring blade:
Eager he quaff'd the gore, and then exprest
Dark things to come, the counsels of his breast:
L1[O] 'Weary of light, Ulysses here explores
𝔸 A prosp'rous voyage to his native shores;
But know — by me unerring Fates disclose
New trains of dangers, and new scenes of woes:
I see! I see, thy bark by Neptune tost,
For injur'd Cyclops, and his eyeball lost!
Yet to thy woes the Gods decree an end,
If heav'n thou please; and how to please attend!
Where on Trinacrian rocks the Ocean roars,
Graze num'rous herds along the verdant shores;
Tho' hunger press, yet fly the dang'rous prey,
The herds are sacred to the God of day,
Who all surveys with his extensive eye,
Above, below, on earth and in the sky!
Rob not the God, and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails:
Q82 But if his herds ye seize, beneath the waves
I see thy friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves!
◆ The direful wreck Ulysses scarce survives!
Ulysses at his country scarce arrives!
Strangers thy guides! nor there thy labours end,
New foes arise, domestic ills attend!
There foul adult'rers to thy bride resort,
And lordly gluttons riot in thy court.
11.150 But vengeance hastes amain! These eyes behold

76 **297** **1** **1** **309** **81**

Q75 "NOW to the shores we bend, a mournful train,
Climb the tall bark, and launch into the main:
At once the mast we rear, at once unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind;
Then pale and pensive stand, with cares opprest,
And solemn horrour saddens every breast.
A freshning breeze the Magic pow'r supply'd,
While the wing'd vessel flew along the tyde:
Our oars we shipp'd: all day the swelling sails
Full from the guiding pilot catch'd the gales.
Q76 Now sunk the Sun from his aerial height,
And o'er the shaded billows rush'd the night:
When lo! we reach'd old Ocean's utmost bounds,
Where rocks controul his waves with ever-during mounds.
There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells;
The Sun ne'er views th'uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances, or retreats:
Unhappy race! whom endless night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in shades.
The ship we moor on these obscure abodes;
Dis-bark the sheep, an offering to the Gods;
And hellward bending, o'er the beach descry
The doleful passage to th'infernal sky.
The victims, vow'd to each Tartarean pow'r,
L1[I] Eurylochus and Perimedes bore.
A Here open'd Hell, all Hell I here implor'd,
And from the scabbard drew the shining sword;
And trenching the black earth on ev'ry side,
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.
New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we bring,
Then living waters from the chrystal spring;
Q77 O'er these was strow'd the consecrated flour,
And on the surface shone the holy store.
Now the wan shades we hail, th'infernal Gods,
To speed our course, and waft us o'er the floods:
So shall a barren heifer from the stall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall;
So in our palace, at our safe return
Rich with unnumber'd gifts the Pyle shall burn;
So shall a Ram, the largest of the breed,
Black as these regions, to Tiresias bleed.
Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
◆ To all the Phantom nations of the dead.
Then dy'd the sheep; a purple torrent flow'd,
And all the caverns smok'd with streaming blood.
Pope When lo! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
Odyssey Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts;
Fair, pensive youths, and soft-enamour'd maids,
11.50 And wither'd Elders, pale and wrinkled shades:

77 (46C)
298 (195C)
2 (1C)
2
310
82

Ghastly with wounds the forms of warriors slain
Stalk'd with majestic port, a martial train:
These, and a thousand more swarm'd o'er the ground,
And all the dire assembly shriek'd around.
Astonish'd at the sight, aghast I stood, Q78
And a cold fear ran shivering thro' my blood;
Strait I command the sacrifice to haste,
Strait the flea'd victims to the flames are cast,
And mutter'd vows, and mystic song apply'd
To griesly Pluto, and his gloomy bride. 60
Now swift I wav'd my faulchion o'er the blood;
Back started the pale throngs, and trembling stood.
Round the black trench the gore untasted flows,
'Till awful, from the shades Tiresias rose.
There, wand'ring thro' the gloom I first survey'd, 65
New to the realms of death, Elpenor's shade:
His cold remains all naked to the sky
On distant shores unwept, unburied lye.
Sad at the sight I stand, deep fix'd in woe,
And ere I spoke the tears began to flow. 70
'O say what angry pow'r Elpenor led
To glide in shades, and wander with the dead?
How could thy soul, by realms and seas disjoyn'd,
Out-fly the nimble sail, and leave the lagging wind?'
The Ghost reply'd: 'To Hell my doom I owe, 75
Daemons accurst, dire ministers of woe! L1[I]
My feet thro' wine unfaithful to their weight, Q79 A
Betray'd me tumbling from a tow'ry height,
Stagg'ring I reel'd, and as I reel'd I fell,
Lux'd the neck joynt — my soul descends to hell. 80
But lend me aid, I now conjure thee lend,
By the soft tye and sacred name of friend!
By thy fond consort! by thy father's cares!
By lov'd Telemachus' blooming years!
For well I know that soon the heave'nly pow'rs 85
Will give thee back to day, and Circe's shores:
There pious on my cold remains attend,
There call to mind thy poor departed friend.
The tribute of a tear is all I crave,
And the possession of a peaceful grave. 90
But if unheard, in vain compassion plead,
Revere the Gods, the Gods avenge the dead!
A tomb along the wat'ry margin raise,
The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace,
To shew posterity Elpenor was. 95
There high in air, memorial of my name Pope
Fix the smooth oar, and bid me live to fame.' Odyssey
To whom with tears: 'These rites, oh mournful shade, Q80
Due to thy Ghost, shall to thy Ghost be paid.'
Still as I spoke, the Phantom seem'd to moan, 11.100

Nor while the sea, nor while the tempest raves, **78** (47C)
Has Fate oppress'd me on the roaring waves! **299** (196C)
Nor nobly seiz'd me in the dire alarms,
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms.
Stab'd by a murd'rous hand Atrides dy'd,
A foul adulterer, and a faithless bride;
Ev'n in my mirth and at the friendly feast,
O'er the full bowl, the traitor stab'd his guest;
Thus by the goary arm of slaughter falls
The stately Oxe, and bleeds within the stalls.
But not with me the direful murther ends,
These, these expir'd! their crime, they were my friends;
Thick as the boars, which some luxurious lord
Kills for the feast, to crown the nuptial board.
When war has thunder'd with its loudest storms,
Death thou hast seen in all her ghastly forms;
In duel met her, on the listed ground,
When hand to hand they wound return for wound;
But never have the eyes astonish'd view'd
So vile a deed, so dire a scene of blood.
Ev'n in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
Glows in our veins, and opens ev'ry soul,
We groan, we faint; with blood the doom is dy'd,
And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tyde —
Her breast all gore, with lamentable cries,
The bleeding Innocent Cassandra dies!
Then tho' pale death froze cold in ev'ry vein,
My sword I strive to wield, but strive in vain;
Nor did my traitress wife these eyelids close,
Or decently in death my limbs compose.
O Woman, woman, when to ill thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend: **3** (2C)
And such was mine! who basely plung'd her sword
Thro' the fond bosom where she reign'd ador'd!
Alas! I hop'd, the toils of war o'ercome,
To meet soft quiet and repose at home;
Delusive hope! O wife, thy deeds disgrace
The perjur'd sex, and blacken all the race;
And should Posterity one virtuous find, 3
Name Clytemnestra, they will curse the kind.'
'Oh injured shade,' I cry'd, 'what mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman rose!
By woman here thou tread'st this mournful strand,
And Greece by woman lies a desart land.'
'Warn'd by my ills beware,' the Shade replies,
'Nor trust the sex that is so rarely wise;
When earnest to explore thy secret breast,
Unfold some trifle, but conceal the rest.
But in thy consort cease to fear a foe, 311
For thee she feels sincerity of woe: 83
The deathful scene, Princes on Princes roll'd!
That done, a people far from Sea, explore,
Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,
Or saw gay vessel stem the wat'ry plain,
A painted wonder flying on the main!
Bear on thy back an Oar: with strange amaze
A shepherd meeting thee, the Oar surveys,
And names a Van: there fix it on the plain,
To calm the God that holds the wat'ry reign;
A threefold off'ring to his Altar bring,
A bull, a ram, a boar; and hail the Ocean-King.
But home return'd, to each aethereal pow'r
Slay the due Victim in the genial hour:
So peaceful shalt thou end thy blissful days,
And steal thy self from life, by slow decays:
Unknown to pain, in age resign thy breath,
When late stern Neptune points the shaft with death;
To the dark grave retiring **as to rest**,
Thy people blessing, by thy people blest!
Unerring truths, oh man, my lips relate;
This is thy life to come, and this is fate.'
To whom unmov'd: 'If this the Gods prepare,
What heav'n ordains the wise with courage bear.
But say, why yonder on the lonely strands
Unmindful of her son, Anticlea stands?
Why to the ground she bends her downcast eye?
Why is she silent, while her son is nigh?
The latent cause, oh sacred Seer, reveal!'
'Nor this,' replies the Seer, 'will I conceal.
Know; to the spectres, that thy bev'rage taste,
The scenes of life recur, and actions past;
They, seal'd with truth return the sure reply;
The rest repell'd, a train oblivious fly.'
"The phantom Prophet ceas'd, and sunk from sight,
To the black palace of eternal Night.
Still in the dark abodes of death I stood,
When near Anticlea mov'd, and drank the blood.
Strait all the mother in her soul awakes,
And owning her Ulysses, thus she speaks:
'Com'st thou, my son, alive, to realms beneath,
The dolesom realms of darkness and of death:
Com'st thou alive from pure, aethereal day?
Dire is the region, dismal is the way!
Here lakes profound, there floods oppose their waves,
There the wide sea with all his billows raves!
Or (since to dust proud Troy submits her tow'rs)
Com'st thou a wand'rer from the Phrygian shores?
Or say, since honour call'd thee to the field,
Hast thou thy Ithaca, thy bride, beheld?'
'Source of my life,' I cry'd, 'from earth I fly

To seek Tiresias in the nether sky, **79 (48C)**
To learn my doom: for tost from woe to woe, **300 (197C)**
In every land Ulysses finds a foe:
Nor have these eyes beheld my native shores,
Since in the dust proud Troy submits her tow'rs.
But, when thy soul from her sweet mansion fled,
Say what distemper gave thee to the dead?
Q85 Has life's fair lamp declin'd by slow decays,
Or swift expir'd it, in a sudden blaze?
Say if my sire, good old Laërtes, lives?
If yet Telemachus, my son, survives?
Say by his rule is my dominion aw'd,
Or crush'd by traytors with an iron rod?
Say if my spouse maintains her royal trust,
Tho' tempted chaste, and obstinately just?
Or if no more her absent Lord she wails,
But the false woman o'er the wife prevails?'
Thus I, and thus the parent shade returns:
'Thee, ever thee, thy faithful consort mourns;
Whether the night descends, or day prevails,
Thee she by night, and thee by day bewails.
Thee in Telemachus thy realm obeys;
In sacred groves celestial rites he pays,
And shares the banquet in superior state,
Grac'd with such honours as become the Great.
L1[I] Thy sire in solitude foments his care:
𝔹 The court is joyless, for thou art not there!
No costly carpets raise his hoary head,
No rich embroid'ry shines to grace his bed:
Q86 Ev'n when keen winter freezes in the skies,
Rank'd with his slaves, on earth the Monarch lies:
Deep are his sighs, his visage pale, his dress **4 (3C)**
The garb of woe and habit of distress.
And when the Autumn takes his annual round,
The leafy honours scatt'ring on the ground;
Regardless of his years, abroad he lies,
His bed the leaves, his canopy the skies.
Thus cares on cares his painful days consume,
And bow his age with sorrow to the tomb! **4**
For thee, my son, I wept my life away;
For thee thro' hell's eternal dungeons stray:
Nor came my fate by ling'ring pains and slow,
Nor bent the silver-shafted Queen her bow;
◆ No dire disease bereav'd me of my breath;
Thou, thou my son wert my disease and death;
Unkindly with my love my son conspir'd,
Pope For thee I liv'd, for absent thee expir'd.'
Odyssey Thrice in my arms I strove her shade to bind,
Thrice thro' my arms she slipt **like empty wind**, **312**
11.250 **Or dreams, the vain illusions of the mind**. **84**
Thro' veins' (he cried) 'of royal fathers flow'd;
Unlike those vagrants who on falshood live,
Skill'd in smooth tales, and artful to deceive;
Thy better soul abhors the liar's part,
Wise is thy voice, and noble is thy heart.
Thy words like music every breast controul,
Steal thro' the ear, and win upon the soul;
Soft, **as some song divine**, thy story flows,
Nor better could the Muse record thy woes.
But say, upon the dark and dismal coast,
Saw'st thou the Worthies of the Grecian Host?
The god-like leaders who, in battle slain,
Fell before Troy, and nobly prest the plain?
And lo! a length of night behind remains,
The evening stars still mount th'ethereal plains.
Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell,
Thy woes on earth, the wond'rous scenes in hell,
'Till in the vault of heav'n the stars decay.
And the sky reddens with the rising day.'
'O worthy of the pow'r the Gods assign'd,' Q97
(Ulysses thus replies) 'a King in mind!
Since yet the early hour of night allows
Time for discourse, and time for soft repose,
If scenes of misery can entertain,
Woes I unfold, of woes a dismal train.
Prepare to heir of murther and of blood; **L1[I]**
Of god-like Heroes who uninjur'd stood 𝔹
Amidst a war of spears in foreign lands,
Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.
Now summon'd Proserpine to hell's black hall
The heroine shades; they vanish'd at her call.
When lo! advanc'd the forms of Heroes slain
By stern Aegysthus, a majestic train,
And high above the rest, Atrides prest the plain.
He quaff'd the gore: and strait his soldier knew,
And from his eyes pour'd down the tender dew;
His arms he stretch'd; his arms the touch deceive,
Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give:
His substance vanish'd, and his strength decay'd,
Now all Atrides is an empty shade.
Moved at the sight, I for a space resign'd Q98
To soft affliction all my manly mind,
At last with tears — 'O what relentless doom
Imperial Phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb?
Say while the sea, and while the tempest raves,
Has fate oppress'd thee in the roaring waves,
Or nobly seiz'd thee in the dire alarms **Pope**
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms?' **Odyssey**
The Ghost returns: 'O chief of humankind
For active courage, and a patient mind; **11**.500

Swift to the Dian Isle the Heroe flies, **80** (49C)
Pope And tow'rds his Athens bears the lovely prize; **301** (198C)
Odyssey There Bacchus with fierce rage Diana fires,
The Goddess aims her shaft, the Nymph expires.
Q94 There Clymenè and Maera I behold,
There Eriphylè weeps, who loosely sold
Her lord, her honour, for the lust of gold.
But should I all recount, the night would fail,
Unequal to the melancholy tale:
And all-composing rest my nature craves,
Here in the court, or yonder on the waves;
In you I trust, and in the heav'nly pow'rs,
To land Ulysses on his native shores."
He ceas'd: but left so charming on their ear
His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear.
'Till rising up, Aretè silence broke,
Stretch'd out her snowy hand, and thus she spoke:
"What wond'rous man heav'n sends us in our guest!
Thro' all his woes the Hero shines confest;
His comely port, his ample frame express
A manly air, majestic in distress.
He, as my guest, is my peculiar care,
You share the pleasure, — then in bounty share;
To worth in misery a rev'rence pay,
And with a gen'rous hand reward his stay;
L2[O] Q95 For since kind heav'n with wealth our realm has blest,
𝔹 Give it to heav'n, by aiding the distrest."
Then sage Echeneus, whose grave, rev'rend brow
The hand of Time had silver'd o'er with snow,
Mature in wisdom rose: 'Your words,' he cries,
'Demand obedience, for your words are wise.
But let our King direct the glorious way **5** (4C)
To gen'rous acts; our part is to obey.'
'While life informs these limbs,' (the King reply'd)
'Well to deserve, be all my cares employ'd:
But here this night the royal guest detain,
'Till the sun flames along th'etherial plain;
Be it my task to send with ample stores
The stranger from our hospitable shores; **5**
Tread you my steps: 'Tis mine to lead the race,
The first in glory, as the first in place.'
To whom the Prince: 'This night with joy I stay,
O Monarch great in virtue as in sway!
◆ If thou the circling year my stay controul,
To raise a bounty noble as thy soul;
The circling year I wait, with ampler stores
And fitter pomp to hail my native shores:
Q96 Then by my realms due homage would be paid;
For wealthy Kings are loyally obey'd! **313**
11.450 O King! for such thou art, and sure thy blood **85**

Wild with despair, I shed a copious tyde Q87
Of flowing tears, and thus with sighs reply'd: **Pope**
'Fly'st thou, lov'd shade, while I thus fondly mourn? **Odyssey**
Turn to my arms, to my embraces turn!
Is it, ye pow'rs that smile at human harms!
Too great a bliss to weep within her arms?
Or has hell's Queen an empty Image sent,
That wretched I might ev'n my joys lament?'
'O son of woe,' the pensive shade rejoyn'd,
'Oh most inur'd to grief of all mankind!
'Tis not the Queen of Hell who thee deceives:
All, all are such, when life the body leaves;
No more the substance of the man remains,
Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins:
These the funereal flames in atoms bear,
To wander with the wind in empty air,
While the impassive soul reluctant flies
Like a vain dream to these infernal skies.
But from the dark dominions speed the way,
And climb the steep ascent to upper day;
To thy chaste bride the wond'rous story tell,
The woes, the horrors, and the laws of Hell.'
Thus while she spoke, in swarms hell's Empress brings Q88
Daughters and wives of Heroes and of Kings;
Thick, and more thick they gather round the blood,
Ghost throng'd on ghost (a dire assembly) stood! **L2[O]**
Dauntless my sword I seize: the airy crew, 𝔹
Swift as it flash'd along the gloom, withdrew;
Then shade to shade in mutual forms succeeds,
Her race recounts, and their illustrious deeds.
Tyro began: whom great Salmoneus bred;
The royal partner of fam'd Cretheus' bed.
For fair Enipeus, **as from fruitful urns**
He pours his wat'ry store, the Virgin burns;
Smooth flows the gentle stream with wanton pride,
And in soft mazes rouls a silver Tide:
As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,
The Monarch of the deep beholds and loves;
In her Enipeus' form and borrow'd charms
The am'rous God descends into her arms:
Around, a spacious arch of waves he throws,
And high in air the liquid mountain rose;
Thus in surrounding floods conceal'd he proves
The pleasing transport, and compleats his loves.
Then softly sighing, he the fair addrest, Q89
And as he spoke her tender hand he prest.
'Hail, happy nymph! no vulgar births are ow'd
To the prolific raptures of a God:
Lo! when nine times the moon renews her horn,
Two brother heroes shall from thee be born; **11**.300

Thy early care the future worthies claim,
To point them to the arduous paths of fame;
But in thy breast th'important truth conceal,
Nor dare the secret of a God reveal:
For know, thou Neptune view'st! and at my nod
Earth trembles, and the waves confess their God.'
He added not, but mounting spurn'd the plain,
Then plung'd into the chambers of the main.
Now in the time's full process forth she brings
Jove's dread vicegerents, in two future Kings;
O'er proud Iolcos Pelias stretch'd his reign,
And god-like Neleus rul'd the Pylian plain:
Then fruitful, to her Cretheus' royal bed
She gallant Pheres and fam'd Aeson bred:
From the same fountain Amythaon rose,
Pleas'd with the din of war, and noble shout of foes.
There mov'd Antiope, with haughty charms,
Who blest th' Almighty Thund'rer in her arms;
Hence sprung Amphion, hence brave Zethus came,
Founders of Thebes, and men of mighty name;
Tho' bold in open field, they yet surround
The town with walls, and mound inject on mound;
Here ramparts stood, there tow'rs rose high in air,
And here thro' sev'n wide portals rush'd the war.
There with soft step the fair Alcmena trod,
Who bore Alcides to the thund'ring God;
And Megara, who charm'd the son of Jove,
And soften'd his stern soul to tender love.
Sullen and sow'r with discontented mien
Jocasta frown'd, th'incestuous Theban Queen;
With her own son she joyn'd in nuptial bands,
Tho' father's blood embru'd his murd'rous hands:
The Gods and men the dire offence detest,
The Gods with all their furies rend his breast:
In lofty Thebes he wore th'imperial crown,
A pompous wretch! accurs'd upon a throne.
The wife self-murder'd from a beam depends,
And her foul soul to blackest Hell descends;
Thence to her son the choicest plagues she brings,
And the fiends haunt him with a thousand stings.
And now the beauteous Chloris I descry,
A lovely shade, Amphion's youngest joy!
With gifts unnumber'd Neleus sought her arms,
Nor paid too dearly for unequal'd charms;
Great in Orchomenos, in Pylos great,
He sway'd the scepter with imperial state.
Three gallant sons the joyful Monarch told,
Sage Nestor, Periclimenus the bold,
And Chromius last; but of the softer race,
One nymph alone, a miracle of grace.

81 (50C)
302 (199C)
6 (5C)
6
314
86

Kings on their thrones for lovely Pero burn,
The Sire denies, and Kings rejected mourn.
To him alone the beauteous prize he yields,
Whose arm should ravish from Phylacian fields
The herds of Iphiclus, detain'd in wrong;
Wild, furious herds, unconquerably strong!
This dares a Seer, but nought the Seer prevails,
In beauty's cause illustriously he fails:
Twelve moons the foe the captive youth detains
In painful dungeons, and coercive chains;
The foe at last from durance where he lay,
His art revering, give him back to day;
Won by prophetic knowledge, to fulfill
The steadfast purpose of th' Almighty will.
With graceful port advancing now I spy'd
Leda the fair, the god-like Tyndar's bride:
Hence Pollux sprung who wields the furious sway
The deathful gauntlet, matchless in the fray;
And Castor glorious on th' embattled plain
Curbs the proud steed, reluctant to the rein:
By turns they visit this ethereal sky,
And live alternate, and alternate die:
In hell beneath, on earth, in heav'n above,
Reign the Twin-gods, the fav'rite sons of Jove.
There Ephimedia trod the gloomy plain,
Who charm'd the Monarch of the boundless main;
Hence Ephialtes, hence stern Otus sprung,
More fierce than Giants, more than Giants strong;
The earth o'erburden'd groan'd beneath their weight,
None but Orion e'er surpass'd their height:
The wond'rous youths had scarce nine winters told,
When high in air, tremendous to behold,
Nine ells aloft they rear'd their tow'ring head,
And full nine cubits broad their shoulders spread.
Proud of their strength and more than mortal size,
The Gods they challenge, and affect the skies;
Heav'd on Olympus tott'ring Ossa stood;
On Ossa, Pelion nods with all his wood:
Such were they Youths! had they to manhood grown,
Almighty Jove had trembled on his throne.
But ere the harvest of the beard began
To bristle on the chin, and promise man,
His shafts Apollo aim'd; at once they sound,
And stretch the Giant-monsters o'er the ground.
There mournful Phaedra with sad Procris moves,
Both beauteous shades, both hapless in their loves;
And near them walk'd, with solemn pace and slow,
Sad Ariadne, partner of their woe;
The royal Minos Ariadne bred,
She Theseus lov'd, from Crete with Theseus fled;

305 310 315 320 325 330 335 340 345 350 355 360 365 370 375 380 385 390 395 400

Q90 Q91 Q92 Q93 ✦ Pope Odyssey L2[I] 𝔹 11.350 11.400

Tremendous pest! abhorr'd by man and Gods!
Pope Hideous her voice, **and with less terrors roar**
Odyssey **The whelps of Lions in the midnight hour**.
Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiend dispreads;
Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads;
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;
Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death:
115 Her parts obscene the raging billows hide;
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tyde.
When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,
The Sea-dog and the Dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge Leviathan her prey,
120 And all the monsters of the wat'ry way;
Q 165 The swiftest racer of the azure plain
Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;
Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars,
At once six mouths expands, at once six men devours.
125 Close by, a rock of less enormous height
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dang'rous streight;
Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;
Beneath, Charybdis holds her boist'rous reign
130 'Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main,
Thrice in her gulphs the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tyde.
L1[O] Oh if thy vessel plow the direful waves
ℂ When seas retreating roar within her caves,
Ye perish all! tho' he who rules the main
Lends his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
Ah shun the horrid gulph! by Scylla fly,
◆ 'Tis better six to lose, than all to die.'
I then: 'O nymph propitious to my pray'r,
140 Goddess divine, my guardian pow'r, declare,
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
Or if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?'
Q 166 Then she: 'O worn by toils, oh broke in fight,
Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
145 Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,
And never, never be to Heav'n resign'd?
How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong?
Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong!
Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!
12.150 Ev'n with a look she withers all the bold!
She mocks the weak attempts of human might;
O fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight.
If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,
Again thy fury vindicates her prey;
155 Her six mouths yawn, and six are snatch'd away.
From her foul wound Crataeis gave to air
12.157 This dreadful Pest! To her direct thy pray'r,
To curb the monster in her dire abodes,

82 When Troy first bled beneath the Grecian arms
303 She shone unrival'd with a blaze of charms, **Pope**
Thy infant son her fragrant bosom prest, **Odyssey**
Hung at her knee, or wanton'd at her breast;
But now the years a num'rous train have ran; 555
The blooming boy is ripen'd into man;
Thy eyes shall see him burn with noble fire, Q 101
The sire shall bless his son, the son his sire:
But my Orestes never met these eyes,
Without one look the murther'd father dies; 560
Then from a wretched friend this wisdom learn,
Ev'n to thy Queen disguis'd, unknown, return;
For since of womankind so few are just,
Think all are false, nor ev'n the faithful trust.
But, say, resides my son in royal port, 565
In rich Orchomenos, or Sparta's court?
Or say in Pyle? for yet he views the light,
Nor glides a Phantom thro' the realms of night.'
Then I: 'Thy suit is vain, nor can I say
If yet he breathes in realms of chearful day; 570
Or pale or wan beholds these nether skies?
Truth I revere: For Wisdom never lies.'
Thus in a tyde of tears our sorrows flow,
And add new horror to the realms of woe.
'Till side by side along the dreary coast 575
Advanc'd Achilles' and Patroclus' ghost, **L1[O]**
A friendly pair! near these the Pylian stray'd, ℂ
And tow'ring Ajax, an illustrious shade!
War was his joy, and pleas'd with loud alarms, Q 102
None but Pelides brighter shone in arms. 580
Thro' the thick gloom his friend Achilles knew,
7 And as he speaks the tears descend in dew:
'Com'st thou alive to view the Stygian bounds,
Where the wan Spectres walk eternal rounds;
Nor fear'st the dark and dismal waste to tread, 585
Throng'd with pale ghosts, familiar with the dead?'
To whom with sighs: 'I pass these dreadful gates
To seek the Theban, and consult the Fates:
7 For still distrest I rove from coast to coast,
Lost to my friends, and to my country lost. 590
But sure the eye of Time beholds no name
So blest as thine in all the rolls of Fame;
Alive, we hail'd thee with our guardian Gods,
And dead, thou rul'st a King in these abodes.'
'Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom, 595
Nor think vain words' (he cry'd) 'can ease my doom;
Rather I'd chuse laboriously to bear
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
315 A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread;
87 Than reign the scepter'd monarch of the dead. **11**.600

Q 103 But say, if in my steps my son proceeds,
And emulates his **god-like** father's deeds?
If at the clash of arms, and shout of foes,
Swells his bold heart, his bosom nobly glows?
605 Say if my sire, the rev'rend Peleus reigns
Great in his Phthia, and his throne maintains;
Or weak and old, my youthful arm demands,
To fix the scepter steadfast in his hands?
O might the lamp of life rekindled burn,
610 And death release me from the silent urn!
This arm that thunder'd o'er the Phrygian plain,
And swell'd the ground with mountains of the slain,
Should vindicate my injur'd Father's fame,
Crush the proud rebel, and assert his claim.'
615 'Illustrious shade,' (I cry'd) 'of Peleus' fates
No circumstance the voice of fame relates;
But hear with pleas'd attention the renown
The wars and wisdom of thy gallant son:
With me from Scyros to the field of fame
620 Radiant in arms the blooming Heroe came:
When Greece **assembled all her hundred** states,
To ripen counsels, and decide debates,
Q 104 Heav'ns! how he charm'd us with a flow of sense,
And won the heart with manly Eloquence!
625 He first was seen of all the Peers to rise,
L1[I] The third in wisdom where they all were wise;
ℂ But when to try the fortune of the day
Host mov'd tow'rd host in terrible array,
Before the van, impatient for the fight,
630 With martial port he strode, and stern delight;
Heaps strow'd on heaps beneath his fauchion groan'd,
And monuments of dead deform'd the ground.
The time would fail should I in order tell
What foes were vanquish'd, and what numbers fell;
635 How, lost thro' love, Eurypylus was slain,
And round him bled his bold Cetaean train.
To Troy no Hero came of nobler line,
Or if of nobler, Memnon, it was thine.
When Ilion in the horse receiv'd her doom,
640 And unseen armies ambush'd in its womb;
Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
'Twas mine on Troy to pour th'imprison'd war:
Then when the boldest bosom beat with fear,
✦ When the stern eyes of Heroes dropp'd a tear;
Q 105 Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,
Flush'd in his cheek, or sally'd in his blood;
Pope Indignant in the dark recess he stands,
Odyssey Pants for the battle, and the war demands;
His voice breath'd death, and with a martial air
11.650 He grasp'd his sword, and shook his glitt'ring spear.

83 Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
304 The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful shore.
Fly swift the dangerous coast; let ev'ry ear
Be stop'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!
Firm to the mast with chains thy self be bound,
Nor trust thy virtue to th' enchanting sound.
If mad with transport, freedom thou demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.
These seas o'erpass'd, be wise! but I refrain
To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main:
New horrors rise! let prudence be thy guide,
And guard thy various passage thro' the tyde.
High o'er the main two Rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thund'ring roll below;
Thro' the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,
Hence nam'd Erratic by the Gods above.
No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing,
That bears Ambrosia to th' Aetherial King,
Shuns the dire rocks: In vain she cuts the skies;
The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies;
Not the fleet bark when prosp'rous breezes play,
Plows o'er that roaring surge its desp'rate way;
O'erwhelm'd it sinks: while round a smoke expires,
And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.
Scarce the fam'd Argo pass'd these raging floods,
The sacred Argo, fill'd with demigods!
Ev'n she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride
Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tyde.
High in the air the rock its summit shrouds,
In brooding tempests, and in rouling clouds;
8 Loud storms around and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies.
When all the broad expansion bright with day
Glows with th'autumnal or the summer ray,
The summer and the autumn glow in vain,
The sky for ever low'rs, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the step of man it stands,
8 Tho' born by twenty feet, tho' arm'd with twenty hands;
Smooth as the polish of the mirrour rise
The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.
Full in the center of this rock display'd,
A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade:
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow
Sent with full force, cou'd reach the depth below.
Wide to the west the horid gulph extends,
And the dire passage down to hell descends.
O fly the dreadful sight! expand thy sails,
316 Ply the strong oar, and catch the nimble gales;
88 Here Scylla bellows from the dire abodes,

Q 103 **god-like** / **Pope Odyssey** **god-like** / Q 104 **assembled all her hundred** / Q 105 **Smooth as the polish of the mirrour** / Q 163 Q 164 **12**.100

At once descend, and press the desart sand;
Pope There worn and wasted, lose our cares in sleep
Odyssey To the hoarse murmurs of the rowling deep.
Q 160 Soon as the morn restored the day, we pay'd
Sepulchral honours to Elpenor's shade.
Now by the axe the rushing forest bends,
And the huge pyle along the shore ascends.
Around we stand, a melancholy train,
And a loud groan re-ecchoes from the main.
Fierce o'er the Pyre, by fanning breezes spread,
The hungry flame devours the silent dead.
A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,
Fast by the roarings of the main we place;
The rising tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it rose the tapering oar.
Mean-time the Goddess our return survey'd
From the pale ghosts, and hell's tremendous shade.
Swift she descends: A train of nymphs divine
Bear the rich viands and the generous wine:
In act to speak the Pow'r of magic stands,
And graceful thus accosts the list'ning bands;
'O sons of woe! decreed by adverse fates
Alive to pass thro' hell's eternal gates!
All, soon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
More wretched you! twice number'd with the dead!
L2[O] Q 161 This day adjourn your cares, exalt your souls,
ℂ Indulge the taste, and drein the sparkling bowls:
And when the morn unveils her safron ray,
Spread your broad sails, and plow the liquid way:
Lo I this night, your faithful guide, explain
◆ Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.'
The Goddess spoke; in feasts we waste the day,
'Till Phoebus downward plung'd his burning ray;
Then sable Night ascends, and balmy rest
Seals ev'ry eye, and calms the troubled breast.
Then curious she commands me to relate
The dreadful scenes of Pluto's dreary state.
She sat in silence while the tale I tell,
The wond'rous visions, and the laws of Hell.
Then thus: 'The lot of man the Gods dispose;
These ills are past: now hear thy future woes.
O Prince attend! some fav'ring pow'r be kind,
12.50 And print th'important story on thy mind!
Next, where the Sirens dwell, you plow the seas;
Their song is death, and makes destruction please.
Unblest the man, whom music wins to stay
Nigh the curst shore, and listen to the lay;
Q 162 No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!
12.57 In verdant meads they sport, and wide around

84 And when the Gods our arms with conquest crown'd,
305 When Troy's proud bulwarks smok'd upon the ground, **Pope**
Greece to reward her soldier's gallant toils **Odyssey**
Heap'd high his navy with unnumber'd spoils.
Thus great in glory from the din of war
Safe he return'd, without one hostile scar;
Tho' **spears in iron tempests rain'd around**,
Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltless of a wound.'
While yet I spoke, the Shade with transport glow'd,
Rose in his majesty, and noblier trod;
With haughty stalk he sought the distant glades
Of warrior Kings, and joyn'd th'illustrious shades.
Now without number ghost by ghost arose,
All wailing with unutterable woes.
Alone, apart, in discontented mood,
A gloomy shade, the sullen Ajax stood;
For ever sad with proud disdain he pin'd, Q 106
And the lost arms for ever stung his mind;
Tho' to the contest Thetis gave the laws,
And Pallas, by the Trojans judged the cause.
O why was I victorious in the strife!
O dear-bought honour with so brave a life!
With him the strength of war, the soldier's pride,
Our second hope to great Achilles dy'd!
Touch'd at the sight from tears I scarce refrain,
And tender sorrow thrills in ev'ry vein; **L2[O]**
Pensive and sad I stand, at length accost, ℂ
With accents mild th'inexorable ghost:
'Still burns thy rage? and can brave souls resent
Ev'n after death? relent, great Shade, relent!
Perish those arms which by the Gods' decree
9 Accurs'd our army with the loss of thee!
With thee we fell; Greece wept thy hapless fates,
And shook astonish'd thro' her hundred states;
Not more, when great Achilles prest the ground,
And breath'd his manly spirit thro' the wound.
O deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,
Jove hated Greece, and punish'd Greece in thee!
9 Turn then, oh peaceful turn, thy wrath controul, Q 107
And calm the raging tempest of thy soul.'
While yet I speak, the shade disdains to stay,
In silence turns, and sullen stalks away.
Touch'd at his sour retreat, thro' deepest night,
Thro' hell's black bounds I had pursued his flight,
And forc'd the stubborn spectre to reply;
But wond'rous visions drew my curious eye.
High on a throne, tremendous to behold,
Stern Minos waves a mace of burnish'd gold;
317 Around ten thousand thousand spectres stand
89 Thro' the wide dome of Dis, a trembling band. **11**.700

Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rowls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.
There huge Orion of portentous size,
Swift thro' the gloom a Giant-hunter flies;
A pond'rous mace of brass with direful sway
Aloft he whirls, to crush the savage prey;
Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
Now griesly forms, shoot o'er the lawns of hell.
There Tityus large and long, in fetters bound,
O'erspreads nine acres of infernal ground;
Two rav'nous vultures furious for their food
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,
Incessant gore the liver in his breast,
Th'immortal liver grows, and gives th'immortal feast.
For as o'er Panope's enamel'd plains
Latona journey'd to the Pythian fanes,
With haughty love th'audacious monster strove
To force the Goddess, and to rival Jove.
There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
Pours out deep groans; (with groans all hell resounds)
Ev'n in the circling floods refreshment craves,
And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves;
When to the water he his lip applies,
Back from his lip the treach'rous water flies.
Above, beneath, around his hapless head,
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread;
There figs, sky-dy'd, a purple hue disclose,
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,
There dangling pears exalting scents unfold,
And yellow apples ripen into gold;
The fruit he strives to seize: but blasts arise,
Toss it on high, and whirl it to the skies.
I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd
A mournful vision! the Sisyphyan shade;
With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone:
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smoaks along the ground.
Again the restless orb his toil renews,
Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in dews.
Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
A tow'ring spectre of gigantic mold,
A shadowy form! for high in heav'n's abodes
Himself resides, a God among the Gods;
There in the bright assemblies of the skies,
He Nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.
Here hovering ghosts, like fowl, his shade surround,
And clang their pinions with terrific sound;
Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw
Th'aerial arrow from the twanging bow.
Around his breast a wond'rous Zone is rowl'd,
Where woodland monsters grin in fretted gold,
There sullen Lions sternly seem to roar,
The bear to growl, to foam the tusky boar:
There war and havoc and destruction stood,
And vengeful murther red with human blood.
Thus terribly adorn'd the figures shine,
Inimitably wrought with skill divine.
The mighty good advanc'd with awful look,
And turning his grim visage, sternly spoke:
'O exercis'd in grief! by arts refin'd!
O taught to bear the wrongs of base mankind!
Such, such was I! still tost from care to care,
While in your world I drew the vital air;
Ev'n I who from the Lord of thunders rose,
Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes;
To a base Monarch still a slave confin'd,
(The hardest bondage to a gen'rous mind!)
Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way,
And drag'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day;
Ev'n hell I conquer'd, thro' the friendly aid
Of Maia's off-spring and the martial Maid.'
Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to stay,
But turning stalk'd with giant strides away.
Curious to view the Kings of ancient days,
The mighty dead that live in endless praise,
Resolv'd I stand! and haply had survey'd
The god-like Theseus, and Pirithous' shade;
But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,
With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell,
They scream, they shriek; and groans and dismal sounds
Stun my scar'd ears, and pierce hell's utmost bounds.
No more my heart the dismal din sustains,
And my cold blood hangs shiv'ring in my veins;
Lest Gorgon rising from th'infernal lakes,
With horrors arm'd, and curls of hissing snakes,
Should fix me, stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,
A stony image, in eternal night!
Strait from the direful coast to purer air
I speed my flight, and to my mates repair.
My mates ascend the ship; they strike their oars;
The mountains lessen, and retreat the shores;
Swift o'er the waves we fly; the fresh'ning gales
Sing thro' the shrouds, and stretch the swelling sails."
"THUS o'er the rolling surge the vessel flies,
'Till from the waves the Aeaean hills arise.
Here the gay Morn resides in radiant bow'rs,
Here keeps her revels with the dancing Hours;
Here Phoebus rising in th'etherial way,
Thro' heav'n's bright portals pours the beamy day.

86 THE SIRENS, SCYLLA
307 AND CHARYBDIS.

He relates how, after his return from the shades, he was sent by Circe on his voyage, by the coast of the Sirens, and by the strait of Scylla and Charybdis: the manner in which he escaped those dangers: how, being cast on the island Trinacria, his companions destroyed the oxen of the Sun; the vengeance that followed; how all perished by shipwreck except himself, who, swimming on the mast of the ship, arrived on the island of Calypso. With which his narration concludes.

Pope's Odyssey (1880 edition)

VERSION A

Scylla does not snatch a hexameter,
and does not create an empty row
between lines 155 and 156.

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 12

PREVIEW
BOOK 13

EPIC POEM .ORG

1 **DIGITAL CLASSICS**

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

language: Modern English (1725)
copy text: Lintot (vol. iii 1725)
typeface: Kings Caslon
by Dalton Maag

This **UNRESTRICTED INTERLEAVABLE LAYOUT** of this **PUBLIC DOMAIN TEXT** is available for free at ARCHIVE.ORG (LINK).

EPICPOEM.ORG 538 lines 3.0
3L 1 - 538

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

PRINT 2-SIDED:
91 to **96**

And ride aloft, to Providence resign'd,
Pope Thro' tumbling billows, and a war of wind.
Odyssey Now sunk the West, and now a southern breeze
More dreadful than the tempest, lash'd the seas;
505 For on the rocks it bore where Scylla raves,
And dire Charybdis rolls her thund'ring waves.
All night I drove; and at the dawn of day
Fast by the rocks beheld the desp'rate way:
Just when the sea within her gulphs subsides,
510 And in the roaring whirlpools rush the tides.
Swift from the float I vaulted with a bound,
The lofty figtree seiz'd, and clung around.
So to the beam the Bat tenacious clings,
And pendent round it clasps his leathern wings.
515 High in the air the tree its boughs display'd,
And o'er the dungeon cast a dreadful shade.
All unsustain'd between the wave and sky,
Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly.
Q183 **What time the Judge forsakes the noisy bar**
520 **To take repast, and stills the wordy war;**
Charybdis rumbling from her inmost caves,
The mast refunded on her refluent waves.
Swift from the tree, the floating mass to gain,
Sudden I drop'd amidst the flashing main;
525 Once more undaunted on the ruin rode,
L1[O] And oar'd with lab'ring arms along the flood.
Unseen I pass'd by Scylla's dire abodes:
So Jove decreed, (dread Sire of men and Gods).
Then nine long days I plow'd the calmer seas,
530 Heav'd by the surge and wafted by the breeze.
Weary and wet th'Ogygian shores I gain,
When the tenth sun descended to the main.
There in Calypso's ever-fragrant bow'rs,
Refresh'd I lay, and Joy beguil'd the hours.
535 My following fates to thee oh King, are known,
And the bright partner of thy royal throne.
Enough: In misery, can words avail?
12.538 ✦ And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?"
13.1Q217 HE ceas'd; but left so pleasing on their ear 1
His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear.
A pause of silence hush'd the shady rooms:
The grateful conf'rence then the King resumes.
5 Whatever toils the great Ulysses past,
Beneath this happy roof they end at last;
No longer now from shore to shore to roam,
Smooth seas, and gentle winds, invite him home.
But hear me, Princes! whom these walls inclose,
10 For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows 319
✦ Q218 With wines unmixt, (an honour due to Age, 97
13.12 To cheer the grave, and warm the Poet's rage) 91

Q 159 “THUS o’er the rolling surge the vessel flies, **87 (51C)**
’Till from the waves the Aeaean hills arise. **308 (200C)**
Here the gay Morn resides in radiant bow’rs,
Here keeps her revels with the dancing Hours;
Here Phoebus rising in th’etherial way,
Thro’ heav’n’s bright portals pours the beamy day.
At once we fix our haulsers on the land,
At once descend, and press the desart sand;
There worn and wasted, lose our cares in sleep
To the hoarse murmurs of the rowling deep.
Q 160 Soon as the morn restored the day, we pay’d
Sepulchral honours to Elpenor’s shade.
Now by the axe the rushing forest bends,
And the huge pyle along the shore ascends.
Around we stand, a melancholy train,
And a loud groan re-ecchoes from the main.
Fierce o’er the Pyre, by fanning breezes spread,
The hungry flame devours the silent dead.
A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,
Fast by the roarings of the main we place;
The rising tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it rose the tapering oar.
Mean-time the Goddess our return survey’d
From the pale ghosts, and hell’s tremendous shade.
Swift she descends: A train of nymphs divine
L1[I] Bear the rich viands and the generous wine:
In act to speak the Pow’r of magic stands,
And graceful thus accosts the list’ning bands;
‘O sons of woe! decreed by adverse fates
Alive to pass thro’ hell’s eternal gates!
All, soon or late, are doom’d that path to tread;
More wretched you! twice number’d with the dead! **2 (1C)**
Q 161 This day adjourn your cares, exalt your souls,
Indulge the taste, and drein the sparkling bowls:
And when the morn unveils her safron ray,
Spread your broad sails, and plow the liquid way:
Lo I this night, your faithful guide, explain
◆ Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.’
The Goddess spoke; in feasts we waste the day, **2**
’Till Phoebus downward plung’d his burning ray;
Then sable Night ascends, and balmy rest
Seals ev’ry eye, and calms the troubled breast.
Then curious she commands me to relate
The dreadful scenes of Pluto’s dreary state.
She sat in silence while the tale I tell,
The wond’rous visions, and the laws of Hell.
Pope Then thus: ‘The lot of man the Gods dispose;
Odyssey These ills are past: now hear thy future woes. **320**
O Prince attend! some fav’ring pow’r be kind, **98**
12.50 And print th’important story on thy mind! **92**

And bear the lamp of heav’n to shades below.’
To whom the thund’ring Pow’r: ‘O source of day!
Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way,
Still may thy beams thro’ heav’n’s bright portals rise,
The joy of earth, the glory of the skies; 455
Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
To dash th’ offenders in the whelming tyde.’
To fair Calypso, from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey’d these councils of the Gods.
Mean-time from man to man my tongue exclaims, 460
My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames.
In vain! I view perform’d the direful deed,
Beeves, slain in heaps, along the ocean bleed.
Now heav’n gave signs of wrath; along the ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound 465
Roar’d the dead limbs; the burning entrails groan’d.
Six guilty days my wretched mates employ
In impious feasting, and unhallow’d joy;
The sev’nth arose, and now the Sire of Gods
Rein’d the rough storms, and calm’d the tossing floods: 470
With speed the bark we climb: the spacious sails
Loos’d from the yards invite th’impelling gales.
Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound, Q 181
And all above is sky, and ocean all around!
When lo! a murky cloud the Thund’rer forms 475
Full o’er our heads, and blackens heav’n with storms. **L1[I]**
Night dwells o’er all the deep: and now out flies
The gloomy West, and whistles in the skies.
The mounting billows roar: the furious blast
Howls o’er the shroud, and rends it from the mast: 480
The mast gives way, and crackling as it bends,
Tears up the deck; then all at once descends:
The pilot by the tumbling ruin slain,
Dash’d from the helm falls headlong in the main.
Then Jove in anger bids his thunders roll, 485
And forky lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flames:
Full on the bark it fell; now high, now low,
Tost and retost, it reel’d beneath the blow; 490
At once into the main the crew it shook:
Sulphureous odors rose, and smould’ring smoke.
Like fowl that haunt the floods, they sink, they rise,
Now lost, now seen, with shrieks and dreadful cries;
And strive to gain the bark, but Jove denies. 495
Firm at the helm I stand, when fierce the main Q 182
Rush’d with dire noise, and dash’d the sides in twain; **Pope**
Again impetuous drove the furious blast, **Odyssey**
Snapt the strong helm, and bore to sea the mast.
Firm to the mast with cords the helm I bind, **12**.500

Then o'er my eyes the Gods soft slumbers shed, **88 (52C)**
Pope While thus Eurylochus arising said: **309 (201C)**
Odyssey 'O friends, a thousand ways frail mortals lead
To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;
Q178 But dreadful most, when by a slow decay
Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.
Why cease ye then t'implore the pow'rs above,
And offer hecatombs to thund'ring Jove?
Why seize ye not yon beeves, and fleecy prey?
410 Arise unanimous; arise and slay!
And if the Gods ordain a safe return,
To Phoebus shrines shall rise, and altars burn.
But should the pow'rs that o'er mankind preside,
Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,
415 Better to rush at once to shades below,
Than linger life away, and nourish woe!'
Thus he: the beeves around securely stray,
When swift to ruin they invade the prey.
They seize, they kill! — but for the rite divine,
420 The barley fail'd, and for libations, wine.
Swift from the oak they strip the shady pride;
And verdant leaves the flow'ry cake supply'd.
With pray'r they now address th'aethereal train,
Slay the selected beeves, and flea the slain;
425 The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art,
L2[O] Strow'd o'er with morsels cut from ev'ry part.
Q179 Water, instead of wine, is brought in urns,
And pour'd prophanely as the victim burns.
The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails drest,
430 They roast the fragments, and prepare the feast.
'Twas then soft slumber fled my troubled brain:
Back to the bark I speed along the main. **3 (2C)**
When lo! an odour from the feast exhales,
Spreads o'er the coast and scents the tainted gales;
435 A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood,
And thus, obtesting Heav'n I mourn'd aloud:
'O Sire of men and Gods, immortal Jove!
◆ Oh all ye blissful pow'rs that reign above!
Why were my cares beguil'd in short repose? **3**
440 O fatal slumber, paid with lasting woes!
A deed so dreadful all the Gods alarms,
Vengeance is on the wing, and heav'n in arms!'
Mean-time Lampetiè mounts th'aereal way,
And kindles into rage the God of day:
445 'Vengeance, ye Pow'rs,' (he cries) 'and thou whose hand
Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writhen brand!
Slain are those herds which I with pride survey,
When thro' the ports of heav'n I pour the day, **321**
Or deep in Ocean plunge the burning ray. **99**
12.450 Q180 Vengeance, ye Gods! or I the skies forego, **93**

Next, where the Sirens dwell, you plow the seas;
Their song is death, and makes destruction please. **Pope**
Unblest the man, whom music wins to stay **Odyssey**
Nigh the curst shore, and listen to the lay;
No more that wretch shall view the joys of life, Q162
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!
In verdant meads they sport, and wide around
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful shore. 60
Fly swift the dangerous coast; let ev'ry ear
Be stop'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!
Firm to the mast with chains thy self be bound,
Nor trust thy virtue to th' enchanting sound.
If mad with transport, freedom thou demand, 65
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.
These seas o'erpass'd, be wise! but I refrain
To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main:
New horrors rise! let prudence be thy guide,
And guard thy various passage thro' the tyde. 70
High o'er the main two Rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thund'ring roll below;
Thro' the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,
Hence nam'd Erratic by the Gods above.
No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing, 75
That bears Ambrosia to th' Aetherial King, **L2[O]**
Shuns the dire rocks: In vain she cuts the skies; Q163
The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies;
Not the fleet bark when prosp'rous breezes play,
Plows o'er that roaring surge its desp'rate way; 80
O'erwhelm'd it sinks: while round a smoke expires,
And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.
Scarce the fam'd Argo pass'd these raging floods,
The sacred Argo, fill'd with demigods!
Ev'n she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride 85
Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tyde.
High in the air the rock its summit shrouds,
In brooding tempests, and in rouling clouds;
Loud storms around and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies. 90
When all the broad expansion bright with day
Glows with th'autumnal or the summer ray,
The summer and the autumn glow in vain,
The sky for ever low'rs, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the step of man it stands, 95
Tho' born by twenty feet, tho' arm'd with twenty hands;
Smooth as the polish of the mirrour rise
The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.
Full in the center of this rock display'd, Q164
A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade: **12**.100

Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow
Sent with full force, cou'd reach the depth below.
Wide to the west the horid gulph extends,
And the dire passage down to hell descends.
O fly the dreadful sight! expand thy sails,
Ply the strong oar, and catch the nimble gales;
Here Scylla bellows from the dire abodes,
Tremendous pest! abhorr'd by man and Gods!
Hideous her voice, **and with less terrors roar**
The whelps of Lions in the midnight hour.
Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiend dispreads;
Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads;
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;
Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death:
Her parts obscene the raging billows hide;
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tyde.
When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,
The Sea-dog and the Dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge Leviathan her prey,
And all the monsters of the wat'ry way;
The swiftest racer of the azure plain
Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;
Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars,
At once six mouths expands, at once six men devours.
Close by, a rock of less enormous height
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dang'rous streight;
Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;
Beneath, Charybdis holds her boist'rous reign
'Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main,
Thrice in her gulphs the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tyde.
Oh if thy vessel plow the direful waves
When seas retreating roar within her caves,
Ye perish all! tho' he who rules the main
Lends his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
Ah shun the horrid gulph! by Scylla fly,
'Tis better six to lose, than all to die.'
I then: 'O nymph propitious to my pray'r,
Goddess divine, my guardian pow'r, declare,
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
Or if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?'
Then she: 'O worn by toils, oh broke in fight,
Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,
And never, never be to Heav'n resign'd?
How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong?
Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong!
Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!
Ev'n with a look she withers all the bold!

89 (53C)
310 (202C)
4 (3C)
4
322
100
94

A sudden joy in every bosom rose;
So will'd some Demon, minister of woes!
To whom with grief — 'O swift to be undone,
Constrain'd I act what wisdom bids me shun.
But yonder herds, and yonder flocks forbear;
Attest the heav'ns, and call the Gods to hear:
Content, an innocent repast display,
By Circe giv'n, and fly the dang'rous prey.'
Thus I: and while to shore the vessel flies,
With hands uplifted they attest the skies;
Then where a fountain's gurgling waters play,
They rush to land, and end in feasts the day:
They feed; they quaff; and now (their hunger fled)
Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.
Nor cease the tears, 'till each in slumber shares
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares.
Now far the night advanc'd her gloomy reign,
And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain;
When, at the voice of Jove, wild whirlwinds rise,
And clouds and double darkness veil the skies;
The moon, the stars, the bright aetherial host
Seem as extinct, and all their splendors lost;
The furious tempest roars with dreadful sound:
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.
All night it rag'd: when morning rose, to land
We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the strand,
Where in a beauteous Grotto's cool recess
Dance the green Nereids of the neighb'ring seas.
There while the wild winds whistled o'er the main,
Thus careful I addrest the list'ning train:
'O friends be wise! nor dare the flocks destroy
Of these fair pastures: If ye touch, ye die.
Warn'd by the high command of heav'n, be aw'd;
Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the God!
That God who spreads the radiant beams of light,
And views wide earth and heav'n's unmeasur'd height.'
And now the Moon had run her monthly round,
The south-east blust'ring with a dreadful sound;
Unhurt the beeves, untouch'd the woolly train
Low thro' the grove, or range the flow'ry plain:
Then fail'd our food; then fish we make our prey,
Or fowl that screaming haunt the wat'ry way.
'Till now from sea or flood no succour found,
Famine and meager want besieg'd us round.
Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd,
From the loud storms to find a Sylvan shade;
There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;
And heav'n and heav'n's immortal thrones adore,
To calm the roarings of the stormy main,
And grant me peaceful to my realms again.

Q165
L2[I]
◆
Q166
Pope
Odyssey
12.150
Q176
Q177
L2[I]
Pope
Odyssey
12.400

	The silent fisher casts th'insidious food,	**90** (54C)	She mocks the weak attempts of human might;
Pope	**With fraudful care he waits the finny prize,**	**311** (203C)	O fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight. **Pope**
Odyssey	**And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies:**		If but to seize thy arms thou make delay, **Odyssey**
	So the foul monster lifts her prey on high,		Again thy fury vindicates her prey;
305	So pant the wretches, struggling in the sky,		Her six mouths yawn, and six are snatch'd away. 155
	In the wide dungeon she devours her food,		From her foul wound Crataeis gave to air
	And the flesh trembles while she churns the blood.		This dreadful Pest! To her direct thy pray'r,
	Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd;		To curb the monster in her dire abodes,
	Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd!		And guard thee thro' the tumult of the floods.
310	My shivering blood congeal'd forgot to flow,		Thence to Trinacria's shore you bend your way, 160
	Aghast I stood, a monument of woe!		Where graze thy herds, illustrious Source of day!
	Now from the rocks the rapid vessel flies,		Sev'n herds, sev'n flocks enrich the sacred plains,
	And the hoarse din **like distant thunder dies**;		Each herd, each flock full fifty heads contains:
	To Sol's bright Isle our voyage we pursue,		The wond'rous kind a length of age survey, Q 167
315	And now the glitt'ring mountains rise to view.		By breed increase not, nor by death decay. 165
	There sacred to the radiant God of day		Two sister Goddesses possess the plain,
	Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiscuous stray;		The constant guardians of the woolly train;
Q 174	Then suddenly was heard along the main		Lampetie fair, and Phaethusa young,
	To low the ox, to bleat the woolly train.		From Phoebus and the bright Neaera sprung;
320	Strait to my anxious thoughts the sound convey'd		Here watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bow'rs 170
	The words of Circe and the Theban Shade;		And flow'ry meads they waste the joyous hours.
	Warn'd by their awful voice these shores to shun,		Rob not the God! and so propitious gales
	With cautious fears opprest, I thus begun:		Attend thy voyage, and impell thy sails;
	'O friends! oh ever exercis'd in care!		But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,
325	Hear heav'n's commands, and rev'rence what ye hear!		The Gods, the Gods avenge it, and ye die! 175
L3[O]	To fly these shores the prescient Theban Shade		'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost) **L3[O]**
	And Circe warn! O be their voice obey'd:		Thro' tedious toils to view thy native coast.'
	Some mighty woe relentless heav'n forebodes:		She ceas'd: And now arose the morning ray;
	Fly these dire regions, and revere the Gods!'		Swift to her dome the Goddess held her way.
330	While yet I spoke, a sudden sorrow ran		Then to my mates I measur'd back the plain, 180
	Thro' every breast, and spread from man to man,		Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the main;
	'Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began:	**5** (4C)	Then bending to the stroke, their oars they drew
	'O cruel thou! some fury sure has steel'd		To their broad breasts, and swift the galley flew.
	That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield!		Up sprung a brisker breeze; with freshning gales
335	From sleep debarr'd, we sink from woes to woes;		The friendly Goddess stretch'd the swelling sails; 185
	And cruel, enviest thou a short repose?		We drop our oars: at ease the pilot guides; Q 168
	Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,		The vessel light along the level glides.
◆	The sun descending, and so near the shore?		When rising sad and slow, with pensive look,
Q 175	And lo! the night begins her groomy reign,	5	Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:
340	And doubles all the terrors of the main.		'O friends, oh ever partners of my woes, 190
	Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,		Attend while I what Heav'n foredooms disclose.
	Lash the wild surge, and bluster in the skies;		Hear all! Fate hangs o'er all! on you it lies
	Oh should the fierce south-west his rage display,		To live, or perish! to be safe, be wise!
	And toss with rising storms the wat'ry way,		In flow'ry meads the sportive Sirens play,
345	Tho' Gods descend from heav'n's aereal plain		Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay; 195
	To lend us aid, the Gods descend in vain:		Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
	Then while the night displays her awful shade,		The Gods allow to hear the dangerous sound.
	Sweet time of slumber! be the night obey'd!	323	Hear and obey: If freedom I demand,
	Haste ye to land! and when the morning ray	101	Be ev'ry fetter strain'd, be added band to band.'
12.350	Sheds her bright beam, pursue the destin'd way.'	95	While yet I speak the winged gally flies, **12**.200

And lo! the Siren shores like mists arise.
Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,
And waves below, at once forgot to move!
Some Demon calm'd the Air, and smooth'd the deep,
Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to sleep.
Now every sail we furl, each oar we ply;
Lash'd by the stroke the frothy waters fly.
The ductile wax with busy hands I mold,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd;
Th'aereal region now grew warm with day,
The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray;
Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,
And from access of phrenzy lock'd the brain.
Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'd,
And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold.
Then bending to the stroke, the active train
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.
While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
Our swift approach the Siren quire descries;
Celestial music warbles from their tongue,
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song:
'O stay, oh pride of Greece! Ulysses stay!
O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!
We know whate'er the Kings of mighty name
Achieved at Ilion in the field of fame;
Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies.
O stay, and learn new wisdom from the wise!'
Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the main;
My soul takes wing to meet the heav'nly strain;
I give the sign, and struggle to be free:
Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea;
New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,
'Till dying off, the distant sounds decay:
Then scudding swiftly from the dang'rous ground,
The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.
Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold;
Thunder'd the deeps, the smoking billows roll'd!
Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing flood,
All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stood!
No more the vessel plow'd the dreadful wave,
Fear seiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the brave;
Each drop'd his oar: But swift from man to man
With look serene I turn'd, and thus began:
'O friends! Oh often try'd in adverse storms!
With ills familiar in more dreadful forms!
Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay,

91 (55C)
312 (204C)
Q 169
Q 170
6 (5C)
6
324
102
96

Yet safe return'd — Ulysses led the way.
Learn courage hence! and in my care confide:
Lo! still the same Ulysses is your guide!
Attend my words! your oars incessant ply;
Strain ev'ry nerve, and bid the vessel fly.
If from yon justling rocks and wavy war
Jove safety grants; he grants it to your care.
And thou whose guiding hand directs our way,
Pilot, attentive listen and obey!
Bear wide thy course, nor plow those angry waves
Where rolls yon smoke, yon tumbling ocean raves;
Steer by the higher rock; lest whirl'd around
We sink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.'
While yet I speak, at once their oars they seize,
Stretch to the stroke, and brush the working seas.
Cautious the name of Scylla I suppress;
That dreadful sound had chill'd the boldest breast.
Mean-time, forgetful of the voice divine,
All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine;
High on the deck I take my dangerous stand,
Two glitt'ring javelins lighten in my hand;
Prepar'd to whirl the whizzing spear I stay,
'Till the fell fiend arise to seize her prey.
Around the dungeon, studious to behold
The hideous pest, my labouring eyes I roll'd;
In vain! the dismal dungeon dark as night
Veils the dire monster, and confounds the sight.
Now thro' the rocks, appall'd with deep dismay,
We bend our course, and stem the desp'rate way;
Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms,
And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms.
When the tyde rushes from her rumbling caves
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;
They toss, they foam, a wild confusion raise,
Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze;
Eternal mists obscure th'aereal plain,
And high above the rock she spouts the main:
When in her gulphs the rushing sea subsides,
She drains the ocean with the refluent tides:
The rock rebellows with a thund'ring sound;
Deep, wond'rous deep, below appears the ground.
Struck with despair, with trembling hearts we view'd
The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood;
When lo! fierce Scylla stoop'd to seize her prey,
Stretch'd her dire jaws, and swept six men away;
Chiefs of renown! loud echoing shrieks arise;
I turn, and view them quivering in the skies;
They call, and aid with out-stretch'd arms implore:
In vain they call! those arms are stretch'd no more.
As from some rock that overhangs the flood,

Q 171
Q 172
Q 173

L3[I]
Pope
Odyssey
12.250
L3[I]
Pope
Odyssey
12.300

12.500 Firm to the mast with cords the helm I bind,
Pope And ride aloft, to Providence resign'd,
Odyssey Thro' tumbling billows, and a war of wind.
Now sunk the West, and now a southern breeze
More dreadful than the tempest, lash'd the seas;
505 For on the rocks it bore where Scylla raves,
And dire Charybdis rolls her thund'ring waves.
All night I drove; and at the dawn of day
Fast by the rocks beheld the desp'rate way:
Just when the sea within her gulphs subsides,
510 And in the roaring whirlpools rush the tides.
Swift from the float I vaulted with a bound,
The lofty figtree seiz'd, and clung around.
So to the beam the Bat tenacious clings,
And pendent round it clasps his leathern wings.
515 High in the air the tree its boughs display'd,
And o'er the dungeon cast a dreadful shade.
All unsustain'd between the wave and sky,
Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly.
Q 183 **What time the Judge forsakes the noisy bar**
520 **To take repast, and stills the wordy war;**
Charybdis rumbling from her inmost caves,
The mast refunded on her refluent waves.
Swift from the tree, the floating mass to gain,
Sudden I drop'd amidst the flashing main;
L1[O] Once more undaunted on the ruin rode,
And oar'd with lab'ring arms along the flood.
Unseen I pass'd by Scylla's dire abodes:
So Jove decreed, (dread Sire of men and Gods).
Then nine long days I plow'd the calmer seas,
530 Heav'd by the surge and wafted by the breeze.
Weary and wet th'Ogygian shores I gain,
When the tenth sun descended to the main.
There in Calypso's ever-fragrant bow'rs,
Refresh'd I lay, and Joy beguil'd the hours.
535 My following fates to thee oh King, are known,
And the bright partner of thy royal throne.
Enough: In misery, can words avail?
12.538 ◆ "And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?"
13.1 Q 217 HE ceas'd; but left so pleasing on their ear
His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear.
A pause of silence hush'd the shady rooms:
The grateful conf'rence then the King resumes.
5 Whatever toils the great Ulysses past,
Beneath this happy roof they end at last;
No longer now from shore to shore to roam,
Smooth seas, and gentle winds, invite him home.
But hear me, Princes! whom these walls inclose,
10 For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows
13.11 ◆ Q 218 With wines unmixt, (an honour due to Age,

92 THE SIRENS, SCYLLA
86 AND CHARYBDIS.

12

B

313 He relates how, after his return from the shades, he was sent by Circe on his voyage, by the coast of the Sirens, and by the strait of Scylla and Charybdis: the manner in which he escaped those dangers: how, being cast on the island Trinacria, his companions destroyed the oxen of the Sun; the vengeance that followed; how all perished by shipwreck except himself, who, swimming on the mast of the ship, arrived on the island of Calypso. With which his narration concludes. *Pope's Odyssey* (1880 edition)

VERSION B

Scylla snatches a hexameter,
creating an empty row between
lines 155 and 156. (see Pope Iliad **24**.541-550).

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 12

PREVIEW
BOOK 13

EPIC POEM .ORG

1 **DIGITAL CLASSICS**

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

language: Modern English (1725)
copy text: Lintot (vol. iii 1725)
typeface: Kings Caslon
by Dalton Maag

This **UNRESTRICTED INTERLEAVABLE LAYOUT** of this **PUBLIC DOMAIN TEXT** is available for free at ARCHIVE.ORG (LINK).

EPICPOEM.ORG 538+[ ] lines 3.0

3L 1 - 538

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

PRINT 2-SIDED:
97 to **102**

Q159 “THUS o’er the rolling surge the vessel flies, **93** (56C)
’Till from the waves the Aeaean hills arise. **87** (51C)
Here the gay Morn resides in radiant bow’rs, **314** (205C)
Here keeps her revels with the dancing Hours;
Here Phoebus rising in th’etherial way,
Thro’ heav’n’s bright portals pours the beamy day.
At once we fix our haulsers on the land,
At once descend, and press the desart sand;
There worn and wasted, lose our cares in sleep
To the hoarse murmurs of the rowling deep.
Q160 Soon as the morn restored the day, we pay’d
Sepulchral honours to Elpenor’s shade.
Now by the axe the rushing forest bends,
And the huge pyle along the shore ascends.
Around we stand, a melancholy train,
And a loud groan re-ecchoes from the main.
Fierce o’er the Pyre, by fanning breezes spread,
The hungry flame devours the silent dead.
A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,
Fast by the roarings of the main we place;
The rising tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it rose the tapering oar.
Mean-time the Goddess our return survey’d
From the pale ghosts, and hell’s tremendous shade.
Swift she descends: A train of nymphs divine
L1[I] Bear the rich viands and the generous wine:
In act to speak the Pow’r of magic stands,
And graceful thus accosts the list’ning bands;
‘O sons of woe! decreed by adverse fates
Alive to pass thro’ hell’s eternal gates!
All, soon or late, are doom’d that path to tread;
More wretched you! twice number’d with the dead! **2** (1C)
Q161 This day adjourn your cares, exalt your souls,
Indulge the taste, and drein the sparkling bowls:
And when the morn unveils her safron ray,
Spread your broad sails, and plow the liquid way:
Lo I this night, your faithful guide, explain
Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.’
◆ The Goddess spoke; in feasts we waste the day, **2**
’Till Phoebus downward plung’d his burning ray;
Then sable Night ascends, and balmy rest
Seals ev’ry eye, and calms the troubled breast.
Then curious she commands me to relate
The dreadful scenes of Pluto’s dreary state.
She sat in silence while the tale I tell,
The wond’rous visions, and the laws of Hell.
Pope Then thus: ‘The lot of man the Gods dispose;
Odyssey These ills are past: now hear thy future woes. **326**
O Prince attend! some fav’ring pow’r be kind, **92**
12.50 And print th’important story on thy mind! **98**

Vengeance, ye Gods! or I the skies forego, Q180 **12**.450
And bear the lamp of heav’n to shades below.’
To whom the thund’ring Pow’r: ‘O source of day!
Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way,
Still may thy beams thro’ heav’n’s bright portals rise,
The joy of earth, the glory of the skies;
Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
To dash th’ offenders in the whelming tyde.’
To fair Calypso, from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey’d these councils of the Gods.
Mean-time from man to man my tongue exclaims,
My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames.
In vain! I view perform’d the direful deed,
Beeves, slain in heaps, along the ocean bleed.
Now heav’n gave signs of wrath; along the ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound
Roar’d the dead limbs; the burning entrails groan’d.
Six guilty days my wretched mates employ
In impious feasting, and unhallow’d joy;
The sev’nth arose, and now the Sire of Gods
Rein’d the rough storms, and calm’d the tossing floods:
With speed the bark we climb: the spacious sails
Loos’d from the yards invite th’impelling gales.
Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound, Q181
And all above is sky, and ocean all around!
When lo! a murky cloud the Thund’rer forms **L1[I]**
Full o’er our heads, and blackens heav’n with storms.
Night dwells o’er all the deep: and now out flies
The gloomy West, and whistles in the skies.
The mounting billows roar: the furious blast
Howls o’er the shroud, and rends it from the mast:
The mast gives way, and crackling as it bends,
Tears up the deck; then all at once descends:
The pilot by the tumbling ruin slain,
Dash’d from the helm falls headlong in the main.
Then Jove in anger bids his thunders roll,
And forky lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flames:
Full on the bark it fell; now high, now low,
Tost and retost, it reel’d beneath the blow;
At once into the main the crew it shook:
Sulphureous odors rose, and smould’ring smoke.
Like fowl that haunt the floods, they sink, they rise,
Now lost, now seen, with shrieks and dreadful cries;
And strive to gain the bark, but Jove denies.
Firm at the helm I stand, when fierce the main Q182 **Pope**
Rush’d with dire noise, and dash’d the sides in twain; **Odyssey**
Again impetuous drove the furious blast,
Snapt the strong helm, and bore to sea the mast. **12**.499

12.400 And grant me peaceful to my realms again.
Pope Then o'er my eyes the Gods soft slumbers shed,
Odyssey While thus Eurylochus arising said:
'O friends, a thousand ways frail mortals lead
To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;
Q178 But dreadful most, when by a slow decay
Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.
Why cease ye then t'implore the pow'rs above,
And offer hecatombs to thund'ring Jove?
Why seize ye not yon beeves, and fleecy prey?
410 Arise unanimous; arise and slay!
And if the Gods ordain a safe return,
To Phoebus shrines shall rise, and altars burn.
But should the pow'rs that o'er mankind preside,
Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,
415 Better to rush at once to shades below,
Than linger life away, and nourish woe!'
Thus he: the beeves around securely stray,
When swift to ruin they invade the prey.
They seize, they kill! — but for the rite divine,
420 The barley fail'd, and for libations, wine.
Swift from the oak they strip the shady pride;
And verdant leaves the flow'ry cake supply'd.
With pray'r they now address th'aethereal train,
Slay the selected beeves, and flea the slain;
L2[O] The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art,
Strow'd o'er with morsels cut from ev'ry part.
Q179 Water, instead of wine, is brought in urns,
And pour'd prophanely as the victim burns.
The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails drest,
430 They roast the fragments, and prepare the feast.
'Twas then soft slumber fled my troubled brain: **3** (2C)
Back to the bark I speed along the main.
When lo! an odour from the feast exhales,
Spreads o'er the coast and scents the tainted gales;
435 A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood,
And thus, obtesting Heav'n I mourn'd aloud:
'O Sire of men and Gods, immortal Jove!
◆ Oh all ye blissful pow'rs that reign above! 3
Why were my cares beguil'd in short repose?
440 O fatal slumber, paid with lasting woes!
A deed so dreadful all the Gods alarms,
Vengeance is on the wing, and heav'n in arms!'
Mean-time Lampetiè mounts th'aereal way,
And kindles into rage the God of day:
445 'Vengeance, ye Pow'rs,' (he cries) 'and thou whose hand
Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writhen brand!
Slain are those herds which I with pride survey, 327
When thro' the ports of heav'n I pour the day, 93
12.449 Or deep in Ocean plunge the burning ray. 99

94 (57C) Next, where the Sirens dwell, you plow the seas;
88 (52C) Their song is death, and makes destruction please. **Pope**
315 (206C) Unblest the man, whom music wins to stay **Odyssey**
Nigh the curst shore, and listen to the lay;
No more that wretch shall view the joys of life, Q162
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!
In verdant meads they sport, and wide around
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful shore. 60
Fly swift the dangerous coast; let ev'ry ear
Be stop'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!
Firm to the mast with chains thy self be bound,
Nor trust thy virtue to th' enchanting sound.
If mad with transport, freedom thou demand, 65
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.
These seas o'erpass'd, be wise! but I refrain
To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main:
New horrors rise! let prudence be thy guide,
And guard thy various passage thro' the tyde. 70
High o'er the main two Rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thund'ring roll below;
Thro' the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,
Hence nam'd Erratic by the Gods above.
No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing, 75
That bears Ambrosia to th' Aetherial King, **L2[O]**
Shuns the dire rocks: In vain she cuts the skies; Q163
The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies;
Not the fleet bark when prosp'rous breezes play,
Plows o'er that roaring surge its desp'rate way; 80
O'erwhelm'd it sinks: while round a smoke expires,
And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.
Scarce the fam'd Argo pass'd these raging floods,
The sacred Argo, fill'd with demigods!
Ev'n she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride 85
Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tyde.
High in the air the rock its summit shrouds,
In brooding tempests, and in rouling clouds;
Loud storms around and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies. 90
When all the broad expansion bright with day
Glows with th'autumnal or the summer ray,
The summer and the autumn glow in vain,
The sky for ever low'rs, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the step of man it stands, 95
Tho' born by twenty feet, tho' arm'd with twenty hands;
Smooth as the polish of the mirrour rise
The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.
Full in the center of this rock display'd, Q164
A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade: **12**.100

Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow **95** (58C)
Sent with full force, cou'd reach the depth below. **89** (53C)
Wide to the west the horid gulph extends, **316** (207C)
And the dire passage down to hell descends.
O fly the dreadful sight! expand thy sails,
Ply the strong oar, and catch the nimble gales;
Here Scylla bellows from the dire abodes,
Tremendous pest! abhorr'd by man and Gods!
Hideous her voice, **and with less terrors roar**
The whelps of Lions in the midnight hour.
Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiend dispreads;
Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads;
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;
Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death:
Her parts obscene the raging billows hide;
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tyde.
When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,
The Sea-dog and the Dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge Leviathan her prey,
And all the monsters of the wat'ry way;
Q165 The swiftest racer of the azure plain
Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;
Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars,
At once six mouths expands, at once six men devours.
Close by, a rock of less enormous height
L2[I] Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dang'rous streight;
Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;
Beneath, Charybdis holds her boist'rous reign
'Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main,
Thrice in her gulphs the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tyde. **4** (3C)
Oh if thy vessel plow the direful waves
When seas retreating roar within her caves,
Ye perish all! tho' he who rules the main
Lends his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
Ah shun the horrid gulph! by Scylla fly,
'Tis better six to lose, than all to die.'
◆ I then: 'O nymph propitious to my pray'r, **4**
Goddess divine, my guardian pow'r, declare,
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
Or if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?'
Q166 Then she: 'O worn by toils, oh broke in fight,
Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,
And never, never be to Heav'n resign'd?
Pope How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong?
Odyssey Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong! **328**
Furious and fell, tremendous to behold! **94**
12.150 Ev'n with a look she withers all the bold! **100**
Sheds her bright beam, pursue the destin'd way.' **12**.350
A sudden joy in every bosom rose;
So will'd some Demon, minister of woes!
To whom with grief — 'O swift to be undone,
Constrain'd I act what wisdom bids me shun.
But yonder herds, and yonder flocks forbear;
Attest the heav'ns, and call the Gods to hear:
Content, an innocent repast display,
By Circe giv'n, and fly the dang'rous prey.'
Thus I: and while to shore the vessel flies,
With hands uplifted they attest the skies;
Then where a fountain's gurgling waters play, Q176
They rush to land, and end in feasts the day:
They feed; they quaff; and now (their hunger fled)
Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.
Nor cease the tears, 'till each in slumber shares
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares.
Now far the night advanc'd her gloomy reign,
And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain;
When, at the voice of Jove, wild whirlwinds rise,
And clouds and double darkness veil the skies;
The moon, the stars, the bright aetherial host
Seem as extinct, and all their splendors lost;
The furious tempest roars with dreadful sound:
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.
All night it rag'd: when morning rose, to land **L2[I]**
We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the strand,
Where in a beauteous Grotto's cool recess
Dance the green Nereids of the neighb'ring seas.
There while the wild winds whistled o'er the main,
Thus careful I addrest the list'ning train:
'O friends be wise! nor dare the flocks destroy
Of these fair pastures: If ye touch, ye die.
Warn'd by the high command of heav'n, be aw'd; Q177
Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the God!
That God who spreads the radiant beams of light,
And views wide earth and heav'n's unmeasur'd height.'
And now the Moon had run her monthly round,
The south-east blust'ring with a dreadful sound;
Unhurt the beeves, untouch'd the woolly train
Low thro' the grove, or range the flow'ry plain:
Then fail'd our food; then fish we make our prey,
Or fowl that screaming haunt the wat'ry way.
'Till now from sea or flood no succour found,
Famine and meager want besieg'd us round.
Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd,
From the loud storms to find a Sylvan shade; **Pope**
There o'er my hands the living wave I pour; **Odyssey**
And heav'n and heav'n's immortal thrones adore,
To calm the roarings of the stormy main, **12**.399

12.300 **As from some rock that overhangs the flood,** **96 (59C)**
Pope **The silent fisher casts th'insidious food,** **90 (54C)**
Odyssey **With fraudful care he waits the finny prize,** **317 (208C)**
And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies:
So the foul monster lifts her prey on high,
So pant the wretches, struggling in the sky,
In the wide dungeon she devours her food,
And the flesh trembles while she churns the blood.
Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd;
Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd!
My shivering blood congeal'd forgot to flow,
Aghast I stood, a monument of woe!
Now from the rocks the rapid vessel flies,
And the hoarse din **like distant thunder dies**;
To Sol's bright Isle our voyage we pursue,
And now the glitt'ring mountains rise to view.
There sacred to the radiant God of day
Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiscuous stray;
Q 174 Then suddenly was heard along the main
To low the ox, to bleat the woolly train.
Strait to my anxious thoughts the sound convey'd
The words of Circe and the Theban Shade;
Warn'd by their awful voice these shores to shun,
With cautious fears opprest, I thus begun:
'O friends! oh ever exercis'd in care!
L3[O] Hear heav'n's commands, and rev'rence what ye hear!
To fly these shores the prescient Theban Shade
And Circe warn! O be their voice obey'd:
Some mighty woe relentless heav'n forebodes:
Fly these dire regions, and revere the Gods!'
While yet I spoke, a sudden sorrow ran
Thro' every breast, and spread from man to man, **5 (4C)**
'Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began:
'O cruel thou! some fury sure has steel'd
That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield!
From sleep debarr'd, we sink from woes to woes;
And cruel, enviest thou a short repose?
Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,
◆ The sun descending, and so near the shore? **5**
Q 175 And lo! the night begins her groomy reign,
And doubles all the terrors of the main.
Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,
Lash the wild surge, and bluster in the skies;
Oh should the fierce south-west his rage display,
And toss with rising storms the wat'ry way,
Tho' Gods descend from heav'n's aereal plain
To lend us aid, the Gods descend in vain:
Then while the night displays her awful shade, **329**
Sweet time of slumber! be the night obey'd! **95**
12.349 Haste ye to land! and when the morning ray **101**

She mocks the weak attempts of human might;
O fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight. **Pope**
If but to seize thy arms thou make delay, **Odyssey**
Again thy fury vindicates her prey;
Her six mouths yawn, and six are snatch'd away.
[*six* (~ a hexameter) *snatch'd away*]
From her foul wound Crataeis gave to air
This dreadful Pest! To her direct thy pray'r,
To curb the monster in her dire abodes,
And guard thee thro' the tumult of the floods.
Thence to Trinacria's shore you bend your way,
Where graze thy herds, illustrious Source of day!
Sev'n herds, sev'n flocks enrich the sacred plains,
Each herd, each flock full fifty heads contains:
The wond'rous kind a length of age survey, Q 167
By breed increase not, nor by death decay.
Two sister Goddesses possess the plain,
The constant guardians of the woolly train;
Lampetie fair, and Phaethusa young,
From Phoebus and the bright Neaera sprung;
Here watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bow'rs
And flow'ry meads they waste the joyous hours.
Rob not the God! and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impell thy sails;
But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,
The Gods, the Gods avenge it, and ye die! **L3[O]**
'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost)
Thro' tedious toils to view thy native coast.'
She ceas'd: And now arose the morning ray;
Swift to her dome the Goddess held her way.
Then to my mates I measur'd back the plain,
Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the main;
Then bending to the stroke, their oars they drew
To their broad breasts, and swift the galley flew.
Up sprung a brisker breeze; with freshning gales
The friendly Goddess stretch'd the swelling sails;
We drop our oars: at ease the pilot guides; Q 168
The vessel light along the level glides.
When rising sad and slow, with pensive look,
Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:
'O friends, oh ever partners of my woes,
Attend while I what Heav'n foredooms disclose.
Hear all! Fate hangs o'er all! on you it lies
To live, or perish! to be safe, be wise!
In flow'ry meads the sportive Sirens play,
Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay;
Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
The Gods allow to hear the dangerous sound.
Hear and obey: If freedom I demand,
Be ev'ry fetter strain'd, be added band to band.' **12**.199

12.200 While yet I speak the winged gally flies,
And lo! the Siren shores **like mists** arise.
Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,
And waves below, at once forgot to move!
Some Demon calm'd the Air, and smooth'd the deep,
205 Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to sleep.
Now every sail we furl, each oar we ply;
Lash'd by the stroke the frothy waters fly.
Q 169 The ductile wax with busy hands I mold,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd;
210 Th'aereal region now grew warm with day,
The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray;
Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,
And from access of phrenzy lock'd the brain.
Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'd,
215 And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold.
Then bending to the stroke, the active train
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.
While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
Our swift approach the Siren quire descries;
220 Celestial music warbles from their tongue,
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song:
'O stay, oh pride of Greece! Ulysses stay!
O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
L3[I] The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!
We know whate'er the Kings of mighty name
Achieved at Ilion in the field of fame;
230 Q 170 Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies.
O stay, and learn new wisdom from the wise!' **6** (5C)
Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the main;
My soul takes wing to meet the heav'nly strain;
I give the sign, and struggle to be free:
235 Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea;
New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,
'Till dying off, the distant sounds decay:
◆ Then scudding swiftly from the dang'rous ground, 6
The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.
240 Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold;
Thunder'd the deeps, the smoking billows roll'd!
Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing flood,
All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stood!
No more the vessel plow'd the dreadful wave,
245 Fear seiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the brave;
Pope Each drop'd his oar: But swift from man to man
Odyssey With look serene I turn'd, and thus began: 330
'O friends! Oh often try'd in adverse storms! 96
12.249 With ills familiar in more dreadful forms! 102
Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay, **12**.250
Yet safe return'd — Ulysses led the way.
Learn courage hence! and in my care confide: Q 171
Lo! still the same Ulysses is your guide!
Attend my words! your oars incessant ply;
Strain ev'ry nerve, and bid the vessel fly. 255
If from yon justling rocks and wavy war
Jove safety grants; he grants it to your care.
And thou whose guiding hand directs our way,
Pilot, attentive listen and obey!
Bear wide thy course, nor plow those angry waves 260
Where rolls yon smoke, yon tumbling ocean raves;
Steer by the higher rock; lest whirl'd around
We sink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.'
While yet I speak, at once their oars they seize,
Stretch to the stroke, and brush the working seas. 265
Cautious the name of Scylla I suppress;
That dreadful sound had chill'd the boldest breast.
Mean-time, forgetful of the voice divine,
All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine;
High on the deck I take my dangerous stand, 270
Two glitt'ring javelins lighten in my hand;
Prepar'd to whirl the whizzing spear I stay,
'Till the fell fiend arise to seize her prey.
Around the dungeon, studious to behold Q 172
The hideous pest, my labouring eyes I roll'd; **L3[I]**
In vain! the dismal dungeon dark as night
Veils the dire monster, and confounds the sight.
Now thro' the rocks, appall'd with deep dismay,
We bend our course, and stem the desp'rate way;
Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms, 280
And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms.
When the tyde rushes from her rumbling caves
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;
They toss, they foam, a wild confusion raise,
Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze; 285
Eternal mists obscure th'aereal plain,
And high above the rock she spouts the main:
When in her gulphs the rushing sea subsides,
She drains the ocean with the refluent tides:
The rock rebellows with a thund'ring sound; 290
Deep, wond'rous deep, below appears the ground.
Struck with despair, with trembling hearts we view'd
The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood;
When lo! fierce Scylla stoop'd to seize her prey,
Stretch'd her dire jaws, and swept six men away; 295
Chiefs of renown! loud echoing shrieks arise; Q 173 **Pope**
I turn, and view them quivering in the skies; **Odyssey**
They call, and aid with out-stretch'd arms implore:
In vain they call! those arms are stretch'd no more. **12**.299

Ulysses takes his leave of Alcinoüs and Aretè, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ship arrives at Ithaca; where the sailors, as Ulysses is yet sleeping, lay him on the shore with all his treasures. On their return, Neptune changes their ship into a rock. In the meantime Ulysses, awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reason of a mist which Pallas had cast around him. He breaks into loud lamentations; till the goddess appearing to him in the form of a shepherd, discovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feigned story of his adventures, upon which she manifests herself, and they consult together of the measures to be taken to destroy the suitors. To conceal his return, and disguise his person the more effectually, she changes him into the figure of an old beggar.

Pope's Odyssey (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 13

PREVIEW
BOOK 14

.ORG
DIGITAL CLASSICS

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

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PRINT
2-SIDED:
103 to **108**

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

	The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.	98
Pope	His robe, which spots indelible besmear,	92
Odyssey	In rags dishonest flutters with the air:	319
	A stag's torn hide is lapt around his reins;	313
505	A rugged staff his trembling hand sustains;	
	And at his side a wretched scrip was hung,	
	Wide-patch'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.	
	So look'd the Chief, so mov'd! To mortal eyes	
	Object uncouth! a man of miseries!	
510	While Pallas, cleaving the wild fields of air,	
13.511 ◆	To Sparta flies, Telemachus her care.	
14.1 ◆ Q 269	BUT He, deep-musing, o'er the mountains stray'd	
	Thro' mazy thickets of the woodland shade,	
	And cavern'd ways, the shaggy coast along,	
	With cliffs, and nodding forests over-hung.	
5	Eumaeus at his Sylvan lodge he sought,	
	A faithful servant, and without a fault.	
	Ulysses found him, busied as he sate	
	Before the threshold of his rustic gate;	
	Around the mansion in a circle shone	
10	A rural Portico of rugged stone:	
Q 270	(In absence of his Lord, with honest toil	
	His own industrious hands had rais'd the pile)	
	The wall was stone from neighbouring quarries born,	
	Encircled with a fence of native thorn,	
L1[O]	And strong with pales, by many a weary stroke	
	Of stubborn labour hewn from heart of oak;	
	Frequent and thick. Within the space, were rear'd	
	Twelve ample cells, the lodgments of his herd.	
	Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd;	
20	The males without (a smaller race) remain'd;	
	Doom'd to supply the Suitors' wastful feast,	1
	A stock by daily luxury decreast;	
	Now scarce four hundred left. These to defend,	
	Four savage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.	
25	Here sate Eumaeus, and his cares apply'd	
	To form strong buskins of well-season'd hyde.	
	Of four assistants who his labours share,	
	Three now were absent on the rural care;	1
	The fourth drove victims to the suitor-train:	
30	But he, of ancient faith, a simple swain,	
	Sigh'd, while he furnish'd the luxurious board,	
	And wearied heav'n with wishes for his Lord.	
Q 271	Soon as Ulysses near th' enclosure drew,	
	With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew:	
35	Down sat the Sage; and cautious to withstand,	
	Let fall th'offensive truncheon from his hand.	325
	Sudden, the master runs; aloud he calls;	331
	And from his hasty hand the leather falls;	97
14.39	With show'rs of stones he drives them far away;	103
	The scatt'ring dogs around at distance bay.	

Q217 HE ceas'd; but left so pleasing on their ear **99 (61C)**
His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear. **93 (56C)**
A pause of silence hush'd the shady rooms: **320 (210C)**
The grateful conf'rence then the King resumes. **314 (205C)**
Whatever toils the great Ulysses past,
Beneath this happy roof they end at last;
No longer now from shore to shore to roam,
Smooth seas, and gentle winds, invite him home.
But hear me, Princes! whom these walls inclose,
For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows
✦ Q218 With wines unmixt, (an honour due to Age,
To cheer the grave, and warm the Poet's rage)
Tho' labour'd gold and many a dazling vest
Lie heap'd already for our god-like guest;
Without new treasures let him not remove,
Large, and expressive of the publick love:
Each peer a tripod, each a vase bestow,
A gen'ral tribute, which the State shall owe."
This sentence pleas'd: Then all their steps addrest
To sep'rate mansions, and retir'd to rest.
Now did the rosy-finger'd Morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.
Down to the haven and the ships in haste
They bore the treasures, and in safety plac'd.
The King himself the vases rang'd with care;
L1[I] Then bade his followers to the feast repair.
A victim Oxe beneath the sacred hand
Of great Alcinoüs falls, and stains the sand.
To Jove th'Eternal, (pow'r above all pow'rs!
Who wings the winds, and darkens heav'n with show'rs)
The flames ascend: 'Till evening they prolong
The rites, more sacred made by heav'nly song: **2 (1C)**
Q219 For in the midst, with publick honours grac'd,
Thy lyre divine, Demodocus! was plac'd.
All, but Ulysses, heard with fix'd delight:
He sate, and ey'd the sun, and wish'd the night;
Slow seem'd the sun to move, the hours to roll,
His native home **deep-imag'd in his soul.**
As weary plowman spent with stubborn toil, 2
Whose oxen long have torn the furrow'd soil,
Sees with delight the sun's declining ray,
When home, with feeble knees, he bends his way
To late repaste, (the day's hard labour done:)
So to Ulysses welcome sett the Sun.
Then instant, to Alcinoüs and the rest,
(The Scherian states) he turn'd, and thus addrest:
Pope "O thou, the first in merit and command! **326**
Odyssey And you the Peers and Princes of the land! **332**
May ev'ry joy be yours! nor this the least, **98**
13.50 When due libation shall have crown'd the feast, **104**
What human victims stain the feast-ful floor!
How wide the pavements float with guilty gore!
It fits thee now to wear a dark disguise,
And secret walk, unknown to mortal eyes.
For this, my hand shall wither ev'ry grace,
And ev'ry elegance of form and face,
O'er thy smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
Turn hoar the auburn honours of thy head,
Disfigure ev'ry limb with coarse attire,
And in thy eyes extinguish all the fire;
Add all the wants and the decays of life,
Estrange thee from thy own, thy son, thy wife;
From the loath'd object ev'ry sight shall turn,
And the blind suitors their destruction scorn.
Go first the master of thy herds to find,
True to his charge, a loyal swain and kind:
For thee he sighs; and to the loyal heir
And chaste Penelope, extends his care.
At the Coracian rock he now resides,
Where Arethusa's sable water glides;
The sable water and the copious mast Q239
Swell the fat herd; luxuriant, large repaste!
With him, rest peaceful in the rural cell,
And all you ask his faithful tongue shall tell.
Me into other realms my cares convey,
To Sparta, still with female beauty gay: **L1[I]**
For know, to Sparta thy lov'd offspring came,
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of Fame."
At this the father, with a father's care:
"Must he too suffer? he, oh Goddess! bear
Of wand'rings and of woes a wretched share?
Thro' the wild ocean plow the dang'rous way,
And leave his fortunes and his house a prey?
Why would'st not thou, oh all-enlighten'd mind!
Inform him certain, and protect him, kind?"
To whom Minerva: "Be thy soul at rest;
And know, whatever heav'n ordains, is best.
To Fame I sent him, to acquire renown:
To other regions is his virtue known.
Secure he sits, near great Atrides plac'd;
With friendships strengthen'd, and with honors grac'd,
But lo! an ambush waits his passage o'er; Q240
Fierce foes insidious intercept the shore:
In vain! far sooner all the murth'rous brood
This injur'd land shall fatten with their blood."
She spake, then touch'd him with her pow'rful wand:
The skin shrunk up, and wither'd at her hand: **Pope**
A swift old-age o'er all his members spread; **Odyssey**
A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head;
Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball shin'd **13**.500

So spake the Goddess, and the prospect clear'd, **100 (62C)**
The mists dispers'd, and all the coast appear'd. **94 (57C)**
The King with joy confess'd his place of birth, **321 (211C)**
And on his knees salutes his mother earth: **315 (206C)**
Q236 Then, with his suppliant hands upheld in air,
Thus to the sea-green sisters sends his pray'r:
"All hail! Ye virgin daughters of the main!
Ye streams, beyond my hopes beheld again!
To you once more your own Ulysses bows;
410 Attend his transports, and receive his vows!
✦ If Jove prolong my days, and Pallas crown
The growing virtues of my youthful son,
To you shall rites divine be ever paid,
And grateful off'rings on your altars laid."
415 Thus then Minerva: "From that anxious breast
Dismiss those cares, and leave to heav'n the rest.
Our task be now thy treasur'd stores to save,
Deep in the close recesses of the cave:
Then future means consult" — she spoke, and trod
420 The shady grot, that brightned with the God.
The closest caverns of the grot she sought;
The gold, the brass, the robes, Ulysses brought;
These in the secret gloom the chief dispos'd;
The entrance with a rock the Goddess clos'd.
425 Now, seated in the Olive's sacred shade
L2[O] Confer the Heroe and the martial Maid.
Q237 The Goddess of the azure eyes began:
"Son of Laërtes! much-experienc'd man!
The suitor-train thy early'st care demand,
430 Of that luxurious race to rid the land:
Three years thy house their lawless rule has seen,
And proud addresses to the matchless Queen. **3 (2C)**
But she thy absence mourns from day to day,
And inly bleeds, and silent wastes away:
435 Elusive of the bridal hour, she gives
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives."
To this Ulysses: "Oh celestial maid!
Prais'd be thy counsel, and thy timely aid:
Else had I seen my native walls in vain, **3**
440 Like great Atrides, just restor'd and slain.
Vouchsafe the means of vengeance to debate,
And plan with all thy arts the scene of fate.
Then, then be present, and my soul inspire
As when we wrapt Troy's heav'n-built walls in fire.
445 Tho' leagu'd against me hundred Heroes stand,
Hundreds shall fall, if Pallas aid my hand."
Pope She answer'd: "In the dreadful day of fight **327**
Odyssey Know, I am with thee, strong in all my might. **333**
Q238 If thou but equal to thy self be found, **99**
13.450 What gasping numbers then shall press the ground! **105**

Safe to my home to send your happy guest.
Compleat are now the bounties you have giv'n,
Be all those bounties but confirm'd by Heav'n!
So may I find, when all my wand'rings cease, Q220
My consort blameless, and my friends in peace. 55
On you be ev'ry bliss; and ev'ry day,
In home-felt joys delighted roll away;
Your selves, your wives, your long-descending race,
May ev'ry God enrich with ev'ry grace!
Sure fixt on Virtue may your nation stand, 60
And publick evil never touch the land!"
His words well-weigh'd, the gen'ral voice approv'd
Benign, and instant his dismission mov'd.
The Monarch to Pontonus gave the sign,
To fill the goblet high with rosy wine: 65
"Great Jove the Father, first" (he cry'd) "implore,
Then send the stranger to his native shore."
The luscious wine th' obedient herald brought;
Around the mansion flow'd the purple draught:
Each from his seat to each Immortal pours, 70
Whom glory circles in th' Olympian bow'rs.
Ulysses sole with air majestic stands,
The bowl presenting to Aretè's hands;
Then thus: "O Queen farewell! be still possest
Of dear remembrance, blessing still and blest! 75
'Till age and death shall gently call thee hence, Q221 **L2[O]**
(Sure fate of ev'ry mortal excellence!)
Farewell! and joys successive ever spring
To thee, to thine, the people, and the King!"
Thus he; then parting prints the sandy shore 80
To the fair port: A herald march'd before,
Sent by Alcinoüs: Of Aretè's train
Three chosen maids attend him to the main;
This does a tunic and white vest convey,
A various casket that, of rich inlay, 85
And bread and wine the third. The chearful mates
Safe in the hollow deck dispose the cates:
Beneath the seats, soft painted robes they spread,
With linnen cover'd, for the Hero's bed.
He climb'd the lofty stern; then gently prest 90
The swelling couch, and lay compos'd to rest.
Now plac'd in order, the Phaeacian train
Their cables loose, and launch into the main:
At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,
And leave the sinking hills, and less'ning shores. 95
While on the deck the Chief in silence lies,
And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes. **Pope**
As fiery coursers in the rapid race Q222 **Odyssey**
Urg'd by fierce drivers thro' the dusty space,
Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain; **13**.100

So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main. **101 (63C)**
Back to the stern the parted billows flow, **95 (58C)**
And the black Ocean foams and roars below. **322 (212C)**
Thus with spread sails the winged gally flies; **316 (207C)**
Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies:
Divine Ulysses was her sacred load,
A Man, **in wisdom equal to a God!**
Much danger long and mighty toils he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore;
All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast,
Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.
But when the morning-star with early ray
Flam'd in the front of heaven, and promis'd day;
Like distant clouds the mariner descries
Fair Ithaca's emerging hills arise.
Far from the town a spacious port appears,
Sacred to Phorcys' pow'r, whose name it bears:
Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
The roaring wind's tempestuous rage restrain;
Q223 Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
And ships secure without their haulsers ride.
High at the head a branching Olive grows,
And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.
Beneath, a gloomy Grotto's cool recess
Delights the Nereids of the neighb'ring seas,
L2[I] Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone,
And massy beams in native marble shone:
On which the labours of the nymphs were roll'd,
Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
Within the cave, the clustring bees attend
Their waxen works, or from the roof depend.
Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide; **4 (3C)**
Two marble doors unfold on either side;
Sacred the south, by which the Gods descend;
But mortals enter at the northern end.
Thither they bent, and haul'd their ship to land,
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand)
Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,
And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore. **4**
His treasures next, Alcinoüs' gifts, they laid
In the wild olive's unfrequented shade,
Q224 Secure from theft: then launch'd the bark again,
Resum'd their oars, and measur'd back the main.
Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread Supreme
The vengeance vow'd for eyeless Polypheme.
Before the throne of mighty Jove he stood;
Pope And sought the secret counsels of the God: **328**
Odyssey "Shall then no more, O Sire of Gods! be mine **334**
The rights and honours of a pow'r divine? **100**
13.150 Scorn'd ev'n by man, and (oh severe disgrace) **106**

But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state;
Yield to the force of unresisted fate,
And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base mankind,
The last, and hardest, conquest of the mind."
"Goddess of Wisdom!" Ithacus replies, 355
"He who discerns thee must be truely wise,
So seldom view'd, and ever in disguise!
When the bold Argives led their warring pow'rs,
Against proud Ilion's well-defended tow'rs;
Ulysses was thy care, celestial maid! Q234 360
Grac'd with thy sight, and favour'd with thy aid.
But when the Trojan piles in ashes lay,
And bound for Greece we plow'd the wat'ry way;
Our fleet dispers'd and driv'n from coast to coast,
Thy sacred presence from that hour I lost: 365
'Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,
And heard thy counsels on Phaeacia's shore.
But, by th'almighty author of thy race,
Tell me, oh tell, is this my native place?
For much I fear, long tracts of land and sea 370
Divide this coast from distant Ithaca;
The sweet delusion kindly you impose,
To sooth my hopes, and mitigate my woes."
Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddess thus replies:
"How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise! 375
Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flatt'ring show, **L2[I]**
And taste not half the bliss the Gods bestow.
The more shall Pallas aid thy just desires,
And guard the wisdom which her self inspires.
Others, long absent from their native place, 380
Strait seek their home, and fly with eager pace
To their wives' arms, and children's dear embrace.
Not thus Ulysses; he decrees to prove Q235
His subjects' faith, and Queen's suspected love;
Who mourn'd her Lord twice ten revolving years, 385
And wastes the days in grief, the nights in tears.
But Pallas knew (thy friends and navy lost)
Once more 'twas giv'n thee to behold thy coast:
Yet how could I with adverse fate engage,
And mighty Neptune's unrelenting rage? 390
Now lift thy longing eyes, while I restore
The pleasing prospect of thy native shore.
Behold the port of Phorcys! fenc'd around
With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd.
Behold the gloomy grot! whose cool recess 395
Delights the Nereids of the neighb'ring seas:
Whose now-neglected altars, in thy reign, **Pope**
Blush'd with the blood of sheep and oxen slain. **Odyssey**
Behold! where Neritus the clouds divides,
And shakes the waving forests on his sides." **13**.400

At this, the chief with transport was possest, **102 (64C)**
Pope His panting heart exulted in his breast; **96 (59C)**
Odyssey Yet well dissembling his untimely joys, **323 (213C)**
And veiling truth in plausible disguise, **317 (208C)**
Thus, with an air sincere, in fiction bold,
His ready tale th'inventive hero told:
"Oft have I heard, in Crete, this Island's name;
For 'twas from Crete my native soil I came,
Self-banish'd thence. I sail'd before the wind,
And left my children and my friends behind.
✦ From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
Whose son, the swift Orsilochus, I slew:
(With brutal force he seiz'd my Trojan prey,
Due to the toils of many a bloody day)
Unseen I 'scap'd; and favour'd by the night
In a Phoenician vessel took my flight,
Q232 For Pyle or Elis bound: but tempests tost
And raging billows drove us on your coast.
In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land.
But ere the rosy morn renew'd the day,
While in th'embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,
Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,
They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails.
Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore,
L3[O] A hapless exile on a foreign shore."
Thus while he spoke, the blue-ey'd maid began
With pleasing smiles to view the **god-like** man.
Then chang'd her form; and now, divinely bright,
Jove's heav'nly daughter stood confess'd to sight.
Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in th'illustrious labours of the loom. **5 (4C)**
"O still the same Ulysses!" she rejoin'd,
"In useful craft successfully refin'd!
Artful in speech, in action, and in mind!
Suffic'd it not, that thy long labours past
Secure thou seest thy native shore at last?
Q233 But this to me? who, like thy self, excell
In arts of counsel, and dissembling well. **5**
To me, whose wit exceeds the pow'rs divine,
No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.
Know'st thou not me? who made thy life my care,
Thro' ten years' wand'ring, and thro' ten years' war;
Who taught thee arts, Alcinoüs to persuade,
To raise his wonder, and engage his aid:
And now appear, thy treasures to protect,
Conceal thy person, thy designs direct, **329**
And tell what more thou must from fate expect. **335**
Domestic woes, far heavier to be born! **101**
13.350 The pride of fools, and slaves' insulting scorn? **107**

By soft Phaeacians, my degen'rate race!
Against yon destin'd head in vain I swore, **Pope**
And menac'd vengeance, ere he reach'd his shore; **Odyssey**
To reach his natal shore was thy decree;
Mild I obey'd, for who shall war with thee? 155
Behold him landed, careless and asleep,
From all th'eluded dangers of the deep!
Lo where he lies, amidst a shining store
Of brass, rich garments, and refulgent ore:
And bears triumphant to his native Isle 160
A prize more worth than Ilion's noble spoil."
To whom the Father of th'immortal pow'rs,
Who swells the clouds, and gladdens earth with show'rs:
"Can mighty Neptune thus of man complain? Q225
Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundless main! 165
Rever'd and awful ev'n in heav'n's abodes,
Ancient and great! a God above the Gods!
If that low race offend thy pow'r divine,
(Weak, daring creatures!) is not vengeance thine?
Go then, the guilty at thy will chastise." 170
He said: the Shaker of the earth replies:
"This then I doom; to fix the gallant ship
A mark of vengeance on the sable deep:
To warn the thoughtless self-confiding train,
No more unlicens'd thus to brave the main. 175
Full in their port a shady hill shall rise, **L3[O]**
If such thy will." — "We will it," Jove replies.
"Ev'n when with transport black'ning all the strand,
The swarming people hail their ship to land,
Fix her for ever, a memorial stone: 180
Still let her seem to sail, and seem alone;
The trembling crowds shall see the sudden shade
Of whelming mountains overhang their head!"
With that, the God whose earthquakes rock the ground
Fierce to Phaeacia crost the vast profound. 185
Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way, Q226
The winged Pinnace shot along the sea.
The God arrests her with a sudden stroke,
And roots her down, an everlasting rock.
Aghast the Scherians stand in deep surprize; 190
All press to speak, all question with their eyes.
What hands unseen the rapid bark restrain!
And yet it swims, or seems to swim, the main!
Thus they, unconscious of the deed divine:
'Till great Alcinoüs rising own'd the sign. 195
"Behold the long predestin'd day!" (he cries)
"Oh certain faith of ancient prophecies!
These ears have heard my royal sire disclose
A dreadful story, big with future woes;
How mov'd with wrath that careless we convey **13**.200

Promiscuous ev'ry guest to ev'ry bay, **103 (65C)**
Stern Neptune rag'd; and how by his command **97 (60C)**
Firm-rooted in the surge a ship shou'd stand; **324 (214C)**
(A monument of wrath) and mound on mound **318 (209C)**
Shou'd hide our walls, or whelm beneath the ground.
The Fates have follow'd as declar'd the Seer.
Be humbled, nations! and your Monarch hear.
Q227 No more unlicens'd brave the deeps, no more
With every stranger pass from shore to shore;
On angry Neptune now for mercy call:
✦ To his high name let twelve black oxen fall.
So may the God reverse his purpos'd will,
Nor o'er our City hang the dreadful hill."
The Monarch spoke: they trembled and obey'd,
Forth on the sands the victim oxen led:
The gathered tribes before the Altars stand,
And Chiefs and Rulers, a majestic band.
The King of Ocean all the tribes implore;
The blazing Altars redden all the shore.
Mean-while Ulysses in his country lay,
Releas'd from sleep, and round him might survey
The solitary shore, and rolling sea.
Yet had his mind thro' tedious absence lost
The dear remembrance of his native coast.
Besides Minerva, to secure her care,
L3[I] Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air:
For so the Gods ordain'd, to keep unseen
His royal person from his friends and Queen;
Q228 'Till the proud suitors for their crimes afford
An ample vengeance to their injur'd Lord.
Now all the land another prospect bore,
Another port appear'd, another shore, **6 (5C)**
And long-continu'd ways, and winding floods,
And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown woods.
Pensive and slow, with sudden grief opprest
The King arose, and beat his careful breast,
Cast a long look o'er all the coast and main,
And sought, around, his native realm in vain:
Then with erected eyes stood fix'd in woe, **6**
And as he spoke, the tears began to flow.
"Ye Gods!" (he cry'd) "upon what barren coast
In what new region is Ulysses tost?
Possess'd by wild Barbarians, fierce in arms?
Or Men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
Where shall this treasure now in safety lie?
And whither, whither its sad owner fly?
Pope Ah why did I Alcinoüs' grace implore? **330**
Odyssey Ah why forsake Phaeacia's happy shore? **336**
Some juster Prince perhaps had entertain'd, **102**
13.250 And safe restor'd me to my native land. **108**

Is this the promis'd, long-expected coast, Q229
And this the faith Phaeacia's rulers boast?
O righteous Gods! of all the great, how few
Are just to heav'n, and to their promise true!
But he, the Pow'r to whose all-seeing eyes
The deeds of men appear without disguise,
'Tis his alone t'avenge the wrongs I bear;
For still th' oppress'd are his peculiar care.
To count these presents, and from thence to prove,
Their faith, is mine: the rest belongs to Jove."
Then on the sands he rang'd his wealthy store,
The gold, the vests, the tripods, number'd o'er:
All these he found, but still in error lost
Disconsolate he wanders on the coast,
Sighs for his country, and laments again
To the deaf rocks, and hoarse-resounding main.
When lo! the guardian Goddess of the wise,
Celestial Pallas, stood before his eyes;
In show a youthful swain, of form divine,
Who seem'd descended from some princely line.
A graceful robe her slender body drest,
Around her shoulders flew the waving vest;
Her decent hand a shining Javelin bore, Q230
And painted Sandals on her Feet she wore.
To whom the King: "Whoe'er of human race
Thou art, that wander'st in this desart place! **L3[I]**
With joy to thee, **as to some God**, I bend,
To thee my treasures and my self commend.
O tell a wretch in exile doom'd to stray,
What air I breathe, what country I survey?
The fruitful continent's extremest bound,
Or some fair isle which Neptune's arms surround?"
"From what far clime" (said she) "remote from fame,
Arriv'st thou here a stranger to our name?
Thou seest an Island, not to those unknown
Whose hills are brighten'd by the rising sun,
Nor those that plac'd beneath his utmost reign
Behold him sinking in the western main.
The rugged soil allows no level space
For flying chariots or the rapid race;
Yet not ungrateful to the peasant's pain,
Suffices fulness to the swelling grain:
The loaded trees their various fruits produce,
And clust'ring grapes afford a gen'rous juice;
Woods crown our mountains, and in ev'ry grove Q231
The bounding goats and frisking heifers rove:
Soft rains and kindly dews refresh the field, **Pope**
And rising springs eternal verdure yield. **Odyssey**
Ev'n to those shores is Ithaca renown'd,
Where Troy's majestic ruins strow the ground." **13**.300

◆ Yet sure the Gods their impious acts detest,
Pope And honour justice and the righteous breast.
Odyssey Pyrates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,
The foes of peace, and scourges of mankind,
To whom offending men are made a prey
When Jove in vengeance gives a land away;
Ev'n these, when of their ill-got spoils possess'd,
Find sure tormentors in the guilty breast;
Some voice of God close whisp'ring from within:
"Wretch! this is villainy, and this is sin."
But these, no doubt, some oracle explore,
That tells, the great Ulysses is no more.
Hence springs their confidence, and from our sighs
Their rapine strengthens, and their riots rise:
Constant as Jove the night and day bestows,
Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows.
None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign
O'er the fair islands of the neighb'ring main
Nor all the monarchs whose far-dreaded sway
The wide-extended continents obey:
Q275 First, on the main land, of Ulysses' breed
Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on Ocean's margin feed;
As many stalls for shaggy goats are rear'd;
As many lodgments for the tusky herd;
Those foreign keepers guard: and here are seen
L1[O] Twelve herds of goats that graze our utmost green;
𝔸 To native pastors is their charge assign'd,
And mine the care to feed the bristly kind:
Each day the fattest bleeds of either herd,
All to the suitors' wasteful board preferr'd."
Thus he, benevolent; his unknown guest
With hunger keen devours the sav'ry feast;
While schemes of vengeance ripen in his breast.
Silent and thoughtful while the board he ey'd,
Eumaeus pours on high the purple tide;
The King with smiling looks his joy exprest,
And thus the kind inviting host addrest:
"Say now, what man is he, the man deplor'd,
So rich, so potent, whom you stile your Lord?
Late with such affluence and possessions blest,
And now in honor's glorious bed at rest.
Q276 Whoever was the warrior, he must be
To Fame no stranger, nor perhaps to me;
Who (so the Gods, and so the Fates ordain'd)
Have wander'd many a sea, and many a land."
"Small is the faith, the Prince and Queen ascribe"
(Reply'd Eumaeus) to the wand'ring tribe.
For needy strangers still to flatt'ry fly,
And want too oft betrays the tongue to lye.
14.150 Each vagrant traveller that touches here,

104
98
325
319

THE CONVERSATION WITH EUMAEUS.

Ulysses arrives in disguise at the house of Eumeaus, where he is received, entertained, and lodged with the utmost hospitality. The several discourses of that faithful old servant, with the feigned story told by Ulysses to conceal himself, and other conversations on various subjects, take up this entire book.

Pope's Odyssey (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 14

PREVIEW
BOOK 15

EPIC POEM .ORG

1 **DIGITAL CLASSICS**

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

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331 EPICPOEM.ORG 601 lines 3.0
337
103 𝔸 **1L** 1 - 150
109 𝔹 **3L** 151 - 601

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

PRINT 2-SIDED: **109** to **116**

✦ Q269 BUT He, deep-musing, o'er the mountains stray'd 105 (66C)
Thro' mazy thickets of the woodland shade, 99 (61C)
And cavern'd ways, the shaggy coast along, 326 (215C)
With cliffs, and nodding forests over-hung. 320 (210C)
Eumaeus at his Sylvan lodge he sought,
A faithful servant, and without a fault.
Ulysses found him, busied as he sate
Before the threshold of his rustic gate;
Around the mansion in a circle shone
A rural Portico of rugged stone:
Q270 (In absence of his Lord, with honest toil
His own industrious hands had rais'd the pile)
The wall was stone from neighbouring quarries born,
Encircled with a fence of native thorn,
And strong with pales, by many a weary stroke
Of stubborn labour hewn from heart of oak;
Frequent and thick. Within the space, were rear'd
Twelve ample cells, the lodgments of his herd.
Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd;
The males without (a smaller race) remain'd;
Doom'd to supply the Suitors' wastful feast,
A stock by daily luxury decreast;
Now scarce four hundred left. These to defend,
Four savage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.
Here sate Eumaeus, and his cares apply'd
L1[I] To form strong buskins of well-season'd hyde.
A Of four assistants who his labours share,
Three now were absent on the rural care;
The fourth drove victims to the suitor-train:
But he, of ancient faith, a simple swain,
Sigh'd, while he furnish'd the luxurious board,
And wearied heav'n with wishes for his Lord. 2 (1C)
Q271 Soon as Ulysses near th' enclosure drew,
With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew:
Down sat the Sage; and cautious to withstand,
Let fall th'offensive truncheon from his hand.
Sudden, the master runs; aloud he calls;
And from his hasty hand the leather falls;
With show'rs of stones he drives them far away; 2
The scatt'ring dogs around at distance bay.
"Unhappy stranger!" (thus the faithful swain
Began, with accent gracious and humane)
What sorrow had been mine, if at my gate
Thy rev'rend age had met a shameful fate?
Enough of woes already have I known;
Enough my master's sorrows, and my own.
Pope While here, (ungrateful task!) his herds I feed, 332
Odyssey Ordain'd for lawless rioters to bleed; 338
Perhaps supported at another's board, 104
14.50 Far from his country roams my hapless Lord! 110
Or sigh'd in exile forth his latest breath,
Now cover'd with th'eternal shade of death!
But enter this my homely roof, and see
Our woods not void of hospitality.
Then tell me whence thou art? and what the share Q272
Of woes and wand'rings thou wert born to bear?"
He said, and seconding the kind request,
With friendly step precedes his unknown guest,
A shaggy goat's soft hyde beneath him spread,
And with fresh rushes heap'd an ample bed. 60
Jove touch'd the Hero's tender soul, to find
So just reception from a heart so kind:
And, "oh ye Gods! with all your blessings grace.
(He thus broke forth) "this Friend of Human race!"
The swain reply'd: "It never was our guise 65
To slight the poor, or ought humane despise.
For Jove unfolds our hospitable door,
'Tis Jove that sends the stranger and the poor.
Little, alas! is all the good I can,
A man opprest, dependant, yet a man: 70
Accept such treatment as a swain affords,
Slave to the insolence of youthful Lords!
Far hence is by unequal Gods remov'd
That man of bounties, loving and belov'd!
To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is ow'd, 75
And more, had Fate allow'd, had been bestow'd: **L1[I]**
But Fate condemn'd him to a foreign shore! Q273 A
Much have I sorrow'd, but my master more.
Now cold he lies, to death's embrace resign'd:
Ah perish Helen! perish all her kind! 80
For whose curs'd cause, in Agamemnon's name,
He trod so fatally the paths of Fame."
His vest succinct then girding round his waste,
Forth rush'd the swain with hospitable haste.
Strait to the lodgments of his herd he run, 85
Where the fat porkers slept beneath the sun;
Of two, his cutlace launch'd the spouting blood;
These quarter'd, sing'd, and fix'd on forks of wood,
All hasty on the hissing coals he threw;
And smoaking back the tasteful viands drew, 90
Broachers and all; then on the board display'd
The ready meal before Ulysses lay'd.
(With flour imbrown'd) next mingled wine yet new,
And **luscious as the Bees' nectareous dew**:
Then sate companion of the friendly feast, 95
With open look, and thus bespoke his guest:
"Take with free welcome what our hands prepare, **Pope**
Such food as falls to simple servant's share; **Odyssey**
The best our Lords consume; those thoughtless Peers, Q274
Rich without bounty, guilty without fears! **14**.100

15.100 To whom the Youth for prudence fam'd, reply'd:
Pope "O Monarch, care of heav'n! thy people's pride!
Odyssey No friend in Ithaca my place supplies,
No pow'rful hands are there, no watchful eyes:
My stores expos'd and fenceless house demand
105 The speediest succour from my guardian hand;
Lest in a search too anxious and too vain
Of one lost joy, I lose what yet remain."
Q9 His purpose when the gen'rous warrior heard,
He charg'd the household cates to be prepar'd.
110 Now with the dawn, from his adjoyning home,
Was Boethoedes Eteoneus come;
Swift as the word he forms the rising blaze,
And o'er the coals the smoaking fragments lays.
Mean-time the King, his Son, and Helen, went
115 Where the rich wardrobe breath'd a costly scent;
The King selected from the glitt'ring rows
A bowl; the Prince a silver beaker chose.
The beauteous Queen revolv'd with careful eyes
Her various textures of unnumber'd dies,
120 And chose the largest; with no vulgar art
Her own fair hands embroider'd ev'ry part;
Beneath the rest it lay divinely bright,
Like radiant Hesper o'er the gems of night.
Then with each gift they hasten'd to their guest,
L1[O] And thus the King Ulysses' heir addrest:
𝔹 "Since fix'd are thy resolves, may thund'ring Jove
With happiest omens, thy desires approve!
Q10 This silver bowl, whose costly margins shine
Enchas'd with gold, this valu'd gift be thine;
130 To me this present, of Vulcanian frame,
From Sidon's hospitable Monarch came;
To thee we now consign the precious load,
The pride of Kings, and labour of a God."
Then gave the cup; while Megapenthe brought
135 The silver vase with living sculpture wrought.
The beauteous Queen advancing next, display'd
The shining veil, and thus endearing said:
"Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,
Long since, in better days, by Helen wove:
140 Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay,
To deck thy bride, and grace thy nuptial day.
Mean-time may'st thou with happiest speed regain
Thy stately palace, and thy wide domain."
She said, and gave the veil; with grateful look,
145 The Prince the variegated present took.
And now, when thro' the royal dome they pass'd,
High on a throne the King each stranger plac'd.
◆ Q11 A golden ew'r th'attendant damsel brings,
15.149 Replete with water from the chrystal springs;
With copious streams the shining vase supplies

106 Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,
100 To dear remembrance makes his image rise, **Pope**
327 And calls the springing sorrows from her eyes. **Odyssey**
321 Such thou may'st be. But he whose name you crave
Moulders in earth, or welters on the wave, 155
Or food for fish, or dogs, his reliques lye,
Or torn by birds are scatter'd thro' the sky.
So perish'd he: and left (for ever lost)
Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.
So mild a master never shall I find: 160
Less dear the parents whom I left behind,
Less soft my mother, less my father kind.
Not with such transport wou'd my eyes run o'er, Q277
Again to hail them in their native shore,
As lov'd Ulysses once more to embrace, 165
Restor'd and breathing in his natal place.
That name, for ever dread, yet ever dear,
E'en in his absence I pronounce with fear;
In my respect he bears a Prince's part,
But lives a very Brother in my heart." 170
Thus spoke the faithful swain, and thus rejoin'd
The Master of his grief, the man of patient mind.
"Ulysses, friend! shall view his old abodes,
(Distrustful as thou art) nor doubt the Gods.
Nor speak I rashly but with faith averr'd, 175
And what I speak attesting heav'n has heard. **L1[O]**
If so, a cloak and vesture be my meed; 𝔹
'Till his return, no title shall I plead,
Tho' certain be my news, and great my need.
Whom Want itself can force untruths to tell, 180
My soul detests him **as the gates of hell**.
3 Thou first be witness, hospitable Jove!
And ev'ry God inspiring social love!
And witness ev'ry household pow'r that waits, Q278
Guard of these fires, and angel of these gates! 185
Ere the next moon increase, or this decay,
His ancient realms Ulysses shall survey,
In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn,
3 And the lost glories of his house return.
Nor shall that meed be thine, nor ever more 190
Shall lov'd Ulysses hail this happy shore,"
(Reply'd Eumaeus:) "To the present hour
Now turn thy thought, and joys within our pow'r.
From sad reflection let my soul repose;
The name of him awakes a thousand woes. 195
But guard him Gods! and to these arms restore!
333 Not his true consort can desire him more;
339 Not old Laërtes, broken with despair;
105 Not young Telemachus, his blooming heir.
111 Alas, Telemachus! my sorrows flow **14**.200

◆ Afresh for thee, my second cause of woe!
Like some fair plant set by a heav'nly hand,
He grew, he flourish'd, and he blest the land;
In all the youth his father's image shin'd,
205 Bright in his person, brighter in his mind.
Q279 What man, or God, deceiv'd his better sense,
Far on the swelling seas to wander hence?
To distant Pylos hapless is he gone,
To seek his father's fate, and find his own!
210 For traytors wait his way, with dire design
To end at once the great Arcesian line.
But let us leave him to their wills above;
The fates of men are in the hand of Jove.
And now, my venerable guest! declare
215 Your name, your parents, and your native air?
Sincere from whence begun your course relate,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?"
Thus he: and thus (with prompt invention bold)
The cautious Chief his ready story told:
220 "On dark reserve what better can prevail,
Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,
Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place
Confer, and wines and cates the table grace;
But most, the kind inviter's chearful face?
225 Thus might we sit, with social goblets crown'd,
L1[I] 'Till the whole circle of the year goes round;
ℙ Q280 Not the whole circle of the year wou'd close
My long narration of a life of woes.
But such was Heav'n's high will! Know then I came
230 From sacred Crete, and from a Sire of Fame:
Castor Hylacides (that name he bore),
Belov'd and honour'd in his native shore;
Blest in his riches, in his children more.
Sprung of a handmaid, from a bought embrace,
235 I shar'd his kindness with his lawful race;
But when that Fate which all must undergo
From earth remov'd him to the shades below,
The large domain his greedy sons divide,
And each was portion'd as the lots decide.
240 Little alas! was left my wretched share,
Except a house, a covert from the air:
But what by niggard Fortune was deny'd
A willing widow's copious wealth supply'd.
My valour was my plea, a gallant mind
245 That, true to honour, never lagg'd behind,
(The sex is ever to a soldier kind.)
Pope Now wasting years my former strength confound,
Odyssey And added woes have bow'd me to the ground:
Q281 Yet by the stubble you may guess the grain,
14.250 And mark the ruins of no vulgar man.

107 Art come to bless her in thy native land." **15**.50
101 Thus spoke the Goddess, and resum'd her flight
328 To the pure regions of eternal light.
322 Mean-while Pisistratus he gently shakes,
And with these words the slumb'ring youth awakes:
"Rise, son of Nestor! for the road prepare, 55
And join the harness'd coursers to the car."
"What cause," he cry'd, "can justifie our flight,
To tempt the dangers of forbidding night?
Here wait we rather, till approaching day
Shall prompt our speed, and point the ready way. 60
Nor think of flight before the Spartan King
Shall bid farewel, and bounteous presents bring;
Gifts, which to distant ages safely stor'd,
The sacred act of friendship shall record."
Thus he. but when the dawn bestreak'd the East, 65
The King from Helen rose, and sought his guest.
As soon as his approach the Heroe knew, Q7
The splendid mantle round him first he threw,
Then o'er his ample shoulders whirl'd the cloak,
Respectful met the Monarch, and bespoke: 70
"Hail, great Atrides, favour'd of high Jove!
Let not thy Friends in vain for licence move.
Swift let us measure back the wat'ry way,
Nor check our speed, impatient of delay."
"If with desire so strong thy bosom glows, **L1[I]**
Ill," said the King, "should I thy wish oppose; ℙ
For oft in others freely I reprove
The ill-tim'd efforts of officious love;
Who love too much, hate in the like extream,
And both the golden Mean alike condemn. 80
4 Alike he thwarts the hospitable end,
Who drives the free, or stays the hasty friend;
True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
Yet stay, my friends, and in your chariot take 85
The noblest presents that our love can make:
Mean-time commit we to our women's care Q8
4 Some choice domestic viands to prepare;
The trav'ler rising from the banquet gay,
Eludes the labours of the tedious way. 90
Then if a wider course shall rather please
Thro' spacious Argos, and the Realms of Greece,
Atrides in his chariot shall attend;
Himself thy convoy to each royal friend.
No Prince will let Ulysses' heir remove 95
334 Without some pledge, some monument of love; **Pope**
340 These will the Caldron, these the Tripod give, **Odyssey**
106 From those the well-pair'd mules we shall receive,
112 Or bowl emboss'd whose golden figures live." **15**.99

14.601 ◆ Where screen'd from Boreas, high-o'erarch'd, they lay.

15.1 Q3 NOW had Minerva reach'd those ample plains,
Pope Fam'd for the dance, where Menelaüs reigns;
Odyssey Anxious she flies to great Ulysses' heir,
His instant voyage challeng'd all her care.
Beneath the royal Portico display'd,
With Nestor's Son, Telemachus was lay'd;
Q4 In sleep profound the Son of Nestor lies;
Not thine, Ulysses! Care unseal'd his eyes:
Restless he griev'd, with various fears opprest,
And all thy fortunes roll'd within his breast.
"When, Oh Telemachus!" (the Goddess said)
"Too long in vain, too widely hast thou stray'd.
Thus leaving careless thy paternal right
The robbers' prize, the prey to lawless might.
On fond pursuits neglectful while you roam,
Ev'n now, the hand of Rapine sacks the dome.
Hence to Atrides; and his leave implore
To launch thy vessel for thy natal shore:
Fly, whilst thy Mother virtuous yet withstands
Her kindred's wishes, and her Sire's commands,
Thro' both, Eurymachus pursues the dame,
And with the noblest gifts asserts his claim.
Hence, therefore, while thy stores thy own remain;
Thou know'st the practice of the female train,
L2[O] Lost in the children of the present spouse,
𝔹 They slight the pledges of their former vows;
Q5 Their love is always with the lover past;
Still the succeeding flame expells the last.
Let o'er thy house some chosen maid preside,
'Till heav'n decrees to bless thee in a bride.
But now thy more attentive ears incline,
Observe the warnings of a pow'r divine:
For thee their snares the Suitor Lords shall lay
In Samos' sands, or streights of Ithaca,
To seize thy life shall lurk the murd'rous band,
Ere yet thy footsteps press thy native land.
No — sooner far their riot and their lust
All-cov'ring earth shall bury deep in dust!
Then distant from the scatter'd Islands steer,
Nor let the night retard thy full career;
Thy heav'nly guardian shall instruct the gales
To smooth thy passage, and supply thy sails:
And when at Ithaca thy labour ends,
Send to the town thy vessel with thy friends,
But seek thou first the Master of the swine,
(For still to thee his loyal thoughts incline)
Q6 There pass the night; while he his course pursues
◆ To bring Penelope the wish'd-for news,
15.49 That thou safe sailing from the Pylian strand

108 Me Pallas gave to lead the martial storm,
102 And the fair ranks of battle to deform;
329 Me, Mars inspir'd to turn the foe to flight,
323 And tempt the secret ambush of the night.
Let ghastly Death in all his forms appear,
I saw him not; it was not mine to fear.
Before the rest I rais'd my ready steel,
The first I met, he yielded, or he fell.
But works of peace my soul disdain'd to bear,
The rural labour or domestick care.
To raise the mast, the missile dart to wing,
And send swift arrows from the bounding string,
Were arts the Gods made grateful to my mind;
Those Gods, who turn (to various ends design'd)
The various thoughts and talents of mankind.
Before the Graecians touch'd the Trojan plain,
Nine times Commander, or by land or main,
In foreign fields I spread my glory far,
Great in the praise, rich in the spoils of war:
Thence charg'd with riches, as increas'd in fame, Q282
To Crete return'd, an honourable name.
But when great Jove that direful war decreed,
Which rouz'd all Greece and made the mighty bleed;
Our states my self and Idomen employ
To lead their fleets, and carry death to Troy.
Nine years we warr'd; the tenth saw Ilion fall;
Homeward we sail'd, but Heav'n dispers'd us all.
One only month my wife enjoy'd my stay;
So will'd the God who gives and takes away.
Nine ships I mann'd equip'd with ready stores,
Intent to voyage to th'Egyptian shores;
5 In feast and sacrifice my chosen train
Six days consum'd; the sev'nth we plow'd the main.
Crete's ample fields diminish to our eye;
Before the Boreal blast the vessels fly;
Safe through the level seas we sweep our way;
The steer-man governs, and the ships obey.
The fifth fair morn we stem th'Egyptian tide,
5 And tilting o'er the bay the vessels ride:
To anchor there my fellows I command,
And spies commission to explore the land.
But sway'd by lust of gain, and headlong will, Q283
The coasts they ravage, and the natives kill.
The spreading clamor to their city flies,
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise.
The red'ning dawn reveals the circling fields
335 Horrid with bristly spears, and glancing shields.
341 Jove thunder'd on their side. Our guilty head
107 We turn'd to flight; the gath'ring vengeance spread
113 On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie dead. **14**.300

◆ I then explor'd my thought, what course to prove? **109 (67C)**
(And sure the thought was dictated by Jove, **103 (62C)**
Oh had he left me to that happier doom, **330 (216C)**
And sav'd a life of miseries to come!) **324 (211C)**
The radiant helmet from my brows unlac'd,
And low on earth my shield and javelin cast,
I meet the Monarch with a suppliant's face,
Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.
He heard, he sav'd, he plac'd me at his side;
My state he pity'd, and my tears he dry'd,
Restrain'd the rage the vengeful foe exprest,
And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breast.
Q284 Pious! to guard the hospitable rite,
And fearing Jove, whom mercy's works delight.
In Egypt thus with peace and plenty blest,
I liv'd (and happy still have liv'd) a guest.
On sev'n bright years successive blessings wait;
The next chang'd all the colour of my Fate.
A false Phoenician of insidious mind,
Vers'd in vile arts, and foe to humankind,
With semblance fair invites me to his home:
I seiz'd the proffer (ever fond to roam)
Domestic in his faithless roof I stay'd,
'Till the swift sun his annual circle made.
To Lybia then he meditates the way;
L2[I] With guileful art a stranger to betray,
𝔹 And sell to bondage in a foreign land:
Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the strand.
Thro' the mid seas the nimble pinnace sails,
Aloof from Crete, before the northern gales:
But when remote her chalky cliffs we lost,
And far from ken of any other coast, **6 (2C)**
When all was wild expanse of sea and air;
Then doom'd high Jove due vengeance to prepare.
Q285 He hung a night of horrors o'er their head,
(The shaded Ocean blacken'd as it spread)
He lanch'd the fiery bolt; from pole to pole
Broad burst the lightnings, deep the thunders roll;
In giddy rounds the whirling ship is tost, **6**
An all in clouds of smoth'ring sulphur lost.
As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,
The sable crows with intercepted flight
Drop endlong; scarr'd, and black with sulph'rous hue,
So from the deck are hurl'd the ghastly crew.
Such end the wicked found! But Jove's intent
Was yet to save th'opprest and innocent.
Pope Plac'd on the mast (the last recourse of life) **336**
Odyssey With winds and waves I held unequal strife; **342**
For nine long days the billows tilting o'er, **108**
14.350 The tenth soft wafts me to Thesprotia's shore. **114**

He thought and answer'd: hardly waking yet,
Sprung in his mind a momentary wit;
(That wit, which or in council, or in fight, Q295
Still met th'emergence, and determin'd right).
'Hush thee,' he cry'd, (soft-whisp'ring in my ear)
'Speak not a word, least any Greek may hear' —
And then (supporting on his arm his head)
'Hear me companions!' (thus aloud he said)
'Methinks too distant from the fleet we lye:
E'en now a Vision stood before my eye,
And sure the warning Vision was from high:
Let from among us some swift Courier rise,
Haste to the Gen'ral, and demand supplies.'
Upstarted Thoas strait, Andraemon's son,
Nimbly he rose, and cast his garment down;
Instant, the racer vanish'd off the ground;
That instant, in his cloak I wrapt me round:
And safe I slept, till brightly-dawning shone
The Morn, conspicuous on her golden throne.
Oh were my strength as then, as then my age!
Some friend would fence me from the winter's rage.
Yet tatter'd as I look, I challeng'd then
The honors, and the offices of men:
Some master, or some servant would allow Q296
A cloak and vest — but I am nothing now!" Q297
"Well hast thou spoke" (rejoin'd th'attentive swain) **L2[I]**
"Thy lips let fall no idle word or vain: 𝔹
Nor garment shalt thou want, nor ought beside,
Meet, for the wand'ring suppliant to provide.
But in the morning take thy cloaths again,
For here one vest suffices ev'ry swain;
No change of garments to our hinds is known:
But when return'd, the good Ulysses' son
With better hand shall grace with fit attires
His guest, and send thee where thy soul desires."
The honest herdsman rose, as this he said,
And drew before the hearth the stranger's bed:
The fleecy spoils of sheep, a goat's rough hide
He spreads; and adds a mantle thick and wide;
With store to heap above him, and below,
And guard each quarter as the tempests blow.
There lay the King, and all the rest supine;
All, but the careful master of the swine:
Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care:
Well arm'd, and fenced against nocturnal air;
His weighty faulchion o'er his shoulder ty'd:
His shaggy cloak a mountain goat supply'd: **Pope**
With his broad spear, the dread of dogs and men, **Odyssey**
He seeks his lodging in the rocky den.
There, to the tusky herd he bends his way, **14**.600

◆ He sate, and sweet refection cheer'd his soul. **110 (68C)**
Pope The bread from canisters Mesaulius gave, **104 (63C)**
Odyssey (Eumaeus' proper treasure bought this slave, **331 (217C)**
And led from Taphos, to attend his board, **325 (212C)**
A servant added to his absent Lord)
His task it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
And from the banquet take the bowls away.
And now the rage of hunger was represt,
And each betakes him to his couch to rest.
Q293 Now came the Night, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things; the winds began to roar;
The driving storm the wat'ry west-wind pours,
And Jove descends in deluges of show'rs.
Studious of rest and warmth, Ulysses lies,
Foreseeing from the first the storm wou'd rise
In meer necessity of coat and cloak,
With artful preface to his host he spoke:
"Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet grace;
'Tis sweet to play the fool in time and place,
And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile,
The grave in merry measures frisk about,
And many a long-repented word bring out.
Since to be talkative I now commence,
Let wit cast off the sullen yoke of sense.
L3[O] Once I was strong (would heav'n restore those days!)
𝔹 And with my betters claim'd a share of praise.
Ulysses, Menelas led forth a band,
And joyn'd me with them, ('twas their own command)
A deathful ambush for the foe to lay,
Beneath Troy walls by night we took our way:
Q294 There, clad in arms, along the marshes spread, **7 (3C)**
We made the ozier-fringed bank our bed.
Full soon th'inclemency of Heav'n I feel,
Nor had these shoulders cov'ring, but of steel.
Sharp blew the North; snow whitening all the fields
Froze with the blast, and gath'ring glazed our shields.
There all but I, well fenc'd with cloak and vest,
Lay cover'd by their ample shields at rest. **7**
Fool that I was! I left behind my own;
The skill of weather and of winds unknown,
And trusted to my coat and shield alone!
When now was wasted more than half the night,
And the stars faded at approaching light;
Sudden I jogg'd Ulysses, who was laid
Fast by my side, and shiv'ring thus I said:
'Here longer in this field I cannot lie, **337**
The winter pinches, and with cold I die, **343**
And die asham'd (oh wisest of mankind) **109**
14.550 The only fool who left his cloak behind.' **115**

The Monarch's son a shipwrackt wretch reliev'd,
The Sire with hospitable rites receiv'd, **Pope**
And in his palace **like a brother** plac'd, **Odyssey**
With gifts of price and gorgeous garments grac'd.
While here I sojourn'd, oft I heard the fame
How late Ulysses to the country came,
How lov'd, how honour'd in this court he stay'd, Q286
And here his whole collected treasure lay'd;
I saw my self the vast unnumber'd store
Of steel elab'rate, and refulgent ore,
And brass high-heap'd amidst the regal dome;
Immense supplies for ages yet to come!
Mean-time he voyag'd to explore the will
Of Jove, on high Dodona's holy hill,
What means might best his safe return avail,
To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail?
Full oft has Phidon, whilst he pour'd the wine,
Attesting solemn all the pow'rs divine,
That soon Ulysses wou'd return, declar'd
The sailors waiting, and the ships prepar'd.
But first the King dismiss'd me from his shores,
For fair Dulichium crown'd with fruitful stores;
To good Acastus' friendly care consign'd:
But other counsels pleas'd the sailor's mind:
New frauds were plotted by the faithless train,
And Misery demands me once again. **L3[O]**
Soon as remote from shore they plow the wave, 𝔹
With ready hands they rush to seize their slave;
Then with these tatter'd rags they wrapt me round, Q287
(Stripp'd of my own) and to the vessel bound.
At eve, at Ithaca's delightful land
The ship arriv'd: Forth-issuing on the sand,
They sought repaste; while to th'unhappy kind,
The pitying Gods themselves my chains unbind.
Soft I descended, to the sea apply'd
My naked breast, and shot along the tide.
Soon past beyond their sight, I left the flood,
And took the spreading shelter of the wood.
Their prize escap'd the faithless pyrates mourn'd;
But deem'd enquiry vain, and to their ship return'd.
Screen'd by protecting Gods from hostile eyes,
They led me to a good man and a wise;
To live beneath thy hospitable care,
And wait the woes heav'n dooms me yet to bear."
"Unhappy guest! whose sorrows touch my mind!"
(Thus good Eumaeus with a sigh rejoin'd)
"For real suff'rings since I grieve sincere,
Check not with fallacies the springing tear;
Nor turn the passion into groundless joy
For him, whom Heav'n has destin'd to destroy. **14**.400

✦ Q288 Oh! had he perisht on some well-fought day, **111 (69C)**
Or in his friend's embraces dy'd away! **105 (64C)**
That grateful Greece with streaming eyes might raise **332 (218C)**
Historic marbles, to record his praise: **326 (213C)**
His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
Had with transmissive honours grac'd his son.
Now snatch'd by Harpies to the dreary coast,
Sunk is the Heroe, and his glory lost!
While pensive in this solitary den,
Far from gay cities, and the ways of men,
I linger life; nor to the court repair,
But when my constant Queen commands my care;
Or when, to taste her hospitable board,
Some guest arrives, with rumors of her Lord;
And these indulge their want, and those their woe,
And here the tears, and there the goblets flow.
By many such have I been warn'd; but chief
By one Etolian robb'd of all belief,
Whose hap it was to this our roof to roam,
For murder banish'd from his native home.
He swore, Ulysses on the coast of Crete
Staid but a season to re-fit his fleet;
Q289 A few revolving months shou'd waft him o'er,
Fraught with bold warriors and a boundless store.
O thou! whom Age has taught to understand,
L3[I] And Heav'n has guided with a fav'ring hand!
𝔹 On God or mortal to obtrude a lye
Forbear, and dread to flatter, as to die.
Nor for such ends my house and heart are free,
But dear respect to Jove, and charity."
"And why, oh swain of unbelieving mind!"
(Thus quick reply'd the wisest of mankind) **8 (4C)**
"Doubt you my oath? yet more my faith to try,
A solemn compact let us ratify,
And witness every pow'r that rules the sky!
If here Ulysses from his labours rest,
Be then my prize a tunic and a vest;
And, where my hopes invite me, strait transport
In safety to Dulichium's friendly court. **8**
But if he greets not thy desiring eye,
Hurl me from yon dread precipice on high;
The due reward of fraud and perjury."
"Doubtless, oh guest! great laud and praise were mine"
(Reply'd the swain for spotless faith divine)
Q290 If, after social rites and gifts bestow'd,
I stain'd my hospitable hearth with blood.
Pope How wou'd the Gods my righteous toils succeed, **338**
Odyssey And bless the hand that made a stranger bleed? **344**
No more — th'approaching hours of silent night **110**
14.450 First claim refection, then to rest invite; **116**
Beneath our humble cottage let us haste,
And here, unenvy'd, rural dainties taste."
Thus commun'd these; while to their lowly dome
The full-fed swine return'd with evening home;
Compell'd, reluctant, to their sev'ral styes,
With din obstrep'rous, and ungrateful cries.
Then to the slaves — "Now from the herd the best
Select, in honour of our foreign guest:
With him, let us the genial banquet share,
For great and many are the griefs we bear;
While those who from our labours heap their board,
Blaspheme their feeder, and forget their Lord."
Thus speaking, with despatchful hand he took
A weighty ax, and cleft the solid oak;
This on the earth he pil'd; a boar full fed
Of five years age, before the pile was led:
The swain, whom acts of piety delight, Q291
Observant of the Gods, begins the rite;
First shears the forehead of the bristly boar,
And suppliant stands, invoking every pow'r
To speed Ulysses to his native shore.
A knotty stake then aiming at his head,
Down drop'd he groaning, and the spirit fled.
The scorching flames climb round on ev'ry side:
Then the sindg'd members they with skill divide;
On these, in rolls of fat involv'd with art, **L3[I]**
The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part. 𝔹
Some in the flames, bestrow'd with flour, they threw;
Some cut in fragments, from the forks they drew:
These while on sev'ral tables they dispose,
As priest himself, the blameless rustick rose;
Expert the destin'd victim to dis-part
In sev'n just portions, pure of hand and heart.
One sacred to the Nymphs apart they lay;
Another to the winged sons of May:
The rural tribe in common share the rest,
The King the chine, the honour of the feast.
Who sate delighted at his servant's board; Q292
The faithful servant joy'd his unknown Lord.
"Oh be thou dear" (Ulysses cry'd) "to Jove,
As well thou claim'st a grateful stranger's love!"
"Be then thy thanks," (the bounteous swain reply'd)
"Enjoyment of the good the Gods provide.
From God's own hand descend our joys and woes;
These he decrees, and he but suffers those:
All pow'r is his, and whatsoe'er he wills,
The Will it self, Omnipotent, fulfils." **Pope**
This said, the first-fruits to the Gods he gave; **Odyssey**
Then pour'd of offer'd wine the sable wave:
In great Ulysses' hand he plac'd the bowl, **14**.500

The blood-stain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam.
Pope But bear, oh bear me o'er yon azure flood;
Odyssey Receive the suppliant! spare my destin'd blood!"
"Stranger" (reply'd the Prince) securely rest
305 Affianced in our faith; henceforth our guest."
Thus affable, Ulysses' **God-like** heir
Takes from the stranger's hand the glitt'ring spear:
He climbs the ship, ascends the stern with haste,
And by his side the guest accepted plac'd.
310 Q19 The chief his order gives: th'obedient band
With due observance wait the chief's command:
With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.
Minerva calls; the ready gales obey
315 With rapid speed to whirl them o'er the sea.
Crunus they pass'd, next Chalcis roll'd away,
With thick'ning darkness clos'd the doubtful day;
The silver Phaea's glitt'ring Rills they lost,
And skim'd along by Elis' sacred coast.
320 Then cautious thro' the rocky reaches wind,
And turning sudden, shun the death design'd.
Mean-time the King, Eumaeus, and the rest,
Sate in the Cottage, at their rural feast:
The banquet past, and satiate ev'ry man,
325 To try his host Ulysses thus began:
L1[O] "Yet one night more, my friends, indulge your guest;
A The last I purpose in your walls to rest:
To-morrow for my self I must provide,
And only ask your counsel, and a guide:
330 Q20 Patient to roam the street, by hunger led,
And bless the friendly hand that gives me bread.
There in Ulysses' roof I may relate
Ulysses' wand'rings to his royal mate;
Or mingling with the suitors' haughty train,
335 Not undeserving, some support obtain.
Hermes to me his various gifts imparts.
Patron of industry and manual arts:
Few can with me in dext'rous works contend,
The pyre to build, the stubborn oak to rend;
340 To turn the tasteful viand o'er the flame;
Or foam the goblet with a purple stream.
Such are the tasks of men of mean estate,
Whom Fortune dooms to serve the rich and great."
"Alas!" (Eumaeus with a sigh rejoin'd)
345 "How sprung a thought so monstrous in thy mind?
If on that god-less race thou wouldst attend,
Fate owes thee sure a miserable end!
◆ Their wrongs and blasphemies ascend the sky,
And pull descending vengeance from on high.
15.350 Q21 Not such, my friend, the servants of their feast:

112
106
333
327

THE RETURN
OF TELEMACHUS.

The goddess Minerva commands Telemachus in a vision to return to Ithaca, Pisistratus and he take leave of Menelaüs, and arrive at Pylos, where they part and Telemachus sets sail, after having received on board Theoclymenus the soothsayer. The scene then changes to the cottage of Eumaeus, who entertains Ulysses with a recital of his adventures. In the meantime Telemachus arrives on the coast, and sending the vessel to the town, proceeds by himself to the lodge of Eumaeus.

Pope's Odyssey (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 15

PREVIEW
BOOK 16

EPIC POEM .ORG

1 **DIGITAL CLASSICS**

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

language: Modern English (1725)
1 copy text: Lintot (vol. iv 1725)
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339
345
111
117

EPICPOEM.ORG 598 lines 3.0

A 2L 1 - 350
B 2L 351 - 598

PRINT
2-SIDED:
117 to **124**

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

Q3 NOW had Minerva reach'd those ample plains,
Fam'd for the dance, where Menelaüs reigns;
Anxious she flies to great Ulysses' heir,
His instant voyage challeng'd all her care.
Beneath the royal Portico display'd,
With Nestor's Son, Telemachus was lay'd;
Q4 In sleep profound the Son of Nestor lies;
Not thine, Ulysses! Care unseal'd his eyes:
Restless he griev'd, with various fears opprest,
And all thy fortunes roll'd within his breast.
"When, Oh Telemachus!" (the Goddess said)
"Too long in vain, too widely hast thou stray'd.
Thus leaving careless thy paternal right
The robbers' prize, the prey to lawless might.
On fond pursuits neglectful while you roam,
Ev'n now, the hand of Rapine sacks the dome.
Hence to Atrides; and his leave implore
To launch thy vessel for thy natal shore:
Fly, whilst thy Mother virtuous yet withstands
Her kindred's wishes, and her Sire's commands,
Thro' both, Eurymachus pursues the dame,
And with the noblest gifts asserts his claim.
Hence, therefore, while thy stores thy own remain;
Thou know'st the practice of the female train,
Lost in the children of the present spouse,
L1[I] They slight the pledges of their former vows;
A Q5 Their love is always with the lover past;
Still the succeeding flame expells the last.
Let o'er thy house some chosen maid preside,
'Till heav'n decrees to bless thee in a bride.
But now thy more attentive ears incline,
Observe the warnings of a pow'r divine:
For thee their snares the Suitor Lords shall lay
In Samos' sands, or streights of Ithaca,
To seize thy life shall lurk the murd'rous band,
Ere yet thy footsteps press thy native land.
No — sooner far their riot and their lust
All-cov'ring earth shall bury deep in dust!
Then distant from the scatter'd Islands steer,
Nor let the night retard thy full career;
Thy heav'nly guardian shall instruct the gales
To smooth thy passage, and supply thy sails:
And when at Ithaca thy labour ends,
Send to the town thy vessel with thy friends,
But seek thou first the Master of the swine,
(For still to thee his loyal thoughts incline)
Pope Q6 There pass the night; while he his course pursues
Odyssey ◆ To bring Penelope the wish'd-for news,
That thou safe sailing from the Pylian strand
15.50 Art come to bless her in thy native land."

113 (70C)
107 (65C)
334 (219C)
328 (214C)
2 (1C)
2
340
346
112
118

New from his crime, and reeking yet with gore.
A Seer he was, from great Melampus sprung,
(Melampus, who in Pylos flourish'd long,
'Till urg'd by wrongs a foreign realm he chose,
Far from the hateful cause of all his woes.
Neleus his treasures one long year detains;
As long, he groan'd in Philacus' chains:
Mean-time, what anguish and what rage combin'd,
For lovely Pero rack'd his lab'ring mind!
Yet 'scap'd he death; and vengeful of his wrong
To Pylos drove the lowing herds along:
Then (Neleus vanquish'd, and consign'd the Fair
To Bias' arms) he sought a foreign air;
Argos the rich for his retreat he chose,
There form'd his empire; there his palace rose.
From him Antiphates and Mantius came:
The first begot Oicleus great in fame,
And he Amphiaraus, immortal name!
The people's Saviour, and divinely wise, Q17
Be lov'd by Jove, and him who gilds the skies,
Yet short his date of life! by female pride he dies.
From Mantius Clitus, whom Aurora's love
Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above:
And Polyphides on whom Phoebus shone
With fullest rays, Amphiaraus now gone;
In Hyperesia's groves he made abode, **L1[I]**
And taught mankind the counsels of the God. A
From him sprung) Theoclymenus, who found
(The sacred wine yet foaming on the ground)
Telemachus: whom as to heav'n he prest
His ardent vows, the stranger thus addrest:
"O thou! that dost thy happy course prepare
With pure libations and with solemn pray'r;
By that dread power to whom thy vows are paid;
By all the lives of these; thy own dear head,
Declare sincerely to no foe's demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land."
"Prepare then," said Telemachus, "to know
A tale from falsehood free, not free from woe.
From Ithaca, of royal birth I came, Q18
And great Ulysses (ever honour'd name!)
Was once my Sire: tho' now for ever lost
In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
Whose fate enquiring, thro' the world we rove;
The last, the wretched proof of filial love."
The Stranger then: "Nor shall I ought conceal,
But the dire secret of my fate reveal. **Pope**
Of my own tribe an Argive wretch I slew; **Odyssey**
Whose pow'rful friends the luckless deed pursue
With unrelenting rage, and force from home **15**.300

From slaughter'd gluttons to release the dome." **114 (71C)**

Pope "Oh! if this promis'd bliss by thund'ring Jove," **108 (66C)**

Odyssey (The Prince reply'd) "stand fixt in fate above; **335 (220C)**

To thee, as to some God, I'll temples raise, **329 (215C)**

And crown thy altars with the costly blaze."

He said; and bending o'er his chariot, flung

Athwart the fiery steeds the smarting thong;

Q14 The bounding shafts upon the harness play,

'Till night descending intercepts the way.

To Diocles, at Pherae, they repair,

Whose boasted Sire was sacred Alpheus' heir;

With him all night the youthful strangers stay'd,

Nor found the hospitable rites unpay'd,

But soon as morning from her orient bed

Had ting'd the mountains with her earliest red,

They join'd the steeds and on the chariot sprung,

The brazen portals in their passage rung.

To Pylos soon they came; when thus begun

To Nestor's heir Ulysses' **god-like** son:

"Let not Pisistratus in vain be prest,

Nor unconsenting hear his friend's request;

His friend by long hereditary claim,

In toils his equal, and in years the same.

No farther from our vessel, I implore,

The coursers drive; but lash them to the shore.

L2[O] Too long thy father would his friend detain;

A I dread his proffer'd kindness, urg'd in vain."

Q15 The Heroe paus'd, and ponder'd this request,

While love and duty warr'd within his breast.

At length resolv'd, he turn'd his ready hand,

And lash'd his panting coursers to the strand.

There, while within the poop with care he stor'd **3 (2C)**

The regal presents of the Spartan Lord;

"With speed be gone," (said he) "call ev'ry mate,

Ere yet to Nestor I the tale relate:

'Tis true, the fervor of his gen'rous heart

Brooks no repulse, nor cou'dst thou soon depart:

Himself will seek thee here, nor wilt thou find

In words alone, the Pylian Monarch kind. **3**

But when arriv'd he thy return shall know,

How will his breast with honest fury glow?"

This said, the sounding strokes his horses fire,

And soon he reach'd the Palace of his Sire.

"Now" (cry'd Telemachus) "with speedy care

Hoise ev'ry sail, and ev'ry oar prepare."

Swift as the word his willing mates obey,

And seize their seats, impatient for the sea. **341**

✦ Q16 Mean-time the Prince with sacrifice adores **347**

Minerva, and her guardian aid implores; **113**

15.250 When lo! a wretch ran breathless to the shore, **119**

Thus spoke the Goddess, and resum'd her flight

To the pure regions of eternal light. **Pope**

Mean-while Pisistratus he gently shakes, **Odyssey**

And with these words the slumb'ring youth awakes:

"Rise, son of Nestor! for the road prepare, 55

And join the harness'd coursers to the car."

"What cause," he cry'd, "can justifie our flight,

To tempt the dangers of forbidding night?

Here wait we rather, till approaching day

Shall prompt our speed, and point the ready way. 60

Nor think of flight before the Spartan King

Shall bid farewel, and bounteous presents bring;

Gifts, which to distant ages safely stor'd,

The sacred act of friendship shall record."

Thus he. but when the dawn bestreak'd the East, 65

The King from Helen rose, and sought his guest.

As soon as his approach the Heroe knew, Q7

The splendid mantle round him first he threw,

Then o'er his ample shoulders whirl'd the cloak,

Respectful met the Monarch, and bespoke: 70

"Hail, great Atrides, favour'd of high Jove!

Let not thy Friends in vain for licence move.

Swift let us measure back the wat'ry way,

Nor check our speed, impatient of delay."

"If with desire so strong thy bosom glows, 75

Ill," said the King, "should I thy wish oppose; **L2[O]**

For oft in others freely I reprove A

The ill-tim'd efforts of officious love;

Who love too much, hate in the like extream,

And both the golden Mean alike condemn. 80

Alike he thwarts the hospitable end,

Who drives the free, or stays the hasty friend;

True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

Yet stay, my friends, and in your chariot take 85

The noblest presents that our love can make:

Mean-time commit we to our women's care Q8

Some choice domestic viands to prepare;

The trav'ler rising from the banquet gay,

Eludes the labours of the tedious way. 90

Then if a wider course shall rather please

Thro' spacious Argos, and the Realms of Greece,

Atrides in his chariot shall attend;

Himself thy convoy to each royal friend.

No Prince will let Ulysses' heir remove 95

Without some pledge, some monument of love;

These will the Caldron, these the Tripod give,

From those the well-pair'd mules we shall receive,

Or bowl emboss'd whose golden figures live."

To whom the Youth for prudence fam'd, reply'd: **15**.100

"O Monarch, care of heav'n! thy people's pride!
No friend in Ithaca my place supplies,
No pow'rful hands are there, no watchful eyes:
My stores expos'd and fenceless house demand
The speediest succour from my guardian hand;
Lest in a search too anxious and too vain
Of one lost joy, I lose what yet remain."
Q9 His purpose when the gen'rous warrior heard,
He charg'd the household cates to be prepar'd.
Now with the dawn, from his adjoyning home,
Was Boethoedes Eteoneus come;
Swift as the word he forms the rising blaze,
And o'er the coals the smoaking fragments lays.
Mean-time the King, his Son, and Helen, went
Where the rich wardrobe breath'd a costly scent;
The King selected from the glitt'ring rows
A bowl; the Prince a silver beaker chose.
The beauteous Queen revolv'd with careful eyes
Her various textures of unnumber'd dies,
And chose the largest; with no vulgar art
Her own fair hands embroider'd ev'ry part;
Beneath the rest it lay divinely bright,
Like radiant Hesper o'er the gems of night.
Then with each gift they hasten'd to their guest,
And thus the King Ulysses' heir addrest:
L2[I] "Since fix'd are thy resolves, may thund'ring Jove
𝔸 With happiest omens, thy desires approve!
Q10 This silver bowl, whose costly margins shine
Enchas'd with gold, this valu'd gift be thine;
To me this present, of Vulcanian frame,
From Sidon's hospitable Monarch came;
To thee we now consign the precious load, **4 (3C)**
The pride of Kings, and labour of a God."
Then gave the cup; while Megapenthe brought
The silver vase with living sculpture wrought.
The beauteous Queen advancing next, display'd
The shining veil, and thus endearing said:
"Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,
Long since, in better days, by Helen wove: **4**
Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay,
To deck thy bride, and grace thy nuptial day.
Mean-time may'st thou with happiest speed regain
Thy stately palace, and thy wide domain."
She said, and gave the veil; with grateful look,
The Prince the variegated present took.
And now, when thro' the royal dome they pass'd,
Pope High on a throne the King each stranger plac'd. **342**
Odyssey ✦ Q11 A golden ew'r th'attendant damsel brings, **348**
Replete with water from the chrystal springs; **114**
15.150 With copious streams the shining vase supplies **120**
A silver laver of capacious size.
They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
The glitt'ring canisters are crown'd with bread;
Viands of various kinds allure the taste
Of choicest sort and savour; rich repast!
Whilst Eteoneus portions out the shares,
Atrides' son the purple draught prepares.
And now (each sated with the genial feast,
And the short rage of thirst and hunger ceast)
Ulysses' son, with his illustrious friend,
The horses join, the polish'd car ascend.
Along the court the fiery steeds rebound,
And the wide portal echoes to the sound.
The King precedes; a bowl with fragrant wine
(Libation destin'd to the Pow'rs divine)
His right-hand held: before the steed he stands,
Then, mix'd with pray'rs, he utters these commands:
"Farewel and prosper, youths! let Nestor know Q12
What grateful thoughts still in this bosom glow,
For all the proofs of his paternal care,
Thro' the long dangers of the ten-years' war."
"Ah! doubt not our report" (the Prince rejoin'd)
"Of all the virtues of thy generous mind.
And oh! return'd might we Ulysses meet!
To him thy presents show, thy words repeat:
How will each speech his grateful wonder raise? **L2[I]**
How will each gift indulge us in thy praise?" 𝔸
Scarce ended thus the Prince, **when on the right**
Advanc'd the bird of Jove: auspicious sight!
A milk-white fowle his clinching talons bore,
With care domestic pamper'd at the floor.
Peasants in vain with threatening cries pursue,
In solemn speed the bird majestick flew
Full dexter to the car: the prosp'rous sight
Fill'd every breast with wonder and delight.
But Nestor's son the chearful silence broke,
And in these words the Spartan chief bespoke:
"Say if to us the Gods these Omens send, Q13
Or fates peculiar to thy self portend?"
Whilst yet the Monarch paus'd, with doubts opprest,
The beauteous Queen reliev'd his lab'ring breast:
"Hear me," she cry'd, "to whom the Gods have giv'n
To read this sign, and mystick sense of heav'n,
As thus the plumy sov'reign of the air
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,
And wander'd thro' the wide ethereal way
To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey; **Pope**
So shall thy god-like father, toss'd in vain **Odyssey**
Thro' all the dangers of the boundless main,
Arrive, (or is perchance already come) **15**.200

O that I were from great Ulysses sprung,
Pope Or that these wither'd nerves like thine were strung;
Odyssey Or heav'ns! might He return! (and soon appear
He shall, I trust; a Heroe scorns despair)
Q73 Might he return, I yield my life a prey
To my worst foe, if that avenging day
Be not their last: but should I lose my life,
110 Oppress'd by numbers in the glorious strife,
I chuse the nobler part, and yield my breath,
Rather than bear dishonor worse than death,
Than see the hand of violence invade
The reverend stranger, and the spotless maid;
115 Than see the wealth of Kings consum'd in waste,
The drunkards revel, and the gluttons feast."
Thus he, with anger flashing from his eye;
Sincere the youthful Heroe made reply:
"Nor leagu'd in factious arms my subjects rise,
120 Nor priests in fabled oracles advise;
Nor are my brothers who should aid my pow'r,
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour.
Ah me! I boast no brother; heav'n's dread King
Gives from our stock an only branch to spring:
125 Alone Laertes reign'd Arcesius' heir,
Alone Ulysses drew the vital air,
Q74 And I alone the bed connubial grac'd,
L1[O] An unblest offspring of a sire unblest!
𝔹 Each neighb'ring realm conducive to our woe,
130 Sends forth her peers, and every peer a foe:
The court proud Samos and Dulichium fills,
And lofty Zacinth crown'd with shady hills.
Ev'n Ithaca and all her Lords invade
Th'imperial scepter, and the regal bed:
135 The Queen averse to love, yet aw'd by pow'r,
Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour:
Mean-time their licence uncontroul'd I bear;
Ev'n now they envy me the vital air:
But heav'n will sure revenge, and Gods there are.
140 But go, Eumaeus! to the Queen impart
Our safe return, and ease a mother's heart.
Yet secret go; for numerous are my foes,
And here at least I may in peace repose."
To whom the swain: "I hear, and I obey:
145 But old Laertes weeps his life away,
And deems thee lost: shall I speed employ
To bless his age, a messenger of joy?
Q75 The mournful hour that tore his son away
Sent the sad sire in solitude to stray;
16.150 Yet busied with his slaves, to ease his woe,
He drest the vine, and bad the garden blow,
16.152 Nor food nor wine refus'd: but since the day
That you to Pylos plow'd the wat'ry way,

116 A blooming train in rich embroid'ry drest,
110 With earth's whole tribute the bright table bends, Pope
337 And smiling round celestial Youth attends. Odyssey
331 Stay then: no eye askance beholds thee here;
Sweet is thy converse to each social ear; 355
Well pleased, and pleasing, in our cottage rest,
'Till good Telemachus accepts his guest
With genial gifts, and change of fair attires,
And safe conveys thee where thy soul desires."
To him the Man of woes: "Oh gracious Jove! 360
Reward this stranger's hospitable love,
Who knows the son of sorrow to relieve,
Chears the sad heart, nor lets affliction grieve.
Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
A life of wand'rings is the greatest woe: 365
On all their weary ways wait Care and Pain,
And Pine and Penury, a meagre train.
To such a man since harbour you afford,
Relate the farther fortunes of your Lord;
Q22 What cares his Mother's tender breast engage, 370
And Sire, forsaken on the verge of age;
Beneath the sun prolong they yet their breath,
Or range the house of darkness and of death?"
To whom the Swain: "Attend what you enquire.
Laertes lives, the miserable sire, 375
Lives, but implores of ev'ry pow'r to lay L1[O]
The burden down, and wishes for the day. 𝔹
Torn from his offspring in the eve of life,
Torn from th'embraces of his tender wife,
Sole, and all comfortless he wastes away, 380
Old age untimely posting ere his day.
5 She too, sad Mother! for Ulysses lost
Pin'd out her bloom, and vanish'd to a ghost.
(So dire a fate, ye righteous Gods! avert,
From ev'ry friendly, ev'ry feeling heart!) 385
While yet she was, tho' clouded o'er with grief,
Her pleasing converse minister'd relief;
With Ctimene, her youngest daughter, bred,
5 One roof contain'd us, and one table fed.
Q23 But when the softly-stealing pace of time 390
Crept on from childhood into youthful prime,
To Samos' Isle she sent the wedded fair;
Me to the fields, to tend the rural care;
Array'd in garments her own hands had wove,
Nor less the darling object of her love. 395
Her hapless death my brighter days o'ercast,
343 Yet Providence deserts me not at last;
349 My present labours food and drink procure,
115 And more, the pleasure to relieve the poor.
121 Small is the comfort from the Queen to hear 15.400

Unwelcome news, or vex the royal ear;
Blank and discountenanc'd the servants stand,
Nor dare to question where the proud command:
No profit springs beneath usurping pow'rs;
Want feeds not there, where Luxury devours,
Nor harbours Charity where Riot reigns:
Proud are the lords, and wretched are the swains."
The suff'ring chief at this began to melt;
And, "oh Eumaeus! thou" (he cries) "hast felt
The spite of fortune too! her cruel hand
Snatch'd thee an infant from thy native land!
Snatch'd from thy parents' arms, thy parents' eyes,
To early wants! a man of miseries!
The whole sad story, from its first, declare:
Sunk the fair City by the rage of war,
Where once thy parents dwelt? or did they keep
In humbler life, the lowing herds and sheep?
So left perhaps to tend the fleecy train,
Rude Pyrates seiz'd, and shipp'd thee o'er the main?
Doom'd a fair prize to grace some Prince's board,
The worthy purchase of a foreign lord.
If then my fortunes can delight my friend,
A story fruitful of events, attend:
Another's sorrow may thy ears enjoy,
And wine the lengthen'd intervals imploy.
Long nights the now-declining year bestows;
A part we consecrate to soft repose,
A part in pleasing talk we entertain;
For too much rest itself becomes a pain.
Let those whom sleep invites, the call obey,
Their cares resuming with the dawning day:
Here let us feast, and to the feast be join'd
Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind;
Review the series of our lives, and taste
The melancholy joy of evils past:
For he who much has suffer'd, much will know;
And pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
Above Ortygia lies an Isle of fame,
Far hence remote, and Syria is the name;
(There **curious eyes inscrib'd with wonder** trace
The Sun's diurnal, and his annual race.)
Not large, but fruitful; stor'd with grass to keep
The bellowing oxen, and the bleating sheep;
Her sloping hills the mantling vines adorn,
And her rich vallies wave with golden corn.
No want, no famine the glad natives know,
Nor sink by sickness to the shades below;
But when a length of years unnerves the strong,
Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along.
They bend the silver bow with tender skill,

Then in a bowl he tempers gen'rous wines,
Around whose verge a mimic Ivy twines.
And now, the rage of thirst and hunger fled,
Thus young Ulysses to Eumaeus said:
"Whence father, from what shore this stranger, say?
What vessel bore him o'er the wat'ry way?
To human step our land impervious lies,
And round the coast circumfluent oceans rise."
The swain returns: "A tale of sorrows hear;
In spacious Crete he drew his natal air;
Long doom'd to wander o'er the land and main,
For heav'n has wove his thread of life with pain.
Half-breathless 'scaping to the land, he flew
From Thesprot mariners, a murd'rous crew.
To thee my son the suppliant I resign,
I gave him my protection, grant him thine."
"Hard task," he cries, "thy virtue gives thy friend,
Willing to aid, unable to defend.
Can strangers safely in the court reside,
'Midst the swill'd insolence of lust and pride?
Ev'n I unsafe: The Queen in doubt to wed,
Or pay due honours to the nuptial bed?
Perhaps she weds regardless of her fame,
Deaf to the mighty Ulyssean name.
However, stranger! from our grace receive
Such honours as befit a Prince to give;
Sandals, a sword, and robes, respect to prove,
And safe to sail with ornaments of love.
'Till then, thy guest amid the rural train
Far from the court, from danger far, detain.
'Tis mine with food the hungry to supply,
And cloath the naked from th'inclement sky.
Here dwell in safety from the suitors' wrongs,
And the rude insults of ungovern'd tongues.
For should'st thou suffer, pow'rless to relieve,
I must behold it, and can only grieve.
The brave encompass'd by an hostile train,
O'erpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain."
To whom, while anger in his bosom glows,
With warmth replies the man of mighty woes:
"Since audience mild is deign'd, permit my tongue
At once to pity and resent thy wrong.
My heart weeps blood, to see a soul so brave
Live to base insolence or pow'r a slave.
But tell me, dost thou Prince, dost thou behold
And hear their midnight revels uncontroul'd?
Say, do thy subjects in bold faction rise,
Or priests in fabled Oracles advise?
Or are thy brothers, who should aid thy pow'r,
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour?

Awake the sleeping fires, their meals prepare,
Pope And forth to pasture send the bristly care.
Odyssey The Prince's near approach the dogs descry,
And fawning round his feet, confess their joy.
Q68 Their gentle blandishment the King survey'd,
Heard his resounding step, and instant said:
"Some well-known friend (Eumaeus) bends this way;
His steps I hear; the dogs familiar play."
While yet he spoke, the Prince advancing drew
Nigh to the lodge, and now appear'd in view.
Transported from his seat Eumaeus sprung,
Drop'd the full bowl, and round his bosom hung;
Kissing his cheek, his hand, while from his eye
The tears rain'd copious in a show'r of joy.
As some fond sire who ten long winters grieves,
From foreign climes an only son receives,
(Child of his age) with strong paternal joy
Forward he springs, and clasps the favourite boy:
So round the youth his arms Eumaeus spread,
As if the grave had giv'n him from the dead.
"And is it thou? my ever dear delight!
O art thou come to bless my longing sight!
Never, I never hop'd to view this day,
When o'er the waves you plow'd the desp'rate way.
Q69 Enter, my child! beyond my hopes restor'd,
L2[O] O give these eyes to feast upon their lord.
𝔹 Enter, oh seldom seen! for lawless pow'rs
Too much detain thee from these sylvan bow'rs."
The Prince reply'd: "Eumaeus, I obey;
To seek thee, friend, I hither took my way.
But say, if in the court the Queen reside
Severely chaste, or if commenced a bride?"
Thus he; and thus the Monarch of the Swains:
"Severely chaste Penelope remains,
But lost to every joy, she wastes the day
In tedious cares, and weeps the night away."
He ended, and (receiving as they pass
The javelin, pointed with a star of brass),
They reach'd the dome; the dome with marble shin'd.
His seat Ulysses to the Prince resign'd.
"Not so — (exclaims the Prince with decent grace)
For me, this house shall find an humbler place:
T'usurp the honours due to silver hairs
And rev'rend strangers, modest youth forbears."
Q70 Instant the swain the spoils of beasts supplies,
And bids the rural throne with osiers rise.
There sate the Prince: the feast Eumaeus spread;
16.50 And heap'd the shining canisters with bread.
Thick o'er the board the plenteous viands lay,
16.52 The frugal remnants of the former day.

118 And void of pain, the silent arrows kill.
112 **Two equal tribes this fertile land divide,** Pope
339 **Where two fair cities rise with equal pride,** Odyssey
333 **But both in constant peace one Prince obey**,
And Ctesius there, my father, holds the sway.
Freighted, it seems, with toys of ev'ry sort,
A ship of Sidon anchor'd in our port;
What-time it chanc'd the palace entertain'd,
Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land.
This nymph, where anchor'd the Phoenician train
To wash her robes descending to the main,
A smooth-tongu'd sailor won her to his mind;
(For Love deceives the best of woman-kind.)
A sudden trust from sudden liking grew;
She told her name, her race, and all she knew.
'I too' (she cry'd) 'from glorious Sidon came,
My father Arybas, of wealthy fame:
But snatch'd by pyrates from my native place,
The Taphians sold me to this man's embrace.'
'Haste then' (the false designing youth reply'd) Q27
'Haste to thy country; love shall be thy guide:
Haste to thy father's house, thy father's breast,
For still he lives, and lives with riches blest.'
'Swear first' (she cry'd) 'ye sailors! to restore
A wretch in safety to her native shore.'
Swift as she ask'd, the ready sailors swore. L2[O]
She then proceeds: 'Now let our compact made 𝔹
Be, nor by signal nor by word betray'd,
Nor near me any of your crew descy'd
By road frequented, or by fountain-side.
Be Silence still our guard. The Monarch's spies
7 (For watchful Age is ready to surmize)
Are still at hand; and this reveal'd must be
Death to your selves, eternal chains to me.
Your vessel loaded, and your traffic past,
Dispatch a wary messenger with haste:
Then gold and costly treasures will I bring,
And more, the infant offspring of the King.
7 Him, **child-like** wand'ring forth, I'll lead away, Q28
(A noble prize!) and to your ship convey.'
Thus spoke the dame, and homeward took the road.
A year they traffic, and their vessel load.
Their stores compleat, and ready now to weigh,
A spy was sent their summons to convey:
An artist to my father's palace came,
With gold and amber chains, elab'rate frame:
345 Each female eye the glitt'ring links employ,
351 They turn, review, and cheapen every toy.
117 He took th'occasion as they stood intent,
123 Gave her the sign, and to his vessel went. **15**.500

She strait pursu'd, and seiz'd my willing arm;
I follow'd smiling, innocent of harm.
Three golden goblets in the porch she found,
(The guests not enter'd, but the table crown'd)
Hid in her fraudful bosom, these she bore:
Now set the sun, and darken'd all the shore.
Arriving then, where tilting on the tydes
Prepar'd to launch the freighted vessel rides;
Q29 Aboard they heave us, mount their decks, and sweep
With level oar along the glassy deep.
Six calmy days and six smooth nights we sail,
And constant, Jove supply'd the gentle gale.
The sev'nth, the fraudful wretch (no cause descry'd)
Touch'd by Diana's vengeful arrow, dy'd.
Down dropt the caitiff corse, a worthless load,
Down to the deep; there roll'd the future food
Of fierce sea-wolves, and monsters of the flood.
An helpless infant I remain'd behind;
Thence born to Ithaca by wave and wind;
Sold to Laertes, by divine command,
And now adopted to a foreign land."
To him the King: "Reciting thus thy cares,
My secret soul in all thy sorrow shares:
But one choice blessing (such is Jove's high will)
Has sweeten'd all thy bitter draught of ill:
L2[I] Torn from thy country to no hapless end,
𝔹 The Gods have, in a master, giv'n a friend.
Whatever frugal nature needs, is thine,
(For she needs little) daily bread and wine.
Q30 While I, so many wand'rings past and woes,
Live but on what thy poverty bestows."
So past in pleasing dialogue away
The night; then down to short repose they lay;
'Till radiant rose the messenger of day.
While in the port of Ithaca, the band
Of young Telemachus approach'd the land;
Their sails they loos'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
And cast their anchors, and the cables ty'd:
Then on the breezy shore, descending, join
In grateful banquet o'er the rosy wine.
When thus the Prince: "Now each his course pursue;
I to the fields, and to the city you.
Long absent hence, I dedicate this day
My swains to visit, and the works survey.
Expect me with the morn, to pay the skies
Our debt of safe return, in feast and sacrifice."
Pope Then Theoclymenus: "But who shall lend
Odyssey ✦ Mean-time, protection to thy stranger-friend?
Strait to the Queen and Palace shall I fly,
15.550 Or yet more distant, to some Lord apply?"

119 The Prince return'd: "Renown'd in days of yore Q31
113 Has stood our Father's hospitable door;
340 No other roof a stranger shou'd receive,
334 No other hands than ours the welcome give.
But in my absence riot fills the place,
Nor bears the modest Queen a stranger's face,
From noiseful revel far remote she flies,
But rarely seen, or seen with weeping eyes.
No — let Eurymachus receive my guest,
Of nature courteous, and by far the best;
He wooes the Queen with more respectful flame,
And emulates her former husband's fame:
With what success, 'tis Jove's alone to know,
And the hop'd nuptials turn to joy or woe."
Thus speaking, **on the right up-soar'd in air**
The hawk; Apollo's swift-wing'd messenger:
His deathful pounces tore a trembling dove;
The clotted feathers scatter'd from above
Between the Heroe and the Vessel pour
Thick plumage, mingled with a sanguine show'r.
Th'observing Augur took the Prince aside, Q32
Seiz'd by the hand, and thus prophetic cry'd:
"Yon bird that dexter cuts th'aerial road,
Rose ominous, nor flies without a God:
No race but thine shall Ithaca obey,
To thine, for ages, heav'n decrees the sway." **L2[I]**
"Succeed the Omen, Gods!" (the youth rejoin'd) 𝔹
Soon shall my bounties speak a grateful mind,
And soon each envy'd happiness attend
The man, who calls Telemachus his friend."
Then to Peiraeus — "Thou whom time has prov'd
8 A faithful servant, by thy Prince belov'd!
'Till we returning shall our guest demand,
Accept this charge, with honour, at our hand."
To this Peiraeus: "Joyful I obey,
Well pleas'd the hospitable rites to pay.
The presence of thy guest shall best reward
(If long thy stay) the absence of my Lord."
8 With that, their anchors he commands to weigh,
Mount the tall bark, and launch into the sea.
All with obedient haste forsake the shores, Q33
And plac'd in order, spread their equal oars.
Then from the deck the Prince his sandals takes;
Pois'd in his hand the pointed jav'lin shakes.
They part; while less'ning from the Hero's view,
Swift to the town the well-row'd gally flew: **Pope**
346 The Heroe trod the margin of the main, **Odyssey**
352 And reach'd the mansion of his faithful swain. **15**.598
118 SOON as the Morning blush'd along the plains, ✦ Q67 **16**.1
124 Ulysses, and the Monarch of the Swains, **16**.2

✦ And vengeance strikes whom heav'n has doom'd to fall.
Pope Once more attend: When she whose pow'r inspires
Odyssey The thinking mind, my soul to vengeance fires,
I give the sign: that instant, from beneath,
305 Aloft convey the instruments of death,
Armour and arms; and if mistrust arise,
Thus veil the truth in plausible disguise:
Q83 'These glittering weapons, ere he sail'd to Troy
Ulysses view'd with stern heroic joy;
310 Then, beaming o'er th'illumined wall they shone:
Now dust dishonours all their lustre gone.
I bear them hence (so Jove my soul inspires)
From the pollution of the fuming fires;
Lest when the bowl inflames, in vengeful mood
315 Ye rush to arms, and stain the feast with blood:
Oft ready swords in luckless hour incite
The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight.'
Such be the plea, and by the plea deceive:
For Jove infatuates all, and all believe.
320 Yet leave for each of us a sword to wield,
A pointed javelin, and **a fenceful shield**.
But by my blood that in thy bosom glows,
By that regard a son his father owes;
The secret that thy father lives, retain
325 Lock'd in thy bosom from the houshold train;
L1[O] Hide it from all; ev'n from Eumaeus hide,
𝔸 From my dear father, and my dearer bride.
Q84 One care remains, to note the loyal few
Whose faith yet lasts among the menial crew;
330 And noting, ere we rise in vengeance prove
Who love his Prince; for sure you merit love."
To whom the youth: "To emulate I aim
The brave and wise, and my great father's fame.
But re-consider, since the wisest err,
335 Vengeance resolv'd 'tis dang'rous to deferr.
What length of time must we consume in vain,
Too curious to explore the menial train?
While the proud foes, industrious to destroy
Thy wealth in riot, the delay enjoy.
340 Suffice it in this exigence alone
To mark the damsels that attend the throne:
Dispers'd the youth resides; their faith to prove
Jove grants henceforth, if thou hast spoke from Jove?"
While in debate they waste the hours away,
345 Th'associates of the Prince repass'd the bay;
With speed they guide the vessel to the shores;
With speed debarking land the naval stores;
Q85 Then faithful to their charge, to Clytius bear,
And trust the presents to his friendly care.
16.350 Swift to the Queen a herald flies, t'impart

120
114
341
335

THE DISCOVERY OF
ULYSSES TO TELEMACHUS.

Telemachus arrives at the lodge of Eumaeus, sends him to carry Penelope the news of his return. Minerva appearing to Ulysses, commands him to discover himself to his son. The princes, who had lain in ambush to intercept Telemachus in his way, their project being defeated, return to Ithaca.

Pope's Odyssey (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 16

PREVIEW
BOOK 17

EPIC POEM .ORG

1 **DIGITAL CLASSICS**

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

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347 EPICPOEM.ORG 501 lines 3.0
353
119 𝔸 **2L** 1 - 350
125 𝔹 **1L** 351 - 501

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

PRINT
2-SIDED:
125 to **130**

Q67 ✦ SOON as the Morning blush'd along the plains,
Ulysses, and the Monarch of the Swains,
Awake the sleeping fires, their meals prepare,
And forth to pasture send the bristly care.
The Prince's near approach the dogs descry,
And fawning round his feet, confess their joy.
Q68 Their gentle blandishment the King survey'd,
Heard his resounding step, and instant said:
"Some well-known friend (Eumaeus) bends this way;
His steps I hear; the dogs familiar play."
While yet he spoke, the Prince advancing drew
Nigh to the lodge, and now appear'd in view.
Transported from his seat Eumaeus sprung,
Drop'd the full bowl, and round his bosom hung;
Kissing his cheek, his hand, while from his eye
The tears rain'd copious in a show'r of joy.
As some fond sire who ten long winters grieves,
From foreign climes an only son receives,
(Child of his age) with strong paternal joy
Forward he springs, and clasps the favourite boy:
So round the youth his arms Eumaeus spread,
As if the grave had giv'n him from the dead.
"And is it thou? my ever dear delight!
O art thou come to bless my longing sight!
Never, I never hop'd to view this day,
L1[I] When o'er the waves you plow'd the desp'rate way.
𝔸 Q69 Enter, my child! beyond my hopes restor'd,
O give these eyes to feast upon their lord.
Enter, oh seldom seen! for lawless pow'rs
Too much detain thee from these sylvan bow'rs."
The Prince reply'd: "Eumaeus, I obey;
To seek thee, friend, I hither took my way.
But say, if in the court the Queen reside
Severely chaste, or if commenced a bride?"
Thus he; and thus the Monarch of the Swains:
"Severely chaste Penelope remains,
But lost to every joy, she wastes the day
In tedious cares, and weeps the night away."
He ended, and (receiving as they pass
The javelin, pointed with a star of brass),
They reach'd the dome; the dome with marble shin'd.
His seat Ulysses to the Prince resign'd.
"Not so — (exclaims the Prince with decent grace)
For me, this house shall find an humbler place:
T'usurp the honours due to silver hairs
And rev'rend strangers, modest youth forbears."
Pope Q70 Instant the swain the spoils of beasts supplies,
Odyssey And bids the rural throne with osiers rise.
There sate the Prince: the feast Eumaeus spread;
16.50 And heap'd the shining canisters with bread.

121 (73C)
115 (68C)
342 (222C)
336 (217C)
2 (1C)
2
348
354
120
126

A nation ever to the stranger kind;
Wrapt in th'embrace of sleep, the faithful train
O'er seas convey'd me to my native reign:
Embroider'd vestures, gold, and brass are laid
Conceal'd in caverns in the sylvan shade.
Hither, intent the rival rout to slay
And plan the scene of death, I bend my way:
So Pallas wills — but thou my son, explain
The names, and numbers of th'audacious train;
'Tis mine to judge if better to employ
Assistant force, or singly to destroy?"
"O'er earth" (returns the Prince) "resounds thy name,
Thy well-try'd wisdom, and thy martial fame,
Yet at thy words I start, in wonder lost;
Can we engage, not decads but an host?
Can we alone in furious battle stand,
Against that num'rous, and determin'd band?
Hear then their numbers: From Dulichium came Q81
Twice twenty-six, all peers of mighty name.
Six are their menial train: twice twelve the boast
Of Samos; twenty from Zacynthus coast:
And twelve our country's pride; to these belong
Medon, and Phemius skill'd in heav'nly song.
Two sew'rs from day to day the revels wait,
Exact of taste, and serve the feast in state.
With such a foe th'unequal fight to try,
Were by false courage unreveng'd to die. 𝔸
Then what assistant pow'rs you boast, relate,
Ere yet we mingle in the stern debate."
"Mark well my voice," Ulysses strait replies:
"What need of aids, if favour'd by the skies?
If shielded to the dreadful fight we move,
By mighty Pallas, and by thund'ring Jove?"
"Sufficient they" (Telemachus rejoin'd)
"Against the banded pow'rs of all mankind:
They, high enthron'd above the rolling clouds,
Wither the strength of man, and awe the Gods."
"Such aids expect," he cries, "when strong in might Q82
We rise terrific to the task of fight.
But thou, when morn salutes th'aerial plain,
The court revisit and the lawless train:
Me thither in disguise Eumaeus leads,
An aged mendicant in tatter'd weeds.
There, if base scorn insult my rev'rend age,
Bear it my son! repress thy rising rage:
If outrag'd, cease that outrage to repel,
Bear it my son! howe'er thy heart rebel. **Pope**
Yet strive by pray'r and counsel to restrain **Odyssey**
Their lawless insults, tho' thou strive in vain:
For wicked ears are deaf to wisdom's call, **16**.300

◆ Lo! I the ready sacrifice prepare: **122 (74C)**
Pope Lo! gifts of labour'd gold adorn thy shrine, **116 (69C)**
Odyssey To win thy grace: O save us, pow'r divine!" **343 (223C)**
"Few are my days," Ulysses made reply, **337 (218C)**
"Nor I, alas! descendant of the sky.
I am thy father. O my son! my son!
That father, for whose sake thy days have run
Q78 One scene of woe; to endless cares consign'd,
And outrag'd by the wrongs of base mankind."
Then rushing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy
With the strong raptures of a parent's joy.
Tears bathe his cheek, and tears the ground bedew:
He strain'd him close, as to his breast he grew.
"Ah me!" (exclaims the Prince with fond desire)
"Thou art not — no, thou cans't not be my sire.
Heav'n such illusion only can impose,
By the false joy to aggravate my woes.
Who but a God can change the general doom,
And give to wither'd age a youthful bloom?
Late worn with years in weeds obscene you trod,
Now cloath'd in majesty, you move a God!"
"Forbear," he cry'd; "for heav'n reserve that name;
Give to thy father but a father's claim:
Other Ulysses shalt thou never see,
I am Ulysses, I (my son) am He.
L2[O] Twice ten sad years o'er earth and ocean tost,
𝔸 'Tis giv'n at length to view my native coast.
Q79 Pallas, unconquer'd maid, my frame surrounds
With grace divine; her pow'r admits no bounds:
She o'er my limbs old age and wrinkles shed;
Now strong as youth, magnificent I tread.
The Gods with ease frail man depress, or raise, **3 (2C)**
Exalt the lowly, or the proud debase."
He spoke and sate. The Prince with transport flew,
Hung round his neck, while tears his cheek bedew;
Nor less the father pour'd a social flood;
They wept abundant, and they wept aloud.
As the bold eagle with fierce sorrow stung,
Or parent vultur, mourns her ravish'd young; **3**
They cry, they scream, their unfledg'd brood a prey
To some rude churl, and born by stealth away.
So they aloud: and **tears in tides had run**,
Their grief unfinish'd with the setting sun:
But checking the full torrent in its flow,
The Prince thus interrupts the solemn woe:
"What ship transported thee, O father, say,
And what blest hands have oar'd thee on the way?" **349**
Q80 "All, all" (Ulysses instant made reply) **355**
"I tell thee all, my child, my only joy! **121**
16.250 Phaeacians bore me to the port assign'd, **127**

Thick o'er the board the plenteous viands lay,
The frugal remnants of the former day. **Pope**
Then in a bowl he tempers gen'rous wines, **Odyssey**
Around whose verge a mimic Ivy twines.
And now, the rage of thirst and hunger fled, 55
Thus young Ulysses to Eumaeus said:
"Whence father, from what shore this stranger, say?
What vessel bore him o'er the wat'ry way?
To human step our land impervious lies,
And round the coast circumfluent oceans rise." 60
The swain returns: "A tale of sorrows hear;
In spacious Crete he drew his natal air;
Long doom'd to wander o'er the land and main,
For heav'n has wove his thread of life with pain.
Half-breathless 'scaping to the land, he flew 65
From Thesprot mariners, a murd'rous crew.
To thee my son the suppliant I resign, Q71
I gave him my protection, grant him thine."
"Hard task," he cries, "thy virtue gives thy friend,
Willing to aid, unable to defend. 70
Can strangers safely in the court reside,
'Midst the swill'd insolence of lust and pride?
Ev'n I unsafe: The Queen in doubt to wed,
Or pay due honours to the nuptial bed?
Perhaps she weds regardless of her fame, 75
Deaf to the mighty Ulyssean name. **L2[O]**
However, stranger! from our grace receive 𝔸
Such honours as befit a Prince to give;
Sandals, a sword, and robes, respect to prove,
And safe to sail with ornaments of love. 80
'Till then, thy guest amid the rural train
Far from the court, from danger far, detain.
'Tis mine with food the hungry to supply,
And cloath the naked from th'inclement sky.
Here dwell in safety from the suitors' wrongs, 85
And the rude insults of ungovern'd tongues.
For should'st thou suffer, pow'rless to relieve, Q72
I must behold it, and can only grieve.
The brave encompass'd by an hostile train,
O'erpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain." 90
To whom, while anger in his bosom glows,
With warmth replies the man of mighty woes:
"Since audience mild is deign'd, permit my tongue
At once to pity and resent thy wrong.
My heart weeps blood, to see a soul so brave 95
Live to base insolence or pow'r a slave.
But tell me, dost thou Prince, dost thou behold
And hear their midnight revels uncontroul'd?
Say, do thy subjects in bold faction rise,
Or priests in fabled Oracles advise? **16**.100

◆ Or are thy brothers, who should aid thy pow'r, **123** (75C)
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour? **117** (70C)
O that I were from great Ulysses sprung, **344** (224C)
Or that these wither'd nerves like thine were strung; **338** (219C)
Or heav'ns! might He return! (and soon appear
He shall, I trust; a Heroe scorns despair)
Q73 Might he return, I yield my life a prey
To my worst foe, if that avenging day
Be not their last: but should I lose my life,
Oppress'd by numbers in the glorious strife,
I chuse the nobler part, and yield my breath,
Rather than bear dishonor worse than death,
Than see the hand of violence invade
The reverend stranger, and the spotless maid;
Than see the wealth of Kings consum'd in waste,
The drunkards revel, and the gluttons feast."
Thus he, with anger flashing from his eye;
Sincere the youthful Heroe made reply:
"Nor leagu'd in factious arms my subjects rise,
Nor priests in fabled oracles advise;
Nor are my brothers who should aid my pow'r,
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour.
Ah me! I boast no brother; heav'n's dread King
Gives from our stock an only branch to spring:
Alone Laertes reign'd Arcesius' heir,
L2[I] Alone Ulysses drew the vital air,
𝔸 Q74 And I alone the bed connubial grac'd,
An unblest offspring of a sire unblest!
Each neighb'ring realm conducive to our woe,
Sends forth her peers, and every peer a foe:
The court proud Samos and Dulichium fills,
And lofty Zacinth crown'd with shady hills. **4** (3C)
Ev'n Ithaca and all her Lords invade
Th'imperial scepter, and the regal bed:
The Queen averse to love, yet aw'd by pow'r,
Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour:
Mean-time their licence uncontroul'd I bear;
Ev'n now they envy me the vital air:
But heav'n will sure revenge, and Gods there are. **4**
But go, Eumaeus! to the Queen impart
Our safe return, and ease a mother's heart.
Yet secret go; for numerous are my foes,
And here at least I may in peace repose."
To whom the swain: "I hear, and I obey:
But old Laertes weeps his life away,
And deems thee lost: shall I speed employ
Pope To bless his age, a messenger of joy? **350**
Odyssey Q75 The mournful hour that tore his son away **356**
Sent the sad sire in solitude to stray; **122**
16.150 Yet busied with his slaves, to ease his woe, **128**
He drest the vine, and bad the garden blow,
Nor food nor wine refus'd: but since the day
That you to Pylos plow'd the wat'ry way,
Nor wine nor food he tastes; but sunk in woes,
Wild springs the vine, no more the garden blows.
Shut from the walks of men, to pleasure lost,
Pensive and pale he wanders half a ghost."
"Wretched old man!" (with tears the Prince returns)
"Yet cease to go — what man so blest but mourns?
Were every wish indulg'd by fav'ring skies,
This hour shou'd give Ulysses to my eyes.
But to the Queen with speed dispatchful bear
Our safe return, and back with speed repair;
And let some handmaid of her train resort
To good Laertes in his rural court."
While yet he spoke, impatient of delay
He brac'd his sandals on, and strode away:
Then from the heavens the martial Goddess flies Q76
Thro' the wild fields of air, and cleaves the skies;
In form, a virgin in soft beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in th'illustrious labours of the loom.
Alone to Ithacus she stood display'd,
But unapparent **as a viewless shade**
Escap'd Telemachus: (the pow'rs above
Seen or unseen, o'er earth at pleasure move)
The dogs intelligent confess'd the tread **L2[I]**
Of pow'r divine, and howling, trembling fled. 𝔸
The Goddess beck'ning waves her deathless hands;
Dauntless the King before the Goddess stands.
"Then why" (she said) "O favour'd of the skies!
Why to thy **god-like** son this long disguise?
Stand forth reveal'd: with him thy cares employ
Against thy foes; be valiant, and destroy!
Lo I descend in that avenging hour,
To combat by thy side, thy guardian pow'r."
She said, and o'er him waves her wand of gold;
Imperial robes his manly limbs infold:
At once with grace divine his frame improves; Q77
At once with majesty enlarg'd he moves:
Youth flush'd his red'ning cheek, and from his brows
A length of hair in sable ringlets flows;
His black'ning chin receives a deeper shade;
Then from his eyes upsprung the warrior-maid.
The Heroe reascends: The Prince o'eraw'd
Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows **as to a God**.
Then with surprize (surprize chastis'd by fears):
"How art thou chang'd!" (he cry'd) "a God appears! **Pope**
Far other vests thy limbs majestic grace, **Odyssey**
Far other glories lighten from thy face!
If heav'n be thy abode, with pious care **16**.200

16.501 ✦ And in soft sleep forgot the cares of day.

17.1 Q 129 SOON as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Pope Sprinkled with roseate light the dewy lawn;
Odyssey In haste the Prince arose, prepar'd to part;
His hand impatient grasps the pointed dart;
Fair on his feet the polish'd sandals shine,
And thus he greets the master of the swine:
Q 130 "My friend adieu! let this short stay suffice;
I haste to meet my mother's longing eyes,
And end her tears, her sorrows and her sighs.
But thou attentive, what we order heed;
This hapless stranger to the city lead;
By publick bounty let him there be fed,
And bless the hand that stretches forth the bread.
To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,
My will may covet, but my pow'r denies.
If this raise anger in the stranger's thought,
The pain of anger punishes the fault:
The very truth I undisguised declare:
For what so easy as to be sincere?"
To this Ulysses: "What the Prince requires
Of swift removal, seconds my desires.
To want like mine, the peopled town can yield
More hopes of comfort than the lonely field.
Nor fits my age to till the labour'd lands,
L1[O] Or stoop to tasks a rural Lord demands.
𝔹 Q 131 Adieu! but since this ragged garb can bear
So ill th'inclemencies of morning air,
A few hours space permit me here to stay;
My steps Eumaeus shall to town convey,
With riper beams when Phoebus warms the day."
Thus he: nor ought Telemachus reply'd,
But left the mansion with a lofty stride:
Schemes of revenge his pond'ring breast elate,
Revolving deep the Suitors' sudden fate.
Arriving now before th'Imperial hall,
He props his spear against the pillar'd wall;
Then **like a Lion** o'er the threshold bounds;
✦ The marble pavement with his steps resounds:
His eye first glanc'd where Euryclea spreads
With furry spoils of beasts the splendid beds:
She saw, she wept, she ran with eager pace,
And reach'd her master with a long embrace.
All crowded round the family appears,
With wild entrancement, and ecstatic tears.
Q 132 Swift from above descends the royal Fair;
Pope (Her beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus wear,
Odyssey Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air)
Hangs o'er her son; in his embraces dies;
17.49 Rains kisses on his neck, his face, his eyes:
Few words she spoke, tho' much she had to say,

124 Her son's return, and ease a parent's heart;
118 Lest a sad prey to ever-musing cares,
345 Pale grief destroy what time a while forbears.
339 Th'uncautious Herald with impatience burns,
And cries aloud, "Thy son, oh Queen returns":
Eumaeus sage approach'd th'imperial throne,
And breath'd his mandate to her ear alone,
Then measur'd back the way — The suitor band,
Stung to the soul, abash'd, confounded stand;
And issuing from the dome, before the gate,
With clouded looks, a pale assembly sate.
At length Eurymachus: "Our hopes are vain;
Telemachus in triumph sails the main.
Haste, rear the mast, the swelling shroud display;
Haste, to our ambush'd friends the news convey!"
Scarce had he spoke, when turning to the strand
Amphinomos survey'd th'associate band;
Full to the bay within the winding shores Q 86
With gather'd sails they stood, and lifted oars.
"O friends!" he cry'd elate with rising joy,
"See to the port secure the vessel fly!
Some God has told them, or themselves survey
The bark escap'd; and measure back their way."
Swift at the word descending to the shores,
They moor the vessel and unlade the stores:
Then moving from the strand, apart they sate, **L1[O]**
And full and frequent, form'd a dire debate. 𝔹
"Lives then the boy? he lives," (Antinoüs cries)
"The care of Gods and fav'rite of the skies.
All night we watch'd, 'till with her orient wheels
Aurora flam'd above the eastern hills,
5 And from the lofty brow of rocks by day
Took in the ocean with a broad survey:
Yet safe he sails! the pow'rs coelestial give
To shun the hidden snares of death, and live.
But die he shall, and thus condemn'd to bleed
Be now the scene of instant death decreed:
Hope ye success? undaunted crush the foe. Q 87
5 Is he not wise? know this, and strike the blow.
Wait ye, till he to arms in council draws
The Greeks, averse too justly to our cause?
Strike, ere the States conven'd the foe betray,
Our murd'rous ambush on the wat'ry way.
Or chuse ye vagrant from their rage to fly
Outcasts of earth, to breathe an unknown sky?
The brave prevent misfortune; then be brave,
351 And bury future danger in his grave.
357 Returns he? ambush'd we'll his walk invade,
123 Or where he hides in solitude and shade;
129 And give the Palace to the Queen a dow'r, **16**.400

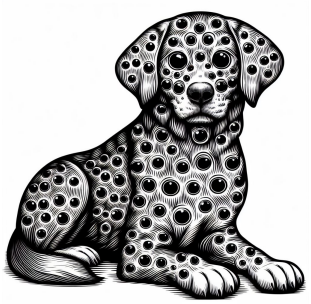
◆ Or him she blesses in the bridal hour. **125 (76C)**
But if submissive you resign the sway, **119 (71C)**
Slaves to a boy, go, flatter and obey. **346 (225C)**
Retire we instant to our native reign, **340 (220C)**
Nor be the wealth of Kings consum'd in vain.
Then wed whom choice approves: the Queen be giv'n
To some blest Prince, the Prince decreed by Heav'n."
Q88 Abash'd, the suitor train his voice attends;
'Till from his throne Amphinomus ascends,
Who o'er Dulichium stretch'd his spacious reign,
A land of plenty, blest with every grain:
Chief of the numbers who the Queen addrest,
And tho' displeasing, yet displeasing least.
Soft were his words; his actions wisdom sway'd;
Graceful a-while he paus'd, then mildly said:
"O friends forbear! and be the thought withstood:
'Tis horrible to shed imperial blood!
Consult we first th'all-seeing pow'rs above,
And the sure oracles of righteous Jove.
If they assent, ev'n by this hand he dies;
If they forbid, I war not with the skies."
He said: The rival train his voice approv'd,
And rising instant to the Palace mov'd.
Arriv'd, with wild tumultuous noise they sate,
Recumbent on the shining thrones of state.
L1[I] Then Medon, conscious of their dire debates,
𝔹 The murd'rous council to the Queen relates.
Q89 Touch'd at the dreadful story she descends;
Her hasty steps a damsel train attends.
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Sudden before the rival pow'rs she stands:
And veiling decent with a modest shade **6 (4C)**
Her cheek, indignant to Antinoüs said:
"O void of faith! of all bad men the worst!
Renown'd for wisdom, by th'abuse accurst!
Mistaking fame proclaims thy generous mind;
Thy deeds denote thee of the basest kind.
Wretch! to destroy a Prince that friendship gives,
While in his guest his murd'rer he receives: **6**
Nor dread superior Jove, to whom belong
The cause of suppliants, and revenge of wrong.
Hast thou forgot, (ingrateful as thou art)
Who sav'd thy father with a friendly part?
Lawless he ravag'd with his martial pow'rs
The Taphian pyrates on Thesprotia's shores;
Pope Enrag'd, his life, his treasures they demand;
Odyssey Ulysses sav'd him from th'avenger's hand. **352**
Q90 And would'st thou evil for his good repay? **358**
His bed dishonour, and his house betray? **124**
16.450 Afflict his Queen? and with a murd'rous hand **130**
Destroy his heir? — but cease, 'tis I command."
"Far hence those fears," (Eurymachus reply'd)
"O prudent Princess! bid thy soul confide.
Breathes there a man who dares that Heroe slay,
While I behold the golden light of day?
No — by the righteous pow'rs of heav'n I swear,
His blood in vengeance smokes upon my spear.
Ulysses, when my infant days I led,
With wine suffic'd me, and with dainties fed:
My gen'rous soul abhors th'ungrateful part,
And my friend's son lives dearest to my heart.
Then fear no mortal arm: If heav'n destroy,
We must resign; for Man is born to die."
Thus smooth he ended, yet his death conspir'd:
Then sorrowing, with sad step the Queen retir'd,
With streaming eyes all comfortless deplor'd,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of her Lord;
Nor ceas'd, 'till Pallas bids her sorrows fly, Q91
And in soft slumber seal'd her flowing eye.
And now Eumaeus, at the ev'ning hour,
Came late-returning to his sylvan bow'r.
Ulysses and his son had drest with art
A yearling boar, and gave the Gods their part,
Holy repast! That instant from the skies
The martial Goddess to Ulysses flies:
She waves her golden wand, and reassumes **L1[I]**
From ev'ry feature every grace that blooms; 𝔹
At once his vestures change; at once she sheds
Age o'er his limbs, that tremble as he treads.
Lest to the Queen the swain with transport fly,
Unable to contain th'unruly joy.
When near he drew, the Prince breaks forth; "Proclaim
What tydings, friend? what speaks the voice of fame?
Say, if the Suitors measure back the main,
Or still in ambush thirst for blood in vain?"
"Whether," he cries, "they measure back the flood,
Or still in ambush thirst in vain for blood,
Escap'd my care: where lawless Suitors sway, Q92
Thy mandate born, my soul disdain'd to stay.
But from th'Hermaean height I cast a view,
Where to the port a bark high bounding flew;
Her freight a shining band: with martial air
Each pois'd his shield, and each advanc'd his spear;
And if aright these searching eyes survey,
Th'eluded Suitors stem the wat'ry way."
The Prince well pleas'd to disappoint their wiles,
Steals on his Sire a glance, and secret smiles. **Pope**
And now a short repast prepar'd, they fed, **Odyssey**
'Till the keen rage of craving hunger fled:
Then to repose withdrawn, apart they lay, **16**.500

Or some brave Suitor's sword, might pierce the heart
Pope Q 145 Of the proud son; as that we stand this hour
Odyssey In lasting safety from the father's pow'r."
So spoke the wretch; but shunning farther fray,
305 Turn'd his proud step, and left them on their way.
Strait to the feast-full palace he repair'd,
Familiar enter'd, and the banquet shar'd;
Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,
He took his place, and Plenty heap'd the board.
310 Mean-time they heard, soft-circling in the sky,
Sweet Airs ascend, and heav'nly minstrelsie;
(For Phemius to the Lyre attun'd the strain.)
Ulysses harkned, then addrest the swain:
"Well may this Palace admiration claim,
315 Great, and respondent to the master's fame!
Stage above stage th'imperial structure stands,
Holds the chief honours and the town commands,
High walls and battlements the courts inclose,
And the strong gates defy a host of foes.
320 Far other cares its dwellers now imploy;
The throng'd assembly, and the feast of joy:
Q 146 I see the smokes of sacrifice aspire,
And hear (what graces ev'ry feast) the Lyre."
Then thus Eumaeus: "Judge we which were best;
325 Amidst yon' revellers a sudden guest
L1[O] Chuse you to mingle, while behind I stay?
A Or I first ent'ring introduce the way?
Wait for a space without, but wait not long;
This is the house of violence and wrong:
330 Some rude insult thy rev'rend age may bear;
For like their lawless lords, the servants are."
"Just is, oh friend, thy caution, and addrest"
(Reply'd the Chief) "to no unheedful breast;
The wrongs and injuries of base mankind
335 Fresh to my sense, and always in my mind.
The bravely-patient to no fortune yields:
On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,
◆ Storms have I past, and many a stern debate;
And now in humbler scene submit to Fate.
340 What cannot Want? the best she will expose,
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes;
Q 147 She fills with navies, hosts, and loud alarms
The sea, the land, and shakes the world with arms!"
Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,
345 Argus, the Dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of the voice, and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head.
Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board,
But ah! not fated long to please his Lord!
17.350 To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain;

126
120
347
341
353
359
125
131

Telemachus returning to the city, relates to Penelope the sum of his travels. Ulysses is conducted by Eumaeus to the palace, where his old dog Argus acknowledges his master, after an absence of twenty years, and dies with joy. Eumaeus returns into the country, and Ulysses remains among the suitors, whose behaviour is described.

Pope's Odyssey (1880 edition)



ARGUS

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 17

PREVIEW BOOK 18

EPIC POEM .ORG

DIGITAL CLASSICS

1

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

language: Modern English (1725)
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EPICPOEM.ORG 688 lines 3.0

A 2L 1 - 350
B 2L 351 - 688

PRINT 2-SIDED: **131** to **138**

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

Q 129 SOON as Aurora, daughter of the dawn, **127 (77C)**
Sprinkled with roseate light the dewy lawn; **121 (72C)**
In haste the Prince arose, prepar'd to part; **348 (226C)**
His hand impatient grasps the pointed dart; **342 (221C)**
Fair on his feet the polish'd sandals shine,
And thus he greets the master of the swine:
Q 130 "My friend adieu! let this short stay suffice;
I haste to meet my mother's longing eyes,
And end her tears, her sorrows and her sighs.
But thou attentive, what we order heed;
This hapless stranger to the city lead;
By publick bounty let him there be fed,
And bless the hand that stretches forth the bread.
To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,
My will may covet, but my pow'r denies.
If this raise anger in the stranger's thought,
The pain of anger punishes the fault:
The very truth I undisguised declare:
For what so easy as to be sincere?"
To this Ulysses: "What the Prince requires
Of swift removal, seconds my desires.
To want like mine, the peopled town can yield
More hopes of comfort than the lonely field.
Nor fits my age to till the labour'd lands,
Or stoop to tasks a rural Lord demands.
L1[I] Q 131 Adieu! but since this ragged garb can bear
A So ill th'inclemencies of morning air,
A few hours space permit me here to stay;
My steps Eumaeus shall to town convey,
With riper beams when Phoebus warms the day."
Thus he: nor ought Telemachus reply'd,
But left the mansion with a lofty stride: **2 (1C)**
Schemes of revenge his pond'ring breast elate,
Revolving deep the Suitors' sudden fate.
Arriving now before th'Imperial hall,
He props his spear against the pillar'd wall;
Then **like a Lion** o'er the threshold bounds;
◆ The marble pavement with his steps resounds:
His eye first glanc'd where Euryclea spreads **2**
With furry spoils of beasts the splendid beds:
She saw, she wept, she ran with eager pace,
And reach'd her master with a long embrace.
All crowded round the family appears,
With wild entrancement, and ecstatic tears.
Q 132 Swift from above descends the royal Fair;
(Her beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus wear,
Pope Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air) **354**
Odyssey Hangs o'er her son; in his embraces dies; **360**
Rains kisses on his neck, his face, his eyes: **126**
17.50 Few words she spoke, tho' much she had to say, **132**

One rogue is usher to another still.
Heav'n with a secret principle indu'd
Mankind, to seek their own similitude.
Where goes the swine-herd with that ill-look'd guest?
That giant-glutton, dreadful at a feast!
Full many a post have those broad shoulders worn,
From ev'ry great man's gate repuls'd with scorn?
To no brave prize aspir'd the worthless swain,
'Twas but for scraps he ask'd, and ask'd in vain.
To beg, than work, he better understands;
Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands.
For any office could the slave be good,
To cleanse the fold, or help the kids to food,
If any labour those big joints could learn;
Some whey, to wash his bowels, he might earn.
To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to spread,
Is all, by which that graceless maw is fed.
Yet hear me! if thy impudence but dare
Approach yon walls, I prophesy thy fare:
Dearly, full dearly shalt thou buy thy bread,
With many a footstool thund'ring at thy head."
He thus: nor insolent of word alone,
Spurn'd with his rustic heel his King unknown;
Spurn'd, but not mov'd: He, **like a pillar** stood,
Nor stirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road:
Doubtful, or with his staff to strike him dead, **L1[I]**
Or greet the pavement with his worthless head? A
Short was that doubt; to quell his rage inur'd,
The Heroe stood self-conquer'd, and endur'd.
But hateful of the wretch, Eumaeus heav'd
His hands obtesting, and this pray'r conceiv'd:
"Daughters of Jove! who from th'aetherial bow'rs Q 144
Descend to swell the springs, and feed the flow'rs!
Nymphs of this fountain! to whose sacred names
Our rural victims mount in blazing flames!
To whom Ulysses' piety preferr'd
The yearly firstlings of his flock, and herd;
Succeed my wish; your votary restore:
Oh be some God his convoy to our shore!
Due pains shall punish then this slave's offence,
And humble all his airs of insolence,
Who proudly stalking, leaves the herds at large,
Commences courtier, and neglects his charge."
"What mutters he?" (Melanthius sharp rejoins)
"This crafty miscreant big with dark designs?
The day shall come; nay, 'tis already near,
When slave! to sell thee at a price too dear **Pope**
Must be my care; and hence transport thee o'er, **Odyssey**
(A load and scandal to this happy shore.)
Oh! that as surely great Apollo's dart, **17**.300

Then sheep and goats and bristly porkers bled,
Pope And the proud steer was o'er the marble spread.
Q 140 While thus the copious banquet they provide;
Odyssey Along the road conversing side by side,
Proceed Ulysses and the faithful swain:
When thus Eumaeus, gen'rous and humane:
"To town, observant of our Lord's behest,
Now let us speed; my friend, no more my guest!
Yet like my self I wish'd thee here preferr'd,
Guard of the flock, or keeper of the herd.
But much to raise my master's wrath I fear;
The wrath of Princes ever is severe.
Then heed his will, and be our journey made
While the broad beams of Phoebus are display'd,
Or ere brown ev'ning spreads her chilly shade."
"Just thy advice," (the prudent Chief rejoin'd)
"And such as suits the dictate of my mind.
Lead on: but help me to some staff to stay
My feeble step, since rugged is the way."
Across his shoulders, then, the scrip he flung,
Wide patch'd, and fasten'd by a twisted thong.
Q 141 A staff Eumaeus gave. Along the way
Chearly they fare: Behind, the keepers stay;
These with their watchful dogs (a constant guard)
Supply his absence, and attend the herd.
L2[O] And now his city strikes the Monarch's eyes,
𝔸 Alas! how chang'd! a man of miseries;
Propt on a staff, a beggar old and bare,
In rags dishonest flut'ring with the air!
Now pass'd the rugged road, they journey down
The cavern'd way descending to the town,
Where, from the rock, with liquid lapse distills
A limpid fount; that spread in parting rills
Its current thence to serve the city brings:
An useful work! adorn'd by ancient Kings.
Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor there
In sculptur'd stone immortaliz'd their care,
◆ In marble urns receiv'd it from above,
And shaded with a green surrounding grove;
Where silver alders, in high arches twin'd,
Drink the cool stream, and tremble to the wind.
Q 142 Beneath, sequester'd to the nymphs, is seen
A mossie altar, deep embower'd in green;
Where constant vows by travellers are pay'd,
And holy horrors solemnize the shade.
Here with his goats, (not vow'd to sacred flame,
But pamper'd luxury) Melanthius came;
Two grooms attend him. With an envious look
He ey'd the stranger, and imperious spoke:
17.250 "The good old proverb how this pair fulfill!

128 (78C)
122 (73C)
349 (227C)
343 (222C)
3 (2C)
3
355
361
127
133

And scarce those few, for tears, could force their way:
"Light of my eyes! he comes! unhop'd-for joy! **Pope**
Has heav'n from Pylos brought my lovely boy? **Odyssey**
So snatch'd from all our cares! — Tell, hast thou known
Thy father's fate, and tell me all thy own." 55
"Oh dearest, most rever'd of womankind!
Cease with those tears to melt a manly mind,"
(Reply'd the Prince) "nor be our fates deplor'd,
From death and treason to thy arms restor'd.
Go bathe, and rob'd in white, ascend the tow'rs; 60
With all thy handmaids thank th'immortal Pow'rs;
To ev'ry God vow hecatombs to bleed,
And call Jove's vengeance on their guilty deed.
While to th'assembled council I repair; Q 133
A stranger sent by Heav'n attends me there; 65
My new-accepted guest I haste to find,
Now to Piraeus' honour'd charge consign'd."
The matron heard, nor was his word in vain.
She bath'd; and rob'd in white, with all her train,
To ev'ry God vow'd hecatombs to bleed, 70
And call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.
Arm'd with his lance, the Prince then past the gate;
Two dogs behind, a faithful guard, await;
Pallas his form with grace divine improves:
The gazing crowd admires him as he moves. 75
Him, gath'ring round, the haughty Suitors greet **L2[O]**
With semblance fair, but inward deep deceit. 𝔸
Their false addresses gen'rous he deny'd,
Pass'd on, and sate by faithful Mentor's side;
With Antiphus, and Halitherses sage, 80
(His father's counsellors, rever'd for age.)
Of his own fortunes, and Ulysses' fame,
Much ask'd the Seniors; till Piraeus came.
The stranger-guest pursu'd him close behind; Q 134
Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd. 85
He, (when Piraeus ask'd for slaves to bring
The gifts and treasures of the Spartan King)
Thus thoughtful answer'd: "Those we shall not move,
Dark and unconscious of the will of Jove;
We know not yet the full event of all: 90
Stabb'd in his Palace if your Prince must fall,
Us, and our house if treason must o'erthrow,
Better a friend possess them, than a foe:
If death to these, and vengeance heav'n decree,
Riches are welcome then, not else, to me. 95
'Till then, retain the gifts." — The Heroe said,
And in his hand the willing stranger led.
Then dis-array'd, the shining bath they sought,
With unguents smooth, of polisht marble wrought;
Obedient handmaids with assistant toil **17**.100

Supply the limpid wave, and fragrant oil:
Then o'er their limbs refulgent robes they threw,
And fresh from bathing, to their seats withdrew.
Q 135 The golden ew'r a Nymph attendant brings,
105 Replenish'd from the pure, translucent springs;
With copious streams that golden ew'r supplies
A silver layer of capacious size.
They wash: the table, in fair order spread,
Is pil'd with viands and the strength of bread.
110 Full opposite, before the folding gate,
The pensive mother sits in humble state;
Lowly she sate, and with dejected view
The fleecy threads her ivory fingers drew.
The Prince and stranger shar'd the genial feast,
115 'Till now the rage of thirst and hunger ceast.
When thus the Queen: "My son! my only friend!
Say, to my mournful couch shall I ascend?
(The couch deserted now a length of years;
The couch, for ever water'd with my tears)
120 Say wilt thou not (ere yet the Suitor-crew
Return, and riot shakes our walls a-new)
Say wilt thou not the least account afford?
The least glad tidings of my absent Lord?"
Q 136 To her the youth: "We reach'd the Pylian plains,
125 Where Nestor, shepherd of his people, reigns.
L2[I] All arts of tenderness to him are known,
𝔸 Kind to Ulysses' race as to his own;
No father, with a fonder grasp of joy,
Strains to his bosom his long-absent boy.
130 But all unknown, if yet Ulysses breathe,
Or glide a spectre in the realms beneath?
For farther search, his rapid steeds transport
My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court.
There Argive Helen I beheld, whose charms
135 (So Heav'n decreed) ingag'd the Great in arms.
My cause of coming told, he thus rejoin'd;
And still his words live perfect in my mind:
◆ 'Heav'ns! would a soft, inglorious, dastard train
An absent Heroe's nuptial joys prophane!
140 **So with her young, amid the woodland shades,**
A tim'rous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,
And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns;
Q 137 **Mean-time returning, with remorseless sway**
145 **The Monarch savage rends the panting prey**:
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Pope Shall great Ulysses re-assert his claim.
Odyssey O Jove! supreme! whom men and Gods revere;
And thou whose lustre gilds the rowling sphere!
17.150 With pow'r congenial joyn'd, propitious aid

129 (79C)
123 (74C)
350 (228C)
344 (223C)
356
362
128
134
4 (3C)
4

The Chief adopted by the martial maid!
Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
As when, contending on the Lesbian shore,
His prowess Philomelides confest,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor blest: 155
Then soon th'invaders of his bed, and throne,
Their love presumptuous shall by death atone.
Now what you question of my ancient friend,
With truth I answer; thou the truth attend.
Learn what I heard the sea-born Seer relate, 160
Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of fate.
Sole in an Isle, imprison'd by the main,
The sad survivor of his num'rous train,
Ulysses lies; detain'd by magic charms, Q 138
And prest unwilling in Calypso's arms. 165
No sailors there, no vessels to convey,
No oars to cut th'immeasurable way.' —
This told Atrides, and he told no more.
Then safe I voyag'd to my native shore."
He ceas'd; nor made the pensive Queen reply, 170
But droop'd her head, and drew a secret sigh.
When Theoclymenus the seer began:
"Oh suff'ring consort of the suff'ring man!
What human knowledge could, those Kings might tell;
But I the secrets of high Heav'n reveal. 175
Before the first of Gods be this declar'd, **L2[I]**
Before the board whose blessings we have shar'd; 𝔸
Witness the genial rites, and witness all
This house holds sacred in her ample wall!
Ev'n now this instant, great Ulysses lay'd 180
At rest, or wand'ring in his country's shade,
Their guilty deeds, in hearing, and in view
Secret revolves; and plans the vengeance due.
Of this sure Auguries the Gods bestow'd, Q 139
When first our vessel anchor'd in your road." 185
"Succeed those omens, Heav'n!" (the Queen rejoin'd)
"So shall our bounties speak a grateful mind;
And ev'ry envy'd happiness attend
The man, who calls Penelope his friend."
Thus commun'd they: while in the marble court 190
(Scene of their insolence) the Lords resort;
Athwart the spacious square each tries his art
To whirl the disk, or aim the missile dart.
Now did the hour of sweet repaste arrive,
And from the field the victim flocks they drive: 195
Medon the herald (one who pleas'd them best,
And honour'd with a portion of their feast) **Pope**
To bid the banquet interrupts their play. **Odyssey**
Swift to the hall they haste; aside they lay
Their garments, and succinct the victims slay. **17**.200

He strove to drive the man of mighty woes.
Pope "Hence dotard, hence! and timely speed thy way,
Odyssey Lest dragg'd in vengeance, thou repent thy stay;
See how with nods assent yon princely train!
But honouring age, in mercy I refrain;
In peace away! lest if persuasions fail,
This arm with blows more eloquent prevail."
To whom with stern regards: "O insolence,
Indecently to rail without offence!
What bounty gives, without a rival share,
✦ I ask, what harms not thee, to breathe this air:
Alike on alms we both precarious live:
And canst thou envy, when the great relieve?
Q 197 Know from the bounteous heav'ns all riches flow,
And what man gives, the Gods by man bestow;
Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,
Lest I imprint my vengeance in thy blood;
Old as I am, should once my fury burn,
How wouldst thou fly, nor ev'n in thought return?"
"Mere woman-glutton!" (thus the churl reply'd)
"A tongue so flippant, with a throat so wide!
Why cease I, Gods! to dash those teeth away,
Like some vile swine's, that greedy of his prey
Uproots the bearded corn? rise, try the fight,
Gird well thy loins, approach, and feel my might:
L1[O] Sure of defeat, before the Peers engage;
𝔹 Unequal fight! when youth contends with age!"
Thus in a wordy war their tongues display
More fierce intents, preluding to the fray;
Antinoüs hears, and in a jovial vein,
Thus with loud laughter to the Suitor-train:
"This happy day in mirth, my friends, employ,
And lo! the Gods conspire to crown our joy,
Q 198 See ready for the fight, and hand to hand,
Yon surly mendicants contentious stand;
Why urge we not to blows?" Well-pleas'd they spring
Swift from their seats, and thick'ning form a ring.
18.50 To whom Antinoüs: "Lo! enrich'd with blood
A kid's well-fatted entrails (tasteful food!)
On glowing embers lye; on him bestow
The choicest portion who subdues his foe;
Grant him unrivall'd in these walls to stay,
The sole attendant on the genial day."
The Lords applaud: Ulysses then with art,
And fears well-feign'd, disguis'd his dauntless heart:
"Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe;
Say is it baseness, to decline the foe?
Hard conflict! when calamity and age
With vigorous youth, unknown to cares, engage!
18.62 Yet fearful of disgrace, to try the day
Imperious hunger bids, and I obey:

130 The voice of Glory call'd him o'er the main.
124 'Till then in ev'ry sylvan chase renown'd,
351 With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
345 With him the youth pursu'd the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Un-housed, neglected, in the publick way;
And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,
Obscene with reptile, took his sordid bed.
He knew his Lord; he knew, and strove to meet,
In vain he strove, to crawl, and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and dry'd
The drop humane: then thus impassion'd cry'd.
"What noble beast in this abandon'd state
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate?
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise;
If, as he seems, he was, in better days,
Some care his Age deserves: Or was he priz'd
For worthless beauty? therefore now despis'd?
Such dogs, and men there are, meer things of state,
And always cherish'd by their friends, the Great."
"Not Argus so" (Eumaeus thus rejoin'd)
"But serv'd a master of a nobler kind,
Who never, never shall behold him more!
Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore!
Oh had you seen him, vig'rous, bold and young,
Swift as a stag, and **as a lion strong**,
5 Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None 'scap'd him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,
To winde the vapour in the tainted dew?
Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast;
Now years un-nerve him, and his lord is lost!
The women keep the gen'rous creature bare,
5 A sleek and idle race is all their care.
The master gone, the servants what restrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away."
This said, the honest herdsman strode before:
The musing Monarch pauses at the door:
The Dog whom Fate had granted to behold
357 His Lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
363 Takes a last look, and having seen him, dies;
129 So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!
135 And now Telemachus, the first of all Q 150 **17**.400

Observ'd Eumaeus ent'ring in the hall;
Distant he saw, across the shady Dome;
Then gave a sign, and beckon'd him to come.
There stood an empty seat, where late was plac'd
In order due, the steward of the feast,
(Who now was busied carving round the board)
Eumaeus took, and plac'd it near his Lord.
Before him instant was the banquet spread,
And the bright basket pil'd with loaves of bread.
Next came Ulysses, lowly at the door,
A figure despicable, old, and poor,
In squalid vests, with many a gaping rent,
Propt on a staff, and trembling as he went.
Then, resting on the threshold of the gate,
Against a cypress pillar lean'd his weight;
(Smooth'd by the workman to a polish'd plain)
The thoughtful Son beheld, and call'd his swain:
"These viands, and this bread, Eumaeus! bear,
And let yon' mendicant our plenty share:
Then let him circle round the Suitors' board,
And try the bounty of each gracious lord.
Bold let him ask, encourag'd thus by me:
How ill, alas! do want and shame agree?"
His lord's command the faithful servant bears;
The seeming beggar answers with his pray'rs:
"Blest be Telemachus! in ev'ry deed
Inspire him Jove! in ev'ry wish succeed!"
This said, the portion from his son convey'd
With smiles receiving, on his scrip he lay'd.
Long as the minstrel swept the sounding wire,
He fed, and ceas'd when silence held the lyre.
Soon as the Suitors from the banquet rose,
Minerva prompts the Man of mighty woes
To tempt their bounties with a suppliant's art,
And learn the gen'rous from th'ignoble heart;
(Not but his soul, resentful as humane,
Dooms to full vengeance all th'offending train)
With speaking eyes, and voice of plaintive sound,
Humble he moves, imploring all around.
The proud feel pity, and relief bestow,
With such an image touch'd of human woe;
Enquiring all, their wonder they confess,
And eye the man, majestic in distress.
While thus they gaze and question with their eyes,
The bold Melanthius to their thought replies.
"My Lords! this stranger of gigantic port
The good Eumaeus usher'd to your court.
Full well I mark'd the features of his face,
Tho' all unknown his clime, or noble race."
"And is this present, swineherd! of thy hand?
Nor claim my story 'till the sun descend;
Then in such robes as suppliants may require,
Compos'd and chearful by the genial fire,
When loud uproar and lawless riot cease,
Shall her pleas'd ear receive my words in peace."
Swift to the Queen returns the gentle swain:
"And, say" (she cries) "does fear, or shame, detain
The cautious stranger? With the begging kind
Shame suits but ill." Eumaeus thus rejoin'd:
"He only asks a more propitious hour,
And shuns (who wou'd not?) wicked men in power;
At ev'ning mild (meet season to confer)
By turns to question, and by turns to hear."
"Whoe'er this guest (the prudent Queen replies)
His ev'ry step and ev'ry thought is wise.
For men like these on earth he shall not find,
In all the miscreant race of humankind."
Thus she. Eumaeus all her words attends,
And parting, to the Suitor pow'rs descends:
There seeks Telemachus, and thus apart
In whispers breaths the fondness of his heart:
"The time, my Lord, invites me to repair
Hence to the lodge; my charge demands my care.
These sons of murder thirst thy life to take;
O guard it, guard it, for thy servant's sake!"
"Thanks to my friend," he cries; "but now the hour
Of night draws on, go seek the rural bow'r:
But first refresh: and at the dawn of day
Hither a victim to the Gods convey.
Our life to heav'n's immortal pow'rs we trust,
Safe in their care, for heav'n protects the just."
Observant of his voice, Eumaeus sate
And fed recumbent on a chair of state.
Then instant rose, and as he mov'd along,
'Twas riot all amid the Suitor-throng,
They feast, they dance, and raise the mirthful song.
'Till now declining tow'rd the close of day,
The sun obliquely shot his dewy ray.

WHILE fix'd in thought the pensive Heroe sate,
A Mendicant approach'd the royal gate;
A surly vagrant of the giant kind,
The stain of manhood, of a coward mind:
From feast to feast, insatiate to devour,
He flew, attendant on the genial hour;
When on his mother's knees a babe he lay,
She nam'd Arnaeus on his natal day,
But Irus his associates call'd the Boy,
Practis'd, the common messenger to fly,
Irus, a name expressive of th' employ.
From his own roof with meditated blows

Thus she, and good Eumaeus took the word: **132 (80C)**
Pope "A private audience if thy grace impart, **126 (75C)**
Odyssey The stranger's words may ease the royal heart: **353 (229C)**
His sacred eloquence in balm distills, **347 (224C)**
And the sooth'd heart with secret pleasure fills.
Three days have spent their beams, three nights have run
Their silent journey, since his tale begun,
Unfinish'd yet; and yet I thirst to hear!
As when some heav'n-taught Poet charms the ear,
(Suspending sorrow with celestial strain
Breath'd from the Gods to soften human pain)
Time steals away with unregarded wing,
And the soul hears him, tho' he cease to sing.
"Ulysses late he saw, on Cretan ground,
(His father's guest) for Minos' birth renown'd.
He now but waits the wind, to waft him o'er
With boundless treasure, from Thesprotia's shore."
Q 161 To this the Queen: "The wand'rer let me hear,
While yon' luxurious race indulge their cheer,
Devour the grazing ox, and browzing goat,
And turn my gen'rous vintage down their throat.
For where's an arm, like thine Ulysses! strong,
To curb wild riot, and to punish wrong?"
She spoke. Telemachus then sneez'd aloud;
Constrain'd, his nostril eccho'd thro' the crowd.
L2[O] The smiling Queen the happy omen blest:
𝔹 "So may these impious fall, by fate opprest!"
Then to Eumaeus: "Bring the stranger, fly!
And if my questions meet a true reply,
Grac'd with a decent robe he shall retire,
A gift in season which his wants require."
Thus spoke Penelope. Eumaeus flies **7 (4C)**
In duteous haste, and to Ulysses cries:
"The Queen invites thee, venerable guest!
A secret instinct moves her troubled breast
Of her long-absent Lord from thee to gain
Some light, and sooth her soul's eternal pain.
Q 162 ✦ If true, if faithful thou, her grateful mind
Of decent robes a present has design'd; **7**
So finding favour in the royal eye,
Thy other wants her subjects shall supply."
"Fair truth alone" (the patient man reply'd)
"My words shall dictate, and my lips shall guide.
To him, to me, one common lot was giv'n,
In equal woes, alas! involv'd by heav'n.
Much of his fates I know; but check'd by fear
I stand: the hand of violence is here: **359**
Here boundless wrongs the starry skies invade, **365**
And injur'd suppliants seek in vain for aid. **131**
17.650 Let for a space the pensive Queen attend, **137**

Bring'st thou these vagrants to infest the land?"
(Returns Antinoüs with retorted eye)
"Objects uncouth! to check the genial joy.
Enough of these our court already grace,
Of giant stomach, and of famish'd face.
Such guests Eumaeus to his country brings,
To share our feast, and lead the life of Kings."
To whom the hospitable swain rejoin'd:
"Thy passion, Prince, belies thy knowing mind.
Who calls, from distant nations to his own, Q 153
The poor, distinguish'd by their wants alone?
Round the wide world are sought those men divine
Who publick structures raise, or who design;
Those to whose eyes the Gods their ways reveal,
Or bless with salutary arts to heal;
But chief to Poets such respect belongs,
By rival nations courted for their songs;
These States invite, and mighty Kings admire,
Wide as the sun displays his vital fire.
It is not so with Want! how few that feed
A wretch unhappy, merely for his need?
Unjust to me and all that serve the state,
To love Ulysses is to raise thy hate.
For me, suffice the approbation won
Of my great mistress, and her **god-like** son."
To him Telemachus: "No more incense **L2[O]**
The man by nature prone to insolence: 𝔹
Injurious minds just answers but provoke" —
Then turning to Antinoüs, thus he spoke:
"Thanks to thy care! whose absolute command Q 154
Thus drives the stranger from our court and land.
Heav'n bless its owner with a better mind!
From envy free, to charity inclin'd.
This both Penelope and I afford:
Then, Prince! be bounteous of Ulysses' board.
To give another's is thy hand so slow?
So much more sweet, to spoil, than to bestow?"
"Whence, great Telemachus! this lofty strain?"
(Antinoüs cries with insolent disdain)
"Portions like mine if ev'ry Suitor gave,
Our walls this twelvemonth should not see the slave."
He spoke, and lifting high above the board
His pond'rous footstool, shook it at his lord.
The rest with equal hand conferr'd the bread;
He fill'd his scrip, and to the threshold sped;
But first before Antinoüs stopt, and said:
"Bestow, my friend! thou dost not seem the worst
Of all the Greeks, but **Prince-like** and the first.
Then as in dignity, be first in worth, Q 155
And I shall praise thee thro' the boundless earth. **17**.500

Once I enjoy'd in luxury of state
Whate'er gives man the envy'd name of Great;
Wealth, servants, friends, were mine in better days;
And hospitality was then my praise:
In every sorrowing, soul I pour'd delight,
And Poverty look'd smiling in my sight.
But Jove, all-governing whose only will
Determines Fate, and mingles good with ill,
Sent me (to punish my pursuit of gain)
With roving pyrates o'er th' Aegyptian main:
By Aegypt's silver flood our ships we moor,
Our spies commission'd strait the coast explore,
But impotent of mind, the lawless will
The country ravage, and the natives kill.
The spreading clamor to their city flies,
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise:
The redning dawn reveals the hostile fields
Horrid with bristly spears, and gleaming shields:
Jove thunder'd on their side: our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gath'ring vengeance spread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay dead.
Some few the foes in servitude detain;
Death ill exchang'd for bondage and for pain!
Unhappy me a Cyprian took a-board,
And gave to Dmetor, Cyprus' haughty Lord:
Hither, to 'scape his chains, my course I steer,
Still curst by fortune, and insulted here!"
To whom Antinoüs thus his rage exprest:
"What God has plagu'd us with this gormaund guest?
Unless at distance, wretch! thou keep behind,
Another Isle than Cyprus more unkind,
Another Aegypt, shalt thou quickly find.
From all thou beg'st, a bold audacious slave;
Nor all can give so much as thou canst crave.
Nor wonder I, at such profusion shown;
Shameless they give, who give what's not their own."
The Chief retiring: "Souls, like that in thee,
Ill suit such forms of grace and dignity.
Nor will that hand to utmost need afford
The smallest portion of a wasteful board,
Whose luxury whole patrimonies sweeps,
Yet starving Want amidst the riot weeps."
The haughty Suitor with resentment burns,
And sow'rly smiling, this reply returns:
"Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng:
And dumb for ever be thy sland'rous tongue!"
He said, and high the whirling tripod flung.
His shoulder-blade receiv'd th' ungentle shock;
He stood, and mov'd not, **like a marble rock**;
But shook his thoughtful head, nor more complain'd,
Sedate of soul, his character sustain'd,
And inly form'd revenge: Then back withdrew,
Before his feet the well-fill'd scrip he threw,
And thus with semblance mild addrest the crew.
"May what I speak your princely minds approve,
Ye Peers and rivals in this noble love!
Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cause.
If when the sword our country's quarrel draws,
Or if defending what is justly dear,
From Mars impartial some broad wound we bear;
The gen'rous motive dignifies the scar.
But for meer want, how hard to suffer wrong?
Want brings enough of other ills along!
Yet if injustice never be secure,
If fiends revenge, and Gods assert the poor,
Death shall lay low the proud aggressor's head,
And make the dust Antinoüs' bridal bed."
"Peace, wretch! and eat thy bread without offence,"
(The Suitor cry'd) "or force shall drag thee hence,
Scourge thro' the publick street, and cast thee there,
A mangled carcase for the hounds to tear."
His furious deed the gen'ral anger mov'd,
All, ev'n the worst, condemn'd; and some reprov'd.
"Was ever Chief for wars like these renown'd?
Ill fits the stranger and the poor to wound.
Unblest thy hand! if in this low disguise
Wander, perhaps, some inmate of the skies;
They (curious oft of mortal actions) deign
In forms like these to round the earth and main,
Just and unjust recording in their mind,
And with sure eyes inspecting all mankind."
Telemachus absorpt in thought severe,
Nourish'd deep anguish, tho' he shed no tear;
But the dark brow of silent sorrow shook:
While thus his mother to her virgins spoke:
"On him and his may the bright God of day
That base, inhospitable blow repay!"
The nurse replies: "If Jove receives my pray'r,
Not one survives to breathe to-morrow's air."
"All, all are foes, and mischief is their end;
Antinoüs most to gloomy death a friend;"
(Replies the Queen) "the stranger beg'd their grace,
And melting pity soften'd ev'ry face;
From ev'ry other hand redress he found,
But fell Antinoüs answer'd with a wound."
Amidst her maids thus spoke the prudent Queen,
Then bade Eumaeus call the Pilgrim in.
"Much of th'experienc'd man I long to hear,
If, or his certain eye, or list'ning ear
Have learn'd the fortunes of my wand'ring Lord?"

(The female train retir'd) your toils to guide?"
Pope "Without infringing hospitable right,
Odyssey This guest" (he cry'd) "shall bear the guiding light:
I cheer no lazy vagrants with repast;
They share the meal that earn it ere they taste."
He said; from female ken she strait secures
The purpos'd deed, and guards the bolted doors:
35 Auxiliar to his son, Ulysses bears
The plumy-crested helms, and pointed spears,
With shields indented deep in glorious wars.
Minerva viewless on her charge attends,
And with her golden lamp his toil befriends:
40 Not such the sickly beams, which unsincere,
Gild the gross vapor of this nether sphere!
A present Deity the Prince confess'd,
And rap'd with ecstasy the Sire address'd:
"What miracle thus dazzles with surprize!
45 Distinct in rows the radiant columns rise:
Q252 The walls where-e'er my wond'ring sight I turn,
And roofs, amidst a blaze of glory burn!
Some visitant of pure etherial race,
With his bright presence deigns the dome to grace."
19.50 "Be calm, replies the Sire; to none impart,
But oft revolve the vision in thy heart:
Celestials, mantl'd in excess of light,
L1[O] Can visit unapproach'd by mortal sight.
Seek thou repose; whilst here I sole remain,
55 T'explore the conduct of the female train:
The pensive Queen perchance desires to know
The series of my toils, to sooth her woe."
With tapers flaming day his train attends,
His bright alcove th'obsequious youth ascends:
60 Soft slumb'rous shades his drooping eye-lids close,
'Till on her eastern throne Aurora glows.
Whilst, forming plans of death, Ulysses stay'd,
In council secret with the Martial Maid;
Attendant Nymphs in beauteous order wait
65 The Queen, descending from her bow'r of state.
Q253 Her cheeks the warmer blush of Venus wear, 1
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air.
An ivory seat with silver ringlets grac'd,
By fam'd Icmalius wrought, the menials plac'd:
70 With ivory silver'd thick the foot-stool shone,
O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown.
The sovereign seat with graceful air she press'd;
To diff'rent tasks their toil the Nymphs address'd:
The golden goblets some, and some restor'd 361
75 From stains of luxury the polish'd board: 367
These to remove th'expiring embers came, 133
19.77 While those with unctuous fir foment the flame. 139
'Twas then Melantho with imperious mien

THE FIGHT OF
ULYSSES AND IRUS.

The beggar Irus insults Ulysses; the suitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worsted, and miserably handled. Penelope descends, and receives the presents of the suitors. The dialogue of Ulysses with Eurymachus.

Pope's Odyssey (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 18

PREVIEW
BOOK 19

EPIC POEM .ORG
DIGITAL CLASSICS

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

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EPICPOEM.ORG 473 lines 3.0
3L 1 - 473

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

PRINT
2-SIDED:
139 to **144**

Q 195 WHILE fix'd in thought the pensive Heroe sate,
A Mendicant approach'd the royal gate;
A surly vagrant of the giant kind,
The stain of manhood, of a coward mind:
From feast to feast, insatiate to devour,
He flew, attendant on the genial hour;
Q 196 When on his mother's knees a babe he lay,
She nam'd Arnaeus on his natal day,
But Irus his associates call'd the Boy,
Practis'd, the common messenger to fly,
Irus, a name expressive of th' employ.
From his own roof with meditated blows
He strove to drive the man of mighty woes.
"Hence dotard, hence! and timely speed thy way,
Lest dragg'd in vengeance, thou repent thy stay;
See how with nods assent yon princely train!
But honouring age, in mercy I refrain;
In peace away! lest if persuasions fail,
This arm with blows more eloquent prevail."
To whom with stern regards: "O insolence,
Indecently to rail without offence!
What bounty gives, without a rival share,
◆ I ask, what harms not thee, to breathe this air:
Alike on alms we both precarious live:
And canst thou envy, when the great relieve?
L1[I] Q 197 Know from the bounteous heav'ns all riches flow,
And what man gives, the Gods by man bestow;
Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,
Lest I imprint my vengeance in thy blood;
Old as I am, should once my fury burn,
How wouldst thou fly, nor ev'n in thought return?"
"Mere woman-glutton!" (thus the churl reply'd)
"A tongue so flippant, with a throat so wide!
Why cease I, Gods! to dash those teeth away,
Like some vile swine's, that greedy of his prey
Uproots the bearded corn? rise, try the fight,
Gird well thy loins, approach, and feel my might:
Sure of defeat, before the Peers engage;
Unequal fight! when youth contends with age!"
Thus in a wordy war their tongues display
More fierce intents, preluding to the fray;
Antinoüs hears, and in a jovial vein,
Thus with loud laughter to the Suitor-train:
"This happy day in mirth, my friends, employ,
And lo! the Gods conspire to crown our joy,
Q 198 See ready for the fight, and hand to hand,
Pope Yon surly mendicants contentious stand; **362**
Odyssey Why urge we not to blows?" Well-pleas'd they spring **368**
Swift from their seats, and thick'ning form a ring. **134**
18.50 To whom Antinoüs: "Lo! enrich'd with blood **140**
In vile ignoble jars, the feast of joy."
To whom the stern Telemachus uprose; **128**
"Gods! what wild folly from the goblet flows? **355**
Whence this unguarded openness of soul, **349**
But from the license of the copious bowl?
Or heav'n delusion sends. But hence, away!
Force I forbear, and without force obey."
Silent, abash'd, they hear the stern rebuke,
'Till thus Amphinomus the silence broke:
"True are his words, and he whom truth offends
Not with Telemachus, but truth contends;
Let not the hand of violence invade
The rev'rend stranger, or the spotless maid;
Retire we hence! but crown with rosy wine Q 219
The flowing goblet to the pow'rs divine;
Guard he his guest beneath whose roof he stands:
This justice, this the social right demands."
The Peers assent; the goblet Mulius crown'd
With purple juice, and bore in order round;
Each Peer successive his libation pours
To the blest Gods who fill'd th'aereal bow'rs;
Then swill'd with wine, with noise the crowds obey,
And rushing forth tumultuous reel away. **18**.473

CONSULTING secret with the blue-ey'd Maid, Q 249 **19**.1
Still in the dome divine Ulysses stay'd:
Revenge mature for act inflam'd his breast; ◆ **L1[I]**
And thus the Son the fervent Sire addrest:
"Instant convey those steely stores of war
To distant rooms, dispos'd with secret care:
The cause demanded by the Suitor-train, Q 250
To sooth their fears a specious reason feign:
Say, since Ulysses left his natal coast, **1**
Obscene with smoke, their beamy lustre lost,
His arms deform'd the roof they wont adorn:
From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.
Suggest, that Jove the peaceful thought inspir'd,
Lest they by sight of swords to fury fir'd,
Dishonest wounds, or violence of soul,
Defame the bridal feast, and friendly bowl." **2**
The Prince obedient to the sage command,
To Euryclea thus: "The female band
In their apartments keep; secure the doors:
These swarthy arms among the covert stores
Are seemlier hid; my thoughtless youth they blame,
Imbrown'd with vapor of the smould'ring flame."
"In happy hour," (pleas'd Euryclea cries)
"Tutor'd by early woes, grow early wise! **Pope**
Inspect with sharpen'd sight, and frugal care, **Odyssey**
Your patrimonial wealth, a prudent heir.
But who the lighted taper will provide, Q 251 **19**.27

The shining baldness of his head survey,
Pope It aids our torch-light, and reflects the ray."
Odyssey Then to the King that levell'd haughty Troy:
"Say, if large hire can tempt thee to employ
Q216 Those hands in work? to tend the rural trade,
To dress the walk, and form th'embowering shade.
So food and rayment constant will I give:
But idly thus thy soul prefers to live,
And starve by strolling, not by work to thrive."
410 To whom incens'd: "Should we, O prince, engage
In rival tasks beneath the burning rage
Of summer suns, were both constrain'd to wield
Foodless, the scythe along the burden'd field;
Or should we labour while the plowshare wounds
415 With steers of equal strength, th'allotted grounds,
Beneath my labours how thy wond'ring eyes
Might see the sable field at once arise!
Should Jove dire war unloose, with spear and shield
And nodding helm, I tread th'ensanguin'd field,
420 Fierce in the van: Then wou'dst thou, wou'dst thou, say,
Misname me glutton in that glorious day?
No, thy ill-judging thoughts the brave disgrace;
◆ 'Tis thou injurious art, not I am base.
Q217 Proud, to seem brave among a coward train!
425 But now, thou art not valorous, but vain.
L2[O] God! should the stern Ulysses rise in might,
These gates would seem too narrow for thy flight."
While yet he speaks, Eurymachus replies,
With indignation flashing from his eyes:
430 "Slave, I with justice might deserve the wrong,
Should I not punish that opprobrious tongue;
Irreverent to the Great, and uncontroul'd,
Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold?
Perhaps, these outrages from Irus flow,
435 A worthless triumph o'er a worthless foe!"
He said, and with full force a footstool threw:
Whirl'd from his arm with erring rage it flew;
Ulysses, cautious of the vengeful foe,
Stoops to the ground, and disappoints the blow.
440 Not so a youth, who deals the goblet round,
Full on his shoulder it inflicts a wound;
Dash'd from his hand the sounding goblet flies,
He shrieks, he reels, he falls, and breathless lies.
Q218 Then wild uproar and clamour mounts the sky,
445 'Till mutual thus the Peers indignant cry:
"O had this stranger sunk to realms beneath,
To the black realms of darkness and of death,
Ere yet he trod these shores! to strife he draws
Peer against Peer; and what the weighty cause?
18.450 A vagabond! for him the great destroy,

135 (82C)
129 (77C)
356 (231C)
350 (226C)
2 (1C)
3
363
369
135
141

A kid's well-fatted entrails (tasteful food!)
On glowing embers lye; on him bestow
Pope The choicest portion who subdues his foe;
Odyssey Grant him unrivall'd in these walls to stay,
The sole attendant on the genial day." 55
The Lords applaud: Ulysses then with art,
And fears well-feign'd, disguis'd his dauntless heart:
"Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe;
Say is it baseness, to decline the foe?
Hard conflict! when calamity and age 60
With vigorous youth, unknown to cares, engage!
Yet fearful of disgrace, to try the day
Imperious hunger bids, and I obey:
But swear, impartial arbiters of right,
Swear, to stand neutral while we cope in fight." 65
The Peers assent: when strait his sacred head Q199
Telemachus uprais'd, and sternly said:
"Stranger, if prompted to chastize the wrong
Of this bold insolent, confide, be strong!
Th' injurious Greek that dares attempt a blow, 70
That instant makes Telemachus his foe;
And these my friends shall guard the sacred ties
Of hospitality, for they are wise."
Then girding his strong loins, the King prepares
To close in combat, and his body bares; 75
Broad spread his shoulders, and his nervous thighs L2[O]
By just degrees like well-turn'd columns rise
Ample his chest, his arms are round and long,
And each strong joint Minerva knits more strong,
(Attendant on her chief:) the Suitor-crowd 80
With wonder gaze, and gazing speak aloud:
"Irus alas! shall Irus be no more,
Black fate impends, and this th'avenging hour!
Gods! how his nerves a matchless strength proclaim:
Swell o'er his well-strung limbs, and brace his frame!" 85
Then pale with fears, and sick'ning at the sight; Q200
They dragg'd th'unwilling Irus to the fight;
From his blank visage fled the coward blood,
And his flesh trembled as aghast he stood:
"O that such baseness should disgrace the light! 90
Oh hide it, death, in everlasting night!
(Exclaims Antinoüs) can a vigorous foe
Meanly decline to combat age and woe?
But hear me, wretch! if recreant in the fray,
That huge bulk yield this ill-contested day, 95
Instant thou sail'st, to Eschetus resign'd,
A tyrant, fiercest of the tyrant kind,
Who casts thy mangled ears and nose a prey
To hungry dogs, and lops the man away."
While with indignant scorn he sternly spoke, 18.100

In ev'ry joint the trembling Irus shook; **136 (83C)**
Now front to front each frowning champion stands, **130 (78C)**
And poises high in air his adverse hands. **357 (232C)**
The Chief yet doubts, or to the shades below **351 (227C)**
To fell the Giant at one vengeful blow,
Q201 Or save his life; and soon his life to save
The King resolves, for mercy sways the brave.
That instant Irus his huge arm extends,
Full on his shoulder the rude weight descends:
The sage Ulysses, fearful to disclose
The Heroe latent in the man of woes,
Check'd half his might: yet rising to the stroke,
His jaw-bone dash'd; the crashing jaw-bone broke:
Down drop'd he stupid from the stunning wound,
His feet extended, quivering beat the ground,
His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood,
His teeth all shatter'd rush immix'd with blood.
The Peers transported, as outstretch'd he lies,
With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted skies:
Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,
His length of carcass trailing prints the ground;
Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,
◆ Till propp'd reclining on the palace walls;
Then to his hand a staff the victor gave,
And thus with just reproach address'd the slave:
L2[I] Q202 "There terrible, affright with dogs, and reign
A dreaded tyrant o'er the bestial train!
But mercy to the poor and stranger show,
Lest heav'n in vengeance send some mightier woe."
Scornful he spoke, and o'er his shoulder flung
The broad-patch'd scrip; the scrip in tatters hung
Ill join'd, and knotted to a twisted thong. **3 (2C)**
Then turning short, disdain'd a further stay,
But to the palace measur'd back the way.
There as he rested, gathering in a ring,
The Peers with smiles address their unknown King:
"Stranger, may Jove and all th'aereal pow'rs,
With ev'ry blessing crown thy happy hours!
Our freedom to thy prowess'd arm we owe **4**
From bold intrusion of thy coward foe;
Instant the flying sail the slave shall wing
To Echetus, the monster of a King."
While pleas'd he hears, Antinoüs bears the food,
A kid's well fatted entrails, rich with blood:
Q203 The bread from canisters of shining mold
Amphinomus; and wines that laugh in gold:
Pope "And Oh!" (he mildly cries) "may heav'n display **364**
Odyssey A beam of glory o'er thy future day! **370**
Alas, the brave too oft is doom'd to bear **136**
18.150 The gripes of poverty, and stings of care." **142**

Then to the dance they form the vocal strain,
'Till Hesperus leads forth the starry train;
And now he raises, as the day-light fades,
His golden circlet in the deep'ning shades:
Three vases heap'd with copious fires display
O'er all the palace a fictitious day;
From space to space the torch wide-beaming burns,
And sprightly damsels trim the rays by turns.
To whom the King: "Ill suits your sex to stay
Alone with men! ye modest maids, away!
Go, with the Queen the spindle guide, or cull
(The partners of her cares) the silver wool;
Be it my task the torches to supply
Ev'n till the morning lamp adorns the sky;
Ev'n till the morning, with unwearied care, Q214
Sleepless I watch; for I have learn'd to bear."
Scornful they heard: Melantho, fair and young,
(Melantho, from the loins of Dolius sprung,
Who with the Queen her years an infant led,
With the soft fondness of a daughter bred)
Chiefly derides: regardless of the cares
Her Queen endures, polluted joys she shares
Nocturnal with Eurymachus: With eyes
That speak disdain, the wanton thus replies:
"Oh whither wanders thy distemper'd brain,
Thou bold intruder on a princely train? **L2[I]**
Hence, to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;
Or shun in some black forge the midnight air.
Proceeds this boldness from a turn of soul,
Or flows licentious from the copious bowl?
Is it that vanquish'd Irus swells thy mind?
A foe may meet thee of a braver kind,
Who shortning with a storm of blows thy stay,
Shall send thee howling all in blood away!"
To whom with frowns: "O impudent in wrong! Q215
Thy Lord shall curb that insolence of tongue;
Know, to Telemachus I tell th'offence:
The scourge, the scourge shall lash thee into sense."
With conscious shame they hear the stern rebuke,
Nor longer durst sustain the sovereign look.
Then to the servile task the Monarch turns
His royal hands; Each torch refulgent burns
With added day: mean-while in museful mood,
Absorpt in thought, on vengeance fix'd he stood.
And now the Martial Maid, by deeper wrongs
To rouze Ulysses, points the Suitors' tongues:
Scornful of age, to taunt the virtuous man, **Pope**
Thoughtless and gay, Eurymachus began: **Odyssey**
"Hear me" (he cries) "confederates and friends!
Some God no doubt this stranger kindly sends; **18**.400

Too faithfully my heart retains the day
Pope That sadly tore my royal Lord away:
Odyssey He grasp'd my hand, and, 'oh, my spouse! I leave
Thy arms' (he cry'd) 'perhaps to find a grave:
Q211 Fame speaks the Trojans bold; they boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill,
To dart the spear, and guide the rushing car
With dreadful inroad thro' the walks of war.
My sentence is gone forth, and 'tis decreed
310 Perhaps by righteous heav'n that I must bleed!
My father, mother, all, I trust to thee;
To them, to them transfer the love of me:
But when my son grows man, the royal sway
Resign, and happy be thy bridal day!'
315 Such were his words; and Hymen now prepares
To light his torch, and give me up to cares;
Th'afflictive hand of wrathful Jove to bear:
A wretch, the most compleat that breathes the air!
Fall'n ev'n below the rights to woman due!
320 Careless to please, with insolence ye wooe!
The gen'rous lovers, studious to succeed,
Bid their whole herds and flocks in banquets bleed;
◆ By precious gifts the vow sincere display:
You, only you, make her ye love your prey."
Q212 Well-pleas'd Ulysses hears his Queen deceive
L3[O] The Suitor-train, and raise a thirst to give;
False hopes she kindles, but those hopes betray,
And promise, yet elude the bridal day.
While yet she speaks, the gay Antinoüs cries:
330 "Offspring of Kings, and more than woman wise!
'Tis right; 'tis man's prerogative to give,
And custom bids thee without shame receive;
Yet never, never from thy dome we move,
'Till Hymen lights the torch of spousal love."
335 The Peers dispatch their heralds to convey
The gifts of love; with speed they take the way.
A robe Antinoüs gives of shining dyes,
The varying hues in gay confusion rise
Rich from the artist's hand! twelve clasps of gold
340 Close to the less'ning waist the vest infold;
Down from the swelling loins, the vest unbound
Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the ground.
A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,
That shot effulgence **like the solar ray**,
Q213 Eurymachus presents: and ear-rings bright,
With triple stars, that cast a trembling light.
Pisander bears a necklace, wrought with art;
And ev'ry Peer, expressive of his heart,
A gift bestows: This done, the Queen ascends,
18.350 And slow behind her damsel train attends.

137 (84C)
131 (79C)
358 (233C)
352 (228C)
4 (3C)
5
365
371
137
143

To whom with thought mature the King replies:
"The tongue speaks wisely, when the soul is wise;
Such was thy father! in imperial state,
Great without vice, that oft attends the great:
Nor from the sire art thou the son declin'd;
Then hear my words, and grave them in thy mind!
Of all that breathes or grovelling creeps on earth,
Most vain is Man! calamitous by birth.
To-day with pow'r elate, in strength he blooms;
The haughty creature on that pow'r presumes:
Anon, from heav'n a sad reverse he feels;
Untaught to bear, 'gainst heav'n the wretch rebells.
For man is changeful as his bliss or woe,
Too high when prosp'rous, when distrest too low.
There was a day, when with the scornful Great
I swell'd in pomp, and arrogance of state;
Proud of the pow'r that to high birth belongs;
And us'd that pow'r to justify my wrongs.
Then let not man be proud: but firm of mind,
Bear the best humbly, and the worst resign'd;
Be dumb when heav'n afflicts! unlike yon' train
Of haughty spoilers, insolently vain;
Who make their Queen and all her wealth a prey:
But Vengeance and Ulysses wing their way.
O may'st thou, favour'd by some guardian pow'r,
Far, far be distant in that deathful hour!
For sure I am, if stern Ulysses breathe,
These lawless riots end in blood and death."
Then to the Gods the rosy juice he pours,
And the drein'd goblet to the Chief restores.
Stung to the soul, o'ercast with holy dread,
He shook the graceful honours of his head;
His boding mind the future woe forestalls,
In vain! by great Telemachus he falls,
For Pallas seals his doom: All sad he turns
To joyn the Peers, resumes his throne, and mourns.
Mean-while Minerva with instinctive fires
Thy soul, Penelope, from heav'n inspires;
With flatt'ring hopes the Suitors to betray,
And seem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day,
Thy husband's wonder, and thy son's to raise,
And crown the mother and the wife with praise.
Then, while the streaming sorrow dims her eyes,
Thus with a transient smile the matron cries:
"Eurynomè! to go where riot reigns
I feel an impulse, tho' my soul disdains;
To my lov'd son the snares of death to show,
And in the traytor friend unmask the foe;
Who smooth of tongue, in purpose insincere,
Hides fraud in smiles, while death is ambush'd there."

Q204
Q205
L3[O]
155
160
170
175
180
190
195
18.200

"Go warn thy son, nor be the warning vain," **138 (85C)**
(Reply'd the sagest of the royal train) **132 (80C)**
"But bath'd, anointed, and adorn'd descend; **359 (234C)**
Pow'rful of charms, bid ev'ry grace attend; **353 (229C)**
Q206 The tyde of flowing tears a-while suppress;
Tears but indulge the sorrow, not redress.
Some joy remains: To thee a son is giv'n,
Such as in fondness parents ask of heav'n."
"Ah me! forbear," returns the Queen, "forbear;
Oh talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care!
No more I bathe, since he no longer sees
Those charms, for whom alone I wish'd to please.
The day that bore Ulysses from this coast,
Blasted the little bloom these cheeks could boast.
But instant bid Autonoè descend,
Instant, Hippodamè our steps attend;
Ill suits it, female virtue to be seen
Alone, indecent, in the walks of men."
Then while Eurynomè the mandate bears,
From heav'n Minerva shoots with guardian cares;
O'er all her senses, as the couch she prest,
She pours a pleasing, deep, and **deathlike** rest,
◆ With ev'ry beauty ev'ry feature arms,
Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her charms,
Q207 In her love-darting eyes awakes the fires,
L3[I] (Immortal gifts! to kindle soft desires)
From limb to limb an air majestic sheds,
And the pure ivory o'er her bosom spreads.
Such Venus shines, when with a measur'd bound
She smoothly gliding swims th'harmonious round,
When with the graces in the dance she moves,
And fires the gazing Gods with ardent loves. **5 (4C)**
Then to the skies her flight Minerva bends,
And to the Queen the damsel train descends:
Wak'd at their steps, her flowing eyes unclose;
The tears she wipes, and thus renews her woes.
Howe'er 'tis well! that Sleep a-while can free
With soft forgetfulness, a wretch like me;
Oh were it giv'n to yield this transient breath, **6**
Send, oh Diana, send the sleep of death!
Why must I waste a tedious life in tears,
Nor bury in the silent grave my cares?
O my Ulysses! ever honour'd name!
For thee I mourn till death dissolves my frame."
Q208 Thus wailing, slow and sadly she descends,
On either band a damsel train attends:
Pope Full where the dome its shining valves expands, **366**
Odyssey Radiant before the gazing Peers she stands; **372**
A veil translucent o'er her brow display'd, **138**
18.250 Her beauty seems, and only seems, to shade: **144**

Sudden she lightens in their dazled eyes,
And sudden flames in ev'ry bosom rise;
They send their eager souls with ev'ry look,
'Till silence thus th'imperial matron broke;
"O why, my son, why now no more appears
That warmth of soul that urg'd thy younger years?
Thy riper days no growing worth impart,
A man in stature, still a boy in heart!
Thy well-knit frame unprofitably strong,
Speaks thee an Heroe from an Heroe sprung:
But the just Gods in vain those gifts bestow,
O wise alone in form, and brave in show!
Heav'ns! could a stranger feel oppression's hand
Beneath thy roof, and cou'dst thou tamely stand?
If thou the stranger's righteous cause decline, Q209
His is the suff'rance, but the shame is thine."
To whom with filial awe, the Prince returns:
"That gen'rous soul with just resentment burns,
Yet taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow
For others' good, and melt at others' woe:
But impotent these riots to repel,
I bear their outrage, tho' my soul rebell:
Helpless amid the snares of death I tread,
And numbers leagu'd in impious union dread:
But now no crime is theirs: this wrong proceeds
From Irus, and the guilty Irus bleeds. **L3[I]**
O would to Jove, or her whose arms display
The shield of Jove, or him who rules the day!
That yon' proud Suitors, who licentious tread
These courts, within these courts like Irus bled:
Whose loose head tottering **as with wine opprest**,
Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breast;
Pow'rless to move, his stagg'ring feet deny
The coward wretch the privilege to fly."
Then to the Queen Eurymachus replies: Q210
"O justly lov'd, and not more fair than wise!
Should Greece thro' all her hundred states survey
Thy finish'd charms, all Greece would own thy sway,
In rival crouds contest the glorious prize,
Dispeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes:
O woman, loveliest of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and compleat in mind!"
"Ah me!" returns the Queen, "when from this shore
Ulysses sail'd, then beauty was no more!
The Gods decreed these eyes no more should keep
Their wonted grace, but only serve to weep.
Should he return, whate'er my beauties prove, **Pope**
My virtues last: my brightest charm is love. **Odyssey**
Now, Grief, thou all art mine! the Gods o'ercast
My soul with woes, that long, ah long must last! **18**.300

Q275 Ulysses, and his brave maternal race,
Pope The young Autolyci, essay the chase.
Odyssey ✦ Parnassus, thick perplex'd with horrid shades,
With deep-mouth'd hounds the hunter-troop invades;
What time the sun, from ocean's peaceful stream,
Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam.
The pack impatient snuff the tainted gale;
The thorny wilds the wood-men fierce assail:
And foremost of the train, his cornel spear
Ulysses wav'd, to rouze the savage war.
Deep in the rough recesses of the wood,
A lofty copse, the growth of ages, stood:
Nor winter's boreal blast, nor thund'rous show'r,
Nor solar ray, cou'd pierce the shadowy bow'r,
With wither'd foliage strew'd, a heapy store!
The warm pavilion of a dreadful boar.
Rouz'd by the hounds' and hunters' mingling cries,
The savage from his leafy founder flies;
With fiery glare his sanguine eye-balls shine,
And bristles high impale his horrid chine.
Q276 Young Ithacus advanc'd, defies the foe,
Poising his lifted lance in act to throw:
The savage renders vain the wound decreed,
And springs impetuous with opponent speed:
His tusks oblique he aim'd the knee to goar;
L1[O] Aslope they glanc'd, the sinewy fibres tore,
A And bar'd the bone: Ulysses undismay'd,
Soon with redoubl'd force the wound repay'd;
To the right shoulder-joint the spear apply'd,
His further flank with streaming purple dy'd:
On earth he rush'd with agonizing pain;
With joy, and vast surprize, th'applauding train
View'd his enormous bulk extended on the plain.
With bandage firm Ulysses' knee they bound;
Then chaunting mystic lays, the closing wound
Of sacred melody confess'd the force;
The tides of life regain'd their azure course.
Then back they led the youth with loud acclaim;
Autolycus, inamour'd with his fame,
Q277 Confirm'd the cure: and from the Delphic dome
With added gifts return'd him glorious home.
He, safe at Ithaca with joy receiv'd,
Relates the chace, and early praise atchiev'd.
Deep o'er his knee inseam'd, remain'd the scar:
Which noted token of the woodland war
When Euryclea found, th'ablution ceas'd;
Down dropp'd the leg, from her slack hand releas'd!
The mingled fluids from the vase redound;
The vase reclining floats the floor around!
19.550 Smiles dew'd with tears the pleasing strife exprest

139
133
360
354
1
1
367
373
139
145

THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO EURYCLEA.

Ulysses and his son remove the weapons out of the armoury. Ulysses, in conversation with Penelope, gives a fictitious account of his adventures; then assures her he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete; and describes exactly his person and dress; affirms to have heard of him in Phaeacia aud Thesprotia, and that his return is certain, and within a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Euryclea, who discovers him to be riveted by the scar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnassus. The poet inserts a digression relating that accident, with all its particulars. *Pope's Odyssey* (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 19

PREVIEW
BOOK 20

EPIC POEM .ORG

DIGITAL CLASSICS

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

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PRINT 2-SIDED: **145** to **152**

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

Q249 CONSULTING secret with the blue-ey'd Maid,
Still in the dome divine Ulysses stay'd:
✦ Revenge mature for act inflam'd his breast;
And thus the Son the fervent Sire addrest:
"Instant convey those steely stores of war
To distant rooms, dispos'd with secret care:
Q250 The cause demanded by the Suitor-train,
To sooth their fears a specious reason feign:
Say, since Ulysses left his natal coast,
Obscene with smoke, their beamy lustre lost,
His arms deform'd the roof they wont adorn:
From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.
Suggest, that Jove the peaceful thought inspir'd,
Lest they by sight of swords to fury fir'd,
Dishonest wounds, or violence of soul,
Defame the bridal feast, and friendly bowl."
The Prince obedient to the sage command,
To Euryclea thus: "The female band
In their apartments keep; secure the doors:
These swarthy arms among the covert stores
Are seemlier hid; my thoughtless youth they blame,
Imbrown'd with vapor of the smould'ring flame."
"In happy hour," (pleas'd Euryclea cries)
"Tutor'd by early woes, grow early wise!
Inspect with sharpen'd sight, and frugal care,
L1[I] Your patrimonial wealth, a prudent heir.
A Q251 But who the lighted taper will provide,
(The female train retir'd) your toils to guide?"
"Without infringing hospitable right,
This guest" (he cry'd) "shall bear the guiding light:
I cheer no lazy vagrants with repast;
They share the meal that earn it ere they taste."
He said; from female ken she strait secures
The purpos'd deed, and guards the bolted doors:
Auxiliar to his son, Ulysses bears
The plumy-crested helms, and pointed spears,
With shields indented deep in glorious wars.
Minerva viewless on her charge attends,
And with her golden lamp his toil befriends:
Not such the sickly beams, which unsincere,
Gild the gross vapor of this nether sphere!
A present Deity the Prince confess'd,
And rap'd with ecstasy the Sire address'd:
"What miracle thus dazzles with surprize!
Distinct in rows the radiant columns rise:
Q252 The walls where-e'er my wond'ring sight I turn,
Pope And roofs, amidst a blaze of glory burn!
Odyssey Some visitant of pure etherial race,
With his bright presence deigns the dome to grace."
19.50 "Be calm, replies the Sire; to none impart,

140 (86C)
134 (81C)
361 (235C)
355 (230C)
2 (1C)
2
368
374
140
146

The laver straight with busy care she brings:
In the deep vase, that shone like burnish'd gold,
The boiling fluid temperates the cold.
Mean-time revolving in his thoughtful mind
The scar, with which his manly knee was sign'd;
His face averting from the crackling blaze,
His shoulders intercept th'unfriendly rays.
Thus cautious, in th'obscure he hop'd to fly
The curious search of Euryclea's eye.
Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find
This scar, with which his manly knee was sign'd.
This on Parnassus combating the boar, Q273
With glancing rage the tusky savage tore.
Attended by his brave maternal race,
His grandsire sent him to the sylvan chase,
Autolycus the bold: (a mighty name
For spotless faith, and deeds of martial fame:
Hermes his Patron-god those gifts bestow'd,
Whose shrine with weanling lambs he wont to load.)
His course to Ithaca this Heroe sped,
When the first product of Laertes' bed
Was now disclos'd to birth: the banquet ends,
When Euryclea from the Queen descends,
And to his fond embrace the babe commends:
"Receive," she cries, "your royal daughter's son;
And Name the blessing that your pray'rs have won." L1[I]
Then thus the hoary Chief: "My victor arms A
Have aw'd the realms around with dire alarms:
A sure memorial of my dreaded fame
The boy shall bear; Ulysses be his name!
And when with filial love the youth shall come Q274
To view his mother's soil, my Delphic dome
With gifts of price shall send him joyous home."
Lur'd with the promis'd boon, when youthful prime
Ended in man, his mother's natal clime
Ulysses sought: with fond affection dear
Amphithea's arms receiv'd the royal heir:
Her ancient Lord an equal joy possest;
Instant he bade prepare the genial feast:
A steer to form the sumptuous banquet bled,
Whose stately growth five flow'ry summers fed:
His sons divide, and roast with artful care
The limbs; then all the tasteful viands share.
Nor ceas'd discourse (the banquet of the soul)
'Till Phoebus wheeling to the western goal
Resign'd the skies, and night involv'd the pole.
Pope Their drooping eyes the slumb'rous shade opprest,
Odyssey Sated they rose, and all retir'd to rest.
Soon as the morn, new-rob'd in purple light,
Pierc'd with her golden shafts the rere of night; 19.500

Some wretch reluctant views aerial light,
Pope To her mean hand assign the friendly rite."
Odyssey Q270 ✦ Pleas'd with his wise reply, the Queen rejoin'd:
"Such gentle manners, and so sage a mind,
In all who grac'd this hospitable bow'r
I ne'er discern'd, before this social hour.
Such servant as your humble choice requires,
To light receiv'd the Lord of my desires,
New from the birth: and with a mother's hand
His tender bloom to manly growth sustain'd:
Of matchless prudence, and a duteous mind;
Though now to life's extremest verge declin'd,
Of strength superior to the toil assign'd. —
Rise, Euryclea! with officious care
For the poor friend the cleansing bath prepare:
This debt his correspondent fortunes claim,
Too like Ulysses, and perhaps the same!
Thus old with woes my fancy paints him now!
For age untimely marks the careful brow."
Instant obsequious to the mild command,
Sad Euryclea rose: with trembling hand
Q271 She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes;
And thus impassion'd to herself replies:
"Son of my love, and Monarch of my cares!
What pangs for thee this wretched bosom bears!
L2[O] Are thus by Jove who constant beg his aid
A With pious deed, and pure devotion, paid?
He never dar'd defraud the sacred fane,
Of perfect Hecatombs in order slain:
There oft implor'd his tutelary pow'r,
Long to protract the sad sepulchral hour;
That form'd for empire with paternal care,
His realm might recognize an equal heir.
O destin'd head! The pious vows are lost;
His God forgets him on a foreign coast! —
Perhaps, like thee, poor guest! in wanton pride
The rich insult him, and the young decide!
Conscious of worth revil'd, thy gen'rous mind
The friendly rite of purity declin'd;
My will concurring with my Queen's command,
Accept the bath from this obsequious hand.
Q272 A strong emotion shakes my anguish'd breast;
In thy whole form Ulysses seems exprest:
Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coast,
None imag'd e'er like thee my master lost."
Thus half-discover'd thro' the dark disguise,
With cool composure feign'd, the Chief replies:
"You join your suffrage to the public vote;
The same you think, have all beholders thought."
19.450 He said: "replenish'd from the purest springs,

141 (87C)
135 (82C)
362 (236C)
356 (231C)
3 (2C)
3
369
375
141
147

But oft revolve the vision in thy heart:
Celestials, mantl'd in excess of light,
Can visit unapproach'd by mortal sight.
Seek thou repose; whilst here I sole remain,
T'explore the conduct of the female train:
The pensive Queen perchance desires to know
The series of my toils, to sooth her woe."
With tapers flaming day his train attends,
His bright alcove th'obsequious youth ascends:
Soft slumb'rous shades his drooping eye-lids close,
'Till on her eastern throne Aurora glows.
Whilst, forming plans of death, Ulysses stay'd,
In council secret with the Martial Maid;
Attendant Nymphs in beauteous order wait
The Queen, descending from her bow'r of state.
Her cheeks the warmer blush of Venus wear,
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air.
An ivory seat with silver ringlets grac'd,
By fam'd Icmalius wrought, the menials plac'd:
With ivory silver'd thick the foot-stool shone,
O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown.
The sovereign seat with graceful air she press'd;
To diff'rent tasks their toil the Nymphs address'd:
The golden goblets some, and some restor'd
From stains of luxury the polish'd board:
These to remove th'expiring embers came,
While those with unctuous fir foment the flame.
'Twas then Melantho with imperious mien
Renew'd th'attack, incontinent of spleen:
"Avaunt," she cry'd, "offensive to my sight!
Deem not in ambush here to lurk by night,
Into the woman-state asquint to pry;
A day-devourer, and an ev'ning-spy!
Vagrant, begone! before this blazing brand
Shall urge" — and wav'd it hissing in her hand.
Q254 Th'insulted Heroe rouls his wrathful eyes,
And, "Why so turbulent of soul?" he cries;
"Can these lean shrivel'd limbs unnerv'd with age,
These poor but honest rags, enkindle rage?
In crowds we wear the badge of hungry Fate,
And beg, degraded from superior state!
Constrain'd! a rent-charge on the rich I live;
Reduc'd to crave the good I once could give:
A Palace, wealth, and slaves, I late possess'd,
And all that makes the Great be call'd the Bless'd:
My gate, an emblem of my open soul,
Embrac'd the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole.
Scorn not the sad reverse, injurious maid!
'Tis Jove's high will, and be his will obey'd!
Nor think thy self exempt: that rosy prime **19**.100

Must share the general doom of with'ring time:
To some new channel soon, the changeful tide
✦ Of royal grace th'offended Queen may guide;
And her lov'd Lord unplume thy tow'ring pride.
Or were he dead, 'tis wisdom to beware:
Sweet blooms the Prince beneath Apollo's care;
Q255 Your deeds with quick impartial eye surveys;
Potent to punish what he cannot praise."
Her keen reproach had reach'd the Sov'reign's ear;
"Loquacious insolent!" she cries, "forbear:
To thee the purpose of my soul I told,
Venial discourse unblam'd with him to hold.
The storied labours of my wand'ring Lord,
To sooth my grief, he haply may record:
Yet him, my guest, thy venom'd rage hath stung;
Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue!
But thou on whom my palace-cares depend,
Eurynomè, regard the stranger friend:
A seat soft spread with furry spoils prepare;
Due-distant for us both to speak, and hear."
The menial Fair obeys with duteous haste;
A seat adorn'd with furry spoils she plac'd:
Due-distant for discourse the Heroe sate;
When thus the Sov'reign from her chair of state:
"Reveal, obsequious to my first demand,
L2[I] Thy name, thy lineage, and thy natal land."
A Q256 He thus: "O Queen! whose far-resounding fame,
Is bounded only by the starry frame:
Consummate pattern of imperial sway,
Whose pious rule a warlike race obey!
In wavy gold thy summer vales are dress'd;
Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppress'd:
With flocks and herds each grassy plain is stor'd;
And fish of ev'ry fin thy seas afford:
Their affluent joys the grateful realms confess;
And bless the Pow'r that still delights to bless.
Gracious permit this pray'r, imperial Dame!
Forbear to know my lineage, or my name:
Urge not this breast to heave, these eyes to weep;
In sweet oblivion let my sorrows sleep!
My woes awak'd will violate your ear;
And to this gay censorious train, appear
A winy vapour melting in a tear."
"Their gifts the Gods resum'd" (the Queen rejoin'd.)
"Exterior grace, and energy of mind;
Q257 When the dear partner of my nuptial joy,
Pope Auxiliar troops combin'd, to conquer Troy.
Odyssey My Lord's protecting hand alone wou'd raise
My drooping verdure, and extend my praise!
19.150 Peers from the distant Samian shore resort;

142 (88C)
136 (83C)
363 (237C)
357 (232C)
4 (3C)
4
370
376
142
148

When the pale Empress of yon' starry train
In the next month renews her faded wane,
Ulysses will assert his rightful reign."
"What thanks! what boon!" reply'd the Queen, "are due,
When time shall prove the storied blessing true:
My Lord's return shou'd fate no more retard,
Envy shall sicken at thy vast reward.
But my prophetic fears, alas! presage,
The wounds of Destiny's relentless rage
I long must weep! nor will Ulysses come,
With royal gifts to send you honour'd home! —
Your other task, ye menial train, forbear;
Now wash the stranger, and the bed prepare;
With splendid palls the downy fleece adorn:
Q268 Up-rising early with the purple morn,
His sinews shrunk with age, and stiff with toil,
In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.
Then with Telemachus the social feast
Partaking free, my sole-invited guest;
Who-e'er neglects to pay distinction due,
The breach of hospitable right may rue.
The vulgar of my sex I most exceed
In real fame, when most humane my deed:
And vainly to the praise of Queen aspire,
If, stranger! I permit that mean attire,
Beneath the feastful bow'r. A narrow space
L2[I] Confines the circle of our destin'd race;
A 'Tis ours, with good the scanty round to grace.
Those who to cruel wrong their state abuse,
Dreaded in life, the mutter'd curse persues;
By death dis-rob'd of all their savage pow'rs,
Then, licens'd rage her hateful prey devours.
But he whose in-born worth his acts commend,
Q269 Of gentle soul, to human race a friend;
The wretched he relieves diffuse his fame,
And distant tongues extoll the patron-name."
"Princess," he cry'd, "in vain your bounties flow
On me, confirm'd, and obstinate in woe.
When my lov'd Crete receiv'd my final view,
And from my weeping eyes her cliffs withdrew;
These tatter'd weeds (my decent robes resign'd.)
I chose, the livery of a woful mind!
Nor will my heart-corroding cares abate
With splendid palls, and canopies of state:
Low-couch'd on earth, the gift of sleep I scorn,
And catch the glances of the waking morn.
Pope The delicacy of your courtly train
Odyssey To wash a wretched wand'rer wou'd disdain;
But if, in tract of long experience try'd,
19.400 And sad similitude of woes ally'd,

I not the fondness of your soul reprove **143 (89C)**
Pope For such a Lord! who crown'd your virgin-love **137 (84C)**
Odyssey ✦ With the dear blessing of a fair increase; **364 (238C)**
Himself adorn'd with more than mortal grace: **358 (233C)**
Q265 Yet, while I speak, the mighty woe suspend;
Truth forms my tale; to pleasing truth attend.
The royal object of your dearest care,
Breathes in no distant clime the vital air:
In rich Thesprotia, and the nearer bound
310 Of Thessaly, his name I heard renown'd:
Without retinue, to that friendly shore
Welcom'd with gifts of price, a sumless store!
His sacrilegious train, who dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of day,
315 Were doom'd by Jove, and Phoebus' just decree,
To perish in the rough Trinacrian sea.
To better fate the blameless Chief ordain'd,
A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,
And rode the storm; 'till by the billows tost,
320 He landed on the fair Phaeacian coast.
That race, who emulate the life of Gods,
Receive him joyous to their blest abodes:
Large gifts confer, a ready sail command,
To speed his voyage to the Grecian strand.
Q266 But your wise Lord, (in whose capacious soul
L3[O] High schemes of pow'r in just succession roul.)
𝔸 His Ithaca refus'd from fav'ring Fate,
'Till copious wealth might guard his regal state.
Phedon the fact affirm'd, whose sov'reign sway
330 Thesprotian tribes, a duteous race, obey:
And bade the Gods this added truth attest,
(While pure libations crown'd the genial feast) **5 (4C)**
That anchor'd in his port the vessels stand,
To waft the Heroe to his natal land.
335 I for Dulichium urge the wat'ry way,
But first the Ulyssean wealth survey:
So rich the value of a store so vast
Demands the pomp of centuries to waste!
The darling object of your royal love, **5**
340 Was journey'd thence to Dodonaean Jove;
By the sure precept of the sylvan shrine,
To form the conduct of his great design:
Irresolute of soul, his state to shrowd
In dark disguise, or come, a King avow'd?
Q267 Thus lives your Lord; nor longer doom'd to roam:
Soon will he grace this dear paternal dome.
By Jove, the source of good, supreme in pow'r! **371**
By the blest genius of this friendly bow'r! **377**
I ratifie my speech; before the sun **143**
19.350 His annual longitude of heav'n shall run; **149**

Here with Dulichians join'd, besiege the Court:
Zacynthus, green with ever-shady groves, **Pope**
And Ithaca, presumptuous, boast their loves: **Odyssey**
Obtruding on my choice a second Lord,
They press the Hymenaean rite abhorr'd. 155
Mis-rule thus mingling with domestic cares,
I live regardless of my state-affairs;
Receive no stranger-guest, no poor relieve;
But ever for my Lord in secret grieve! —
This art, instinct by some coelestial pow'r, 160
I try'd, elusive of the bridal hour:
'Ye Peers,' I cry, 'who press to gain a heart,
Where dead Ulysses claims no future part;
Rebate your loves, each rival suit suspend,
'Till this funereal web my labours end: 165
Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath Q258
A pall of state, the ornament of death.
For when to Fate he bows, each Grecian dame
With just reproach were licens'd to defame;
Shou'd He, long honour'd in supreme command, 170
Want the last duties of a daughter's hand.'
The fiction pleas'd; their loves I long elude;
The night still ravell'd, what the day renew'd.
Three years successful in my art conceal'd,
My ineffectual fraud the fourth reveal'd: 175
Befriended by my own domestic spies, **L3[O]**
The woof unwrought the Suitor-train surprize. 𝔸
From nuptial rites they now no more recede,
And fear forbids to falsify the Brede.
My anxious parents urge a speedy choice, 180
And to their suffrage gain the filial voice:
For Rule mature, Telemachus deplores
His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores. —
But, stranger! as thy days seem full of fate,
Divide discourse, in turn thy birth relate: 185
Thy Port asserts thee of distinguish'd race; Q259
No poor un-father'd product of disgrace."
"Princess!" he cries, "renew'd by your command,
The dear remembrance of my native land,
Of secret grief unseals the fruitful source; 190
And tears repeat their long-forgotten course!
So pays the wretch, whom fate constrains to roam,
The dues of nature to his natal home! —
But inward on my soul let sorrow prey;
Your sovereign Will my duty bids obey. 195
Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil!
And ninety cities crown the sea-born Isle:
Mix'd with her genuine sons, adopted names
In various tongues avow their various claims:
Cydonians, dreadful with the bended yew, **19**.200

And bold Pelasgi boast a native's due:
The Dorians, plum'd amid the files of war,
✦ Her foodful glebe with fierce Achaians share;
Cnossus, her capital of high command;
Where sceptred Minos with impartial hand
Q260 Divided Right; each ninth revolving year
By Jove receiv'd, in council to confer.
His son Deucalion bore successive sway;
His son, who gave me first to view the day!
The royal bed an elder issue blest,
Idomeneus, whom Ilian fields attest
Of matchless deed: untrain'd to martial toil
I liv'd inglorious in my native Isle.
Studious of peace, and Aethon is my name.
'Twas then to Crete the great Ulysses came;
For, elemental war, and wintry Jove,
From Malea's gusty cape his navy drove
To bright Lucina's fane; the shelfy coast
Where loud Amnisus in the deep is lost.
His vessels moor'd, (an incommodious port!)
The Heroe speeded to the Cnossian court:
Ardent the partner of his arms to find;
In leagues of long commutual friendship join'd.
Vain hope! ten suns had warm'd the western strand,
Since my brave brother with his Cretan band
L3[I] Q261 Had sail'd for Troy: but to the genial feast
𝔸 My honour'd roof receiv'd the royal guest:
Beeves for his train the Cnossian Peers assign,
A public treat, with jars of gen'rous wine.
Twelve days, while Boreas vex'd th'aerial space,
My hospitable dome he deign'd to grace:
And when the north had ceas'd the stormy roar,
He wing'd his voyage to the Phrygian shore."
Thus the fam'd Heroe, perfected in wiles,
With fair similitude of truth beguiles
The Queen's attentive ear: dissolv'd in woe,
From her bright eyes the tears unbounded flow.
As snows collected on the mountain freeze;
When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,
The fleecy pile obeys the whisp'ring gales,
Ends in a stream, and murmurs thro' the vales:
So, melted with the pleasing tale he told,
Down her fair cheek the copious torrent roll'd:
She to her present Lord laments him lost,
And views that object which she wants the most!
Q262 With'ring at heart to see the weeping Fair,
Pope His eyes look stern, and cast a gloomy stare;
Odyssey Of horn the stiff relentless balls appear,
Or globes of iron fix'd in either sphere;
19.250 Firm wisdom interdicts the soft'ning tear.

144 (90C)
138 (85C)
365 (239C)
359 (234C)
6 (5C)
6
372
378
144
150

A speechless interval of grief ensues,
'Till thus the Queen the tender theme renews:
"Stranger! that e'er thy hospitable roof
Ulysses grac'd, confirm by faithful proof:
Delineate to my view my warlike Lord,
His form, his habit, and his train record."
"'Tis hard," he cries, "to bring to sudden sight
Ideas that have wing'd their distant flight:
Rare on the mind those images are trac'd,
Whose footsteps twenty winters have defac'd:
But what I can, receive." — In ample mode,
A robe of military purple flow'd
O'er all his frame: illustrious on his breast,
The double-clasping gold the King confest.
In the rich woof a hound Mosaic drawn
Bore on full stretch, and seiz'd a dappl'd fawn:
Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold; Q263
They pant, and struggle in the moving gold.
Fine as a filmy web beneath it shon
A vest, that **dazzl'd like a cloudless sun**:
The female train who round him throng'd to gaze,
In silent wonder sigh'd unwilling praise.
A sabre, when the warrior press'd to part,
I gave, enamel'd with Vulcanian art:
A mantle purple-ting'd, and radiant vest,
Dimension'd equal to his size, exprest
Affection grateful to my honour'd guest.
A fav'rite herald in his train I knew,
His visage solemn sad, of sable hue:
Short woolly curls o'erfleec'd his bending head,
O'er which a promontory-shoulder spread:
Eurybates! in whose large soul alone
Ulysses view'd an image of his own."
His speech the tempest of her grief restor'd;
In all he told she recognis'd her Lord:
But when the storm was spent in plenteous show'rs, Q264
A pause inspiriting her languish'd pow'rs,
"O thou," she cry'd, "whom first inclement fate
Made welcome to my hospitable gate;
With all thy wants the name of poor shall end;
Henceforth live honour'd, my domestic friend!
The vest much envy'd on your native coast,
And regal robe with figur'd gold embost,
In happier hours my artful hand employ'd,
When my lov'd Lord this blissful bow'r enjoy'd:
The fall of Troy erroneous and forlorn
Doom'd to survive, and never to return!" **Pope**
Then he, with pity touch'd: "O Royal Dame! **Odyssey**
Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame,
From the devouring rage of grief reclaim. **19**.300

There imag'd to her soul Ulysses rose;
Pope Down her pale cheek new-streaming sorrow flows:
Odyssey 'Till soft oblivious shade Minerva spread,
19.703 ◆ And o'er her eyes ambrosial slumber shed.
20.1 Q3 AN ample hide divine Ulysses spread,
And form'd of fleecy skins his humble bed:
(The remnants of the spoil the suitor-crowd
In festival devour'd, and victims vow'd.)
5 Then o'er the chief, Eurynome the chaste
With duteous care a downy carpet cast:
Q4 With dire revenge his thoughtful bosom glows,
And ruminating wrath, he scorns repose.
As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay,
10 Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes survey,
Whilst to nocturnal joys impure, repair
With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.
His heart with rage this new dishonour stung,
Wav'ring his thoughts in dubious balance hung;
15 Or, instant should he quench the guilty flame;
With their own blood, and intercept the shame;
Or to their lust indulge a last embrace,
And let the Peers consummate the disgrace?
◆ Round his swol'n heart the murm'rous fury rowls;
20 **As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls,**
And bays the stranger groom: so wrath comprest
L1[O] Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breast.
𝔹 "Poor suff'ring heart!" he cry'd, "support the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.
25 Not fiercer woes thy fortitude cou'd foil,
When the brave partners of thy ten years' toil
Q5 Dire Polypheme devour'd: I then was freed
By patient prudence, from the death decreed." 7
Thus anchor'd safe on reason's peaceful coast,
30 Tempests of wrath his soul no longer tost;
Restless his body rolls, to rage resign'd:
As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,
The sav'ry cates on glowing embers cast
Incessant turns, impatient for repast:
35 Ulysses so, from side to side devolv'd. 7
In self-debate the Suitors' doom resolv'd:
When in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From heav'n descends the Jove-born martial Maid;
And hov'ring o'er his head in view confess'd,
40 The Goddess thus her fav'rite care address'd:
"O thou, of mortals most inur'd to woes!
Why rowl those eyes unfriended of repose?
Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care; 373
Bless'd in thy Queen! blest in thy blooming heir! 379
Whom, to the Gods when suppliant fathers bow, 145
20.46 They name the standard of their dearest vow." 151
Q6 "Just is thy kind reproach" (the chief rejoin'd)
145 Of grief, and joy, alternate in her breast.
139 Her flutt'ring words in melting murmurs dy'd; Pope
366 At length abrupt: "--- my son! --- my King! ---" she cry'd. Odyssey
360 His neck with fond embrace infolding fast,
Full on the Queen her raptur'd eye she cast, 555
Ardent to speak the Monarch safe restor'd:
But studious to conceal her royal Lord,
Minerva fix'd her mind on views remote,
And from the present bliss abstracts her thought.
His hand to Euryclea's mouth apply'd: Q278 560
"Art thou foredoom'd my pest?" the Heroe cry'd:
"Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd;
And have the Fates thy babbling age ordain'd
To violate the life thy youth sustain'd?
An exile have I told, with weeping eyes, 565
Full twenty annual suns in distant skies:
At length return'd, some God inspires thy breast
To know thy King, and here I stand confest.
This heav'n-discover'd truth to thee consign'd,
Reserve, the treasure of thy inmost mind: 570
Else if the Gods my vengeful arm sustain,
And prostrate to my sword the Suitor-train;
With their lewd mates, thy undistinguish'd age
Shall bleed a victim to vindictive rage."
Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear: 575
"What words, my son, have pass'd thy lips severe? L1[O]
Deep in my soul the trust shall lodge secur'd, 𝔹
With **ribs of steel**, and **marble heart** immur'd.
When heav'n, auspicious to thy right avow'd, Q279
Shall prostrate to thy sword the Suitor-crowd; 580
The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;
The lewd to death devote, the virtuous spare."
"Thy aid avails me not," the Chief reply'd;
"My own experience shall their doom decide;
A witness-judge precludes a long appeal: 585
Suffice it then thy Monarch to conceal."
He said: obsequious with redoubl'd pace,
She to the fount conveys th'exhausted vase:
The bath renew'd, she ends the pleasing toil
With plenteous unction of ambrosial oil. 590
Adjusting to his limbs the tatter'd vest,
His former seat receiv'd the stranger-guest;
Whom thus with pensive air the Queen address:
"Tho' night, dissolving grief in grateful ease,
Your drooping eyes with soft oppression seize; 595
Awhile, reluctant to her pleasing force,
Suspend the restful hour with sweet discourse.
The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!) Q280
My menials, and domestic cares employ:
And, unattended by sincere repose, 19.600

The night assists my ever-wakeful woes: **146 (91C)**
When nature's hush'd beneath her brooding shade, **140 (86C)**
✦ My echoing griefs the starry vault invade. **367 (240C)**
As when the months are clad in flow'ry green, **361 (235C)**
Sad Philomel, in bow'ry shades unseen,
To vernal airs attunes her varied strains;
And Itylus sounds warbling o'er the plains:
Young Itylus, his parents' darling joy!
Whom chance mis-led the mother to destroy:
Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beauteous boy.
So in nocturnal solitude forlorn,
A sad variety of woes I mourn!
My mind reflective, in a thorny maze
Devious, from care to care incessant strays.
Now, wav'ring doubt succeeds to long despair;
Shall I my virgin nuptial vow revere;
Q281 And joining to my son's my menial train,
Partake his councils, and assist his reign?
Or, since mature in manhood, he deplores
His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores;
Shall I, reluctant! to his will accord;
And from the Peers select the noblest Lord;
So by my choice avow'd, at length decide
These wasteful love-debates, a mourning bride? —
A visionary thought I'll now relate,
L1[I] Illustrate, if you know, the shadow'd fate:
𝔹 "**A team of twenty geese, (a snow-white train!)**
Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,
Amuse my pensive hours. The bird of Jove
Fierce from his mountain-eyrie downward drove;
Each fav'rite fowl he pounc'd with deathful sway,
And back triumphant wing'd his airy way. **8 (6C)**
My pitying eyes effused a plenteous stream,
To view their death thus imag'd in a dream:
With tender sympathy to sooth my soul,
A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.
Q282 But whilst with grief and rage my bosom burn'd,
Sudden the tyrant of the skies return'd:
Perch'd on the battlements he thus began, **8**
(In form an eagle, but in voice a man.)
'O Queen! no vulgar vision of the sky
I come, prophetic of approaching joy:
View in this plumy form thy victor Lord;
The geese (a glutton race) by thee deplor'd,
Portend the Suitors fated to my sword.'
This said, the pleasing feather'd omen ceased.
Pope When from the downy bands of sleep releas'd, **374**
Odyssey Fast by the limpid lake my **swan-like** train **380**
I found, insatiate of the golden grain." **146**
19.650 "The vision self-explain'd" (the Chief replies.) **152**
Sincere reveals the sanction of the skies:
Ulysses speaks his own return decreed;
And by his sword the Suitors sure to bleed."
"Hard is the task, and rare," the Queen rejoin'd,
"Impending destinies in dreams to find:
Immur'd within the silent bow'r of Sleep, Q283
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:
Of iv'ry one; whence flit to mock the brain,
Of winged Lies a light fantastic train:
The gate oppos'd pellucid valves adorn,
And columns fair incas'd with polish'd horn:
Where images of truth for passage wait,
With visions manifest of future fate.
Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom soar'd,
Which spoke Ulysses to this realm restor'd;
Delusive semblance! — But my remnant life
Heav'n shall determine in a gameful strife:
With that fam'd bow Ulysses taught to bend,
For me the rival archers shall contend.
As on the listed field he us'd to place
Six beams, opposed to six in equal space:
Elance'd a-far by his unerring art,
Sure thro' six circlets flew the whizzing dart.
So, when the sun restores the purple day,
Their strength and skill the Suitors shall assay:
To him the spousal honour is decreed, Q284 **L1[I]**
Who thro' the rings directs the feather'd reed. 𝔹
Torn from these walls (where long the kinder pow'rs
With pomp and joy have wing'd my youthful hours!)
On this poor breast no dawn of bliss shall beam;
The pleasure past supplies a copious theme
For many a dreary thought, and many a doleful dream!"
"Propose the sportive lot," the Chief replies,
Nor dread to name your self the bowyer's prize:
Ulysses will surprize th'unfinish'd game
Avow'd, and falsify the Suitors' claim."
To whom with grace serene the Queen rejoin'd:
"In all thy speech what pleasing force I find!
O'er my suspended woe thy words prevail;
I part reluctant from the pleasing tale.
But Heav'n that knows what all terrestrials need,
Repose to night, and toil to day decreed:
Grateful vicissitude! Yet me withdrawn,
Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn
Establish'd use enjoins; to rest and joy Q285
Estrang'd, since dear Ulysses sail'd to Troy!
Mean-time instructed is the menial tribe **Pope**
Your couch to fashion as your self prescribe." **Odyssey**
Thus affable, her bow'r the Queen ascends;
The sov'reign step a beauteous train attends: **19**.700

And for the beauteous mares destroy'd his guest.
Pope He gave the bow; and on Ulysses' part
Odyssey Receiv'd a pointed sword and missile dart:
Of luckless friendship on a foreign shore
Their first, last pledges! for they met no more.
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
Ulysses bore not from his native land,
Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
But kept, in dear memorial of his friend.
Now gently winding up the fair ascent,
By many an easy step, the matron went;
Then o'er the pavement glides with grace divine,
(With polish'd oak the level pavements shine)
The folding gates a dazling light display'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlay'd.
Q58 The bolt, obedient to the silken string,
Forsakes the staple as she pulls the ring;
The wards respondent to the key turn round;
21.50 The bars fall back; the flying valves resound;
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the spring.
She moves majestic thro' the wealthy room,
Where treasur'd garments cast a rich perfume;
There from the column where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its splendid case, the bow unstrung:
L1[O] Across her knees she lay'd the well-known bow,
And pensive sate, and tears began to flow.
To full satiety of grief she mourns,
Then silent, to the joyous hall returns,
To the proud Suitors bears in pensive state
Th'unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with Fate.
Behind, her train the polish'd coffer brings,
Which held th'alternate brass and silver rings.
Full in the portal the chaste Queen appears,
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:
Q59 On either side awaits a virgin fair;
While thus the matron, with majestic air:
"Say you, when these forbidden walls inclose,
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows; 1
If these neglected, faded charms can move?
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?
If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the strife.
Who first Ulysses' wond'rous bow shall bend,
And thro' twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send;
Him will I follow, and forsake my home,
For him forsake this lov'd, this wealthy dome, 375
Long, long the scene of all my past delight, 381
And still to last, the vision of my night!" 147
Graceful she said, and bade Eumaeus show 153
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.

THE ARGUMENT

While Ulysses lies in the vestibule of the palace, he is witness to the disorders of the women, Minerva comforts him, and casts him asleep. At his waking he desires a favourable sign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feast of Apollo is celebrated by the people, and the suitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongst them; notwithstanding which, Ulysses is insulted by Ctesippus, and the rest continue in their excesses. Strange prodigies are seen by Theoclymenus, the augur, who explains them to the destruction of the wooers.

Pope's Odyssey (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 20

PREVIEW
BOOK 21

EPIC POEM .ORG
DIGITAL CLASSICS

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

language: Modern English (1725)
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EPICPOEM.ORG 469 lines 3.0
3L 1 - 469

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

PRINT 2-SIDED:
153 to **158**

Q3 AN ample hide divine Ulysses spread,
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Pope Q6 "Just is thy kind reproach" (the chief rejoin'd) 376
Odyssey "Deeds full of fate distract my various mind, 382
In contemplation rapt. This hostile crew 148
20.50 What single arm hath prowess to subdue? 154
147 Why such profusion of indulgence shown
141 To this poor, tim'rous, toil-detesting drone?
368 That others feeds on planetary schemes,
362 And pays his host with hideous noon-day dreams.
But, Prince! for once at least believe a friend; Q26
To some Sicilian mart these courtiers send,
Where, if they yield their freight across the main,
Dear sell the slaves! demand no greater gain."
Thus jovial they; but nought the Prince replies;
Full on his Sire he rowl'd his ardent eyes; 460
Impatient strait to flesh his virgin-sword,
From the wise Chief he waits the deathful word.
Nigh in her bright alcove, the pensive Queen
To see the circle sat, of all unseen.
Sated at length they rise, and bid prepare 465
An eve-repast, with equal cost and care:
But vengeful Pallas with preventing speed
A feast proportion'd to their crimes decreed;
A feast of death! the feasters doom'd to bleed! **20**.469
AND Pallas now, to raise the rivals' fires, Q55 **21**.1
With her own art Penelope inspires:
Who now can bend Ulysses' bow, and wing
The well-aim'd arrow thro' the distant ring,
Shall end the strife, and win th'imperial dame; 5
But Discord and black Death await the game!
The prudent Queen the lofty stair ascends, Q56 **L1[I]**
At distance due a virgin-train attends;
A brazen key she held, the handle turn'd,
With steel and polish'd elephant adorn'd: 10
Swift to the inmost room she bent her way,
Where safe repos'd the royal treasures lay;
1 There shone high-heap'd the labour'd brass and ore,
And there the bow which great Ulysses bore;
And there the quiver, where now guiltless slept 15
Those winged deaths that many a matron wept.
This gift, long since when Sparta's shore he trod,
On young Ulysses Iphitus bestow'd:
Beneath Orsilochus his roof they met;
One loss was private, one a publick debt: 20
Messena's state from Ithaca detains
Three hundred sheep, and all the shepherd swains;
And to the youthful Prince to urge the laws,
The King and Elders trust their common cause.
But Iphitus employ'd on other cares, 25
Search'd the wide country for his wand'ring mares,
And mules, the strongest of the lab'ring kind; Q57
Hapless to search! more hapless still to find! ◆ **Pope**
For journeying on to Hercules at length, **Odyssey**
That lawless wretch, that man of brutal strength, 30
Deaf to Heaven's voice, the social rite transgrest; **21**.31

Whilst in paternal pomp, with plenty blest, **148 (92C)**
Pope You reign, of this imperial dome possest." **142 (87C)**
Odyssey Sage and serene Telemachus replies: **369 (241C)**
"By him at whose behest the thunder flies, **363 (236C)**
And by the name on earth I most revere,
By great Ulysses, and his woes I swear!
(Who never must review his dear domain;
Inroll'd, perhaps, in Pluto's dreary train.)
Whene'er her choice the royal Dame avows,
My bridal gifts shall load the future spouse:
But from this dome my Parent-Queen to chase! —
From me, ye Gods! avert such dire disgrace."
But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom
The Suitors' souls, insensate of their doom!
Q24 A mirthful phrenzy seiz'd the fated crowd;
The roofs resound with causeless laughter loud:
Floating in gore, portentous to survey!
In each discolour'd vase the viands lay:
✦ Then down each cheek the tears spontaneous flow,
And sudden sighs precede approaching woe.
In vision rap'd; the Hyperesian Seer
Up-rose, and thus divin'd the vengeance near:
"O race to death devote! with Stygian shade
Each destin'd Peer impending Fates invade:
With tears your wan distorted cheeks are drown'd;
L2[O] With sanguine drops the walls are rubied round:
Thick swarms the spacious hall with howling ghosts,
To people Orcus, and the burning coasts!
Nor gives the Sun his golden orb to rowl,
But universal night usurps the pole!"
Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate
The Peers reproach the sure Divine of Fate; **2 (1C)**
And thus Eurymachus: "The dotard's mind
To ev'ry sense is lost, to reason blind:
Q25 Swift from the dome conduct the slave away;
Let him in open air behold the day."
"Tax not," (the heav'n-illumin'd Seer rejoin'd)
"Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind,
No clouds of error dim th' etherial rays, **3**
Her equal pow'r each faithful sense obeys.
Unguided hence my trembling steps I bend,
Far hence, before yon' hov'ring deaths descend;
Lest the ripe harvest of revenge begun,
I share the doom ye Suitors cannot shun."
This said, to sage Piraeus sped the Seer,
His honour'd host, a welcome inmate there.
O'er the protracted feast the Suitors sit, **377**
And aim to wound the Prince with pointless wit: **383**
Cries one, with scornful leer and mimic voice, **149**
20.450 "Thy charity we praise, but not thy choice; **155**

Or if by Jove's, and thy auxiliar aid,
They're doom'd to bleed; O say, coelestial maid! **Pope**
Where shall Ulysses shun, or how sustain, **Odyssey**
Nations embattl'd to revenge the slain?"
"Oh impotence of faith!" Minerva cries,
"If man on frail unknowing man relies,
Doubt you the Gods? Lo Pallas' self descends,
Inspires thy counsels, and thy toils attends.
In me affianc'd, fortify thy breast,
Tho' myriads leagu'd thy rightful claim contest;
My sure divinity shall bear the shield,
And edge thy sword to reap the glorious field.
Now, pay the debt to craving nature due,
Her faded pow'rs with balmy rest renew."
She ceas'd: Ambrosial slumbers seal his eyes;
Her care dissolves in visionary joys:
The Goddess pleas'd, regains her natal skies.
Not so the Queen; The downy bands of sleep **Q7**
By grief relax'd, she wak'd again to weep:
A gloomy pause ensu'd of dumb despair;
Then thus her fate invok'd, with fervent pray'r:
"Diana! speed thy deathful ebon dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulsive heart.
Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from humane race,
Tost thro' the void, illimitable space:
Or if dismounted from the rapid cloud, **L2[O]**
Me with his whelming wave let Ocean shrowd!
So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan fair
Were doom'd to wander thro' the devious air;
Thy self untimely and thy consort dy'd,
But four Coelestials both your cares supply'd.
Venus in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:
Imperial Juno to their youth assign'd
A form majestic, and sagacious mind:
With shapely growth Diana grac'd their bloom;
And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.
But whilst to learn their lots in nuptial love, **Q8**
Bright Cytherea sought the bow'r of Jove;
(The God supreme, to whose eternal eye
The registers of fate expanded lie)
Wing'd Harpies snatch'd th'unguarded charge away,
And to the Furies bore a grateful prey.
Be such my lot! Or thou Diana speed
Thy shaft, and send me joyful to the dead:
To seek my Lord among the warrior-train,
E're second vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking sense alone assail,
Whilst night extends her soft oblivious veil,
Of other wretches' care the torture ends: **20**.100

No truce the warfare of my heart suspends!
The night renews the day-distracting theme,
And airy terrors sable ev'ry dream.
The last alone a kind illusion wrought,
And to my bed my lov'd Ulysses brought,
In manly bloom, and each majestic grace
As when for Troy he left my fond embrace:
Such raptures in my beating bosom rise,
I deem it sure a vision of the skies."
Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments she breathes her moan:
The sounds assault Ulysses' wakeful ear;
Mis-judging of the cause, a sudden fear
Of his arrival known, the Chief alarms;
He thinks the Queen is rushing to his arms.
Up-springing from his couch, with active haste
The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd;
(The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air.)
✦ And thus the Gods invok'd, with ardent pray'r.
"Jove, and eternal thrones! with heav'n to friend,
If the long series of my woes shall end;
Of humane race now rising from repose,
Let one a blissful omen here disclose:
And to confirm my faith, propitious Jove!
Vouchsafe the sanction of a sign above."
Whilst lowly thus the Chief adoring bows,
The pitying God his guardian aid avows.
Loud from a saphire sky his thunder sounds:
With springing hope the Heroe's heart rebounds.
Soon, with consummate joy to crown his pray'r,
An omen'd Voice invades his ravish'd ear.
Beneath a pile that close the dome adjoin'd,
Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind;
Task'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
From the pure flour (the growth and strength of man)
Discharging to the day the labour due,
Now early to repose the rest withdrew;
One maid, unequal to the task assign'd,
Still turn'd the toilsome mill with anxious mind;
And thus in bitterness of soul divin'd:
"Father of Gods and men! whose thunders rowl
O'er the Cerulean Vault, and shake the Pole:
Whoe'er from heav'n has gain'd this rare Ostent,
(Of granted vows a certain signal sent),
In this blest moment of accepted pray'r
Piteous, regard a wretch consum'd with care!
Instant, O Jove! confound the Suitor train,
For whom o'er-toil'd I grind the golden grain.
Far from this dome the lewd devourers cast,
And be this festival decreed their last!"
Whom Pallas with unpard'ning fury fir'd,
By lordly pride and keen reproach inspir'd.
A Samian Peer, more studious than the rest
Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born jest;
And urg'd, for title to a consort Queen,
Unnumber'd acres arable and green;
(Ctesippus nam'd) this Lord Ulysses ey'd,
And thus burst out, imposthumate with pride:
"The sentence I propose, ye Peers, attend:
Since due regard must wait the Prince's friend,
Let each a token of esteem bestow:
This gift acquits the dear respect I owe;
With which he nobly may discharge his seat,
And pay the menials for a master's treat."
He said; and of the steer before him plac'd,
That sinewy fragment at Ulysses cast,
Where to the pastern-bone by nerves combin'd,
The well-horn'd foot indissolubly join'd;
Which whizzing high, the wall unseemly sign'd.
The Chief indignant grins a ghastly smile;
Revenge and scorn within his bosom boil:
When thus the Prince with pious rage inflam'd:
"Had not th'inglorious wound thy malice aim'd
Fall'n guiltless of the mark, my certain spear
Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear:
Nor shou'd thy Sire a Queen his daughter boast,
The Suitor now had vanish'd in a ghost:
No more ye lewd Compeers, with lawless pow'r
Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:
For genuine worth, of age mature to know,
My grape shall redden, and my harvest grow.
Or if each other's wrongs ye still support,
With rapes and riot to profane my court;
What single arm with numbers can contend?
On me let all your lifted swords descend,
And with my life such vile dishonours end."
A long cessation of discourse ensu'd,
By gentler Agelaüs thus renew'd:
"A just reproof, ye Peers! Your rage restrain
From the protected guest, and menial train:
And Prince! to stop the source of future ill,
Assent your self, and gain the royal will.
Whilst hope prevail'd to see your Sire restor'd,
Of right the Queen refus'd a second Lord:
But who so vain of faith, so blind to fate,
To think he still survives to claim the state?
Now press the sovereign dame with warm desire
To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inspire:
The Lord selected to the nuptial joys,
Far hence will lead the long-contended prize:

149 (93C)
143 (88C)
370 (242C)
364 (237C)
Q9
Q10
3 (2C)
4
Q11
20.150
378
384
150
156
Q21
Q22
Q23
L2[I]
Pope
Odyssey
20.400

And deathful arts employ the dire debate: **150 (94C)**
Pope **When in his airy tour, the bird of Jove** **144 (89C)**
Odyssey **Truss'd with his sinewy pounce a trembling dove**; **371 (243C)**
Sinister to their hope! This omen ey'd **365 (238C)**
Amphinomus, who thus presaging cry'd:
"The Gods from force and fraud the Prince defend;
O Peers! the sanguinary scheme suspend:
Your future thought let sable Fate employ;
And give the present hour to genial joy."
From council strait th'assenting peerage ceas'd,
And in the dome prepar'd the genial feast.
Q19 Dis-roab'd, their vests apart in order lay,
Then all with speed succinct the victims slay:
With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,
And the proud steer was on the marble spread.
With fire prepar'd they deal the morsels round,
Wine rosy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,
By sage Eumaeus born: the purple tide
✦ Melanthius from an ample jar supply'd:
High canisters of bread Philaetius plac'd;
And eager all devour the rich repast.
Dispos'd apart, Ulysses shares the treat;
A trivet-table, and ignobler seat,
The Prince appoints; but to his Sire assigns
The tasteful inwards, and nectareous wines.
L3[O] "Partake, my guest," he cry'd, "without controul
The social feast, and drain the cheering bowl:
Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age;
This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be,
From my great Sire too soon devolv'd to me!
Q20 Your violence and scorn, ye Suitors cease, **4 (3C)**
Lest arms avenge the violated peace."
Aw'd by the Prince, so haughty, brave, and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tongue.
"Be patient, Peers!" at length Antinoüs cries;
"The threats of vain imperious youth despise:
Wou'd Jove permit the meditated blow,
That stream of eloquence shou'd cease to flow." **5**
Without reply vouchsaf'd, Antinoüs ceas'd:
Mean-while the pomp of festival increas'd:
By Heralds rank'd; in marshall'd order move
The city-tribes, to pleas'd Apollo's grove:
Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,
The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid;
Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid.
But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd, **379**
(An humble side-board set) Ulysses shar'd. **385**
Observant of the Prince's high behest, **151**
20.350 His menial train attend the stranger guest; **157**

Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and sky,
Ulysses' heart dilates with secret joy. **Pope**
Mean-time the menial train with unctious wood **Odyssey**
Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:
When, early dress'd, advanc'd the royal heir; 155
With manly grasp he wav'd a martial spear,
A radiant sabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden sandal shone.
His steps impetuous to the portal press'd;
And Euryclea thus he there address'd: 160
"Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due refection, and repose,
Bestow'd the stranger guest? Or waits he griev'd,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?
Promiscuous grace on all the Queen confers; 165
(In woes bewilder'd, oft the wisest errs.)
The wordy vagrant to the dole aspires,
And modest worth with noble scorn retires."
She thus: "O cease that ever-honour'd name Q12
To blemish now; it ill deserves your blame. 170
A bowl of gen'rous wine suffic'd the guest;
In vain the Queen the night-refection prest;
Nor wou'd he court repose in downy state,
Unbless'd, abandon'd to the rage of fate!
A hide beneath the portico was spread, 175
And fleecy skins compos'd an humble bed: **L3[O]**
A downy carpet cast with duteous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air."
His cornel javelin poiz'd with regal port,
To the sage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court, 180
Forth-issuing from the dome the Prince repair'd;
Two dogs of chase, a **lion-hearted** guard,
Behind him sow'rly stalked. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day;
Thus urging to their toil the menial train: 185
"What marks of luxury the marble stain!
Its wonted lustre let the floor regain;
The seats with purple cloathe in order due;
And let th'abstersive sponge the board renew:
Let some refresh the vase's sullied mold; Q13 190
Some bid the goblets boast their native gold:
Some to the spring, with each a jar, repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear:
Dispatch! for soon the Suitors will assay
The lunar feast-rites to the God of day." 195
She said; with duteous haste a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the spring repair:
With varied toils the rest adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the Suitors come.
Some wield the sounding ax; the dodder'd oaks **20**.200

Divide, obedient to the forceful strokes.
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,
(Eumaeus in their train) the maids return.
Three porkers for the feast, all brawny chin'd,
He brought; the choicest of the tusky kind:
In lodgments first secure his care he view'd,
Then to the King this friendly speech renew'd:
"Now say sincere, my guest! the Suitor train
Still treat thy worth with lordly dull disdain;
Or speaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?"
"Some pitying god" (Ulysses sad reply'd)
"With vollied vengeance blast their tow'ring pride!
No conscious blush, no sense of right restrains
The tides of lust that swell the boiling veins:
From vice to vice their appetites are tost,
All cheaply sated at another's cost!"
While thus the Chief his woes indignant told,
Melanthius, master of the bearded fold,
The goodliest goats of all the royal herd
Spontaneous to the Suitors' feast preferr'd:
Two grooms assistant bore the victims bound;
With quav'ring cries the vaulted roofs resound:
And to the Chief austere, aloud began
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man:
"Here vagrant, still? offensive to my Lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words;
Those arguments I'll use: nor conscious shame,
Nor threats, thy bold intrusion will reclaim.
On this high feast the meanest vulgar boast
A plenteous board: Hence! seek another host!"
Rejoinder to the churl the King disdain'd,
But shook his head, and rising wrath restrain'd.
From Cephanelia cross the surgy main
Philaetius late arriv'd, a faithful swain.
A steer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all their race;
Imported in a shallop not his own:
The dome re-echo'd to the mingled moan.
Strait to the guardian of the bristly kind
He thus began, benevolent of mind:
"What guest is he, of such majestic air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
Dim thro' th'eclipse of fate, the rays divine
Of sovereign state with faded splendor shine.
If Monarchs by the Gods are plung'd in woe,
To what abyss are we foredoom'd to go!"
Then affable he thus the Chief address'd,
Whilst with pathetic warmth his hand he press'd:
"Stranger, may fate a milder aspect shew,
And spin thy future with a whiter clue!

O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;
The tyrant, not the father of the skies!
Unpiteous of the race thy will began,
The fool of fate, thy manufacture, man,
With penury, contempt, repulse, and care,
The gauling load of life is doom'd to bear.
Ulysses from his state a wand'rer still,
Upbraids thy pow'r, thy wisdom, or thy will:
O Monarch ever dear! — O man of woe! —
Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!
Like thee, poor stranger guest, deny'd his home!
Like thee, in rags obscene decreed to roam!
Or haply perish'd on some distant coast,
In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
O, grateful for the good his bounty gave,
I'll grieve, 'till sorrow sink me to the grave!
His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd,
The regent of his Cephalenian herd:
With vast increase beneath my care it spreads:
A stately breed! and blackens far the meads.
Constrain'd, the choicest beeves I thence import,
To cram these cormorants that crowd his court:
Who in partition seek his realm to share;
Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.
Since here resolv'd oppressive these reside,
Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:
Now, to some foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
And with the royal herd protection buy:
Then, happier thoughts return the nodding scale,
Light mounts despair, alternate hopes prevail;
In op'ning prospects of ideal joy,
My King returns; the proud Usurpers dye."
To whom the Chief: "In thy capacious mind
Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd,
Attend a deed already ripe in fate:
Attest, O Jove, the truth I now relate!
This sacred truth attest each genial pow'r,
Who bless the board, and guard this friendly bow'r!
Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
Thy wish produc'd in act, with pleas'd survey,
Thy wond'ring eyes shall view: his rightful reign
By arms avow'd Ulysses shall regain,
And to the shades devote the Suitor-train."
"O Jove supreme," the raptur'd swain replies,
"With deeds consummate soon the promis'd joys!
These aged nerves with new-born vigor strung,
In that blest cause shou'd emulate the young —"
Assents Eumaeus to the pray'r addrest;
And equal ardors fire his loyal breast.
Mean-time the Suitors urge the Prince's fate,

Grim in convulsive agonies be sprawls:
Pope Before him spurn'd, the loaded table falls,
Odyssey And spreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Q 111 Amaz'd, confounded, as they saw him fall,
Uprose he throngs tumultuous round the hall;
O'er all the dome they cast a haggard eye,
30 Each look'd for arms in vain; no arms were nigh:
"Aim'st thou at Princes?" (all amaz'd they said)
"Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd;
Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed,
And death, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.
35 Vulturs shall tear thee" — Thus incens'd they spoke,
While each to Chance ascrib'd the wond'rous stroke,
Blind as they were; for death ev'n now invades
◆ His destin'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.
Then grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
40 That wither'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke:
"Dogs, ye have had your day; ye fear'd no more
Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore;
While to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,
Our house, our wealth, our helpless handmaids lay:
45 Not so content, with bolder frenzy fir'd,
Ev'n to our bed presumptuous you aspir'd:
Q 112 Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
L1[O] Or shame of men, or dread of Gods above;
Heedless alike of infamy or praise,
22.50 Or Fame's eternal voice in future days:
The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
Impending Fate is yours, and instant doom."
Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the Suitors stood,
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood;
55 Trembling they sought their guilty heads to hide,
Alone the bold Eurymachus reply'd:
"If, as thy words import," (he thus began)
"Ulysses lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs, and much hast thou sustain'd
60 In thy spoil'd Palace, and exhausted land;
The cause and author of those guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjust Antinoüs bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition was his guide,
To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide,
65 These were his aims, but juster Jove deny'd.
Q 113 Since cold in death th'offender lies; oh spare
Thy suppliant people, and receive their pray'r!
Brass, gold, and treasures shall the spoil defray,
Two hundred oxen ev'ry Prince shall pay:
70 The waste of years refunded in a day.
'Till then thy wrath is just" — Ulysses burn'd
22.72 With high disdain, and sternly thus return'd:
"All, all the treasures that enrich'd our throne

1
381
387
153
159

THE BENDING OF ULYSSES' BOW.

Penelope, to put an end to the solicitation of the suitors, proposes to marry the person who shall first bend the bow of Ulysses, and shoot through the ringlets. After their attempts have proved ineffectual, Ulysses, taking Eumaeus and Philaetius apart, discovers himself to them; then returning, desires leave to try his strength at the bow, which, though refused with indignation by the suitors, Penelope and Telemachus cause it to be delivered to his hands. He bends it immediately, and shoots through all the rings. Jupiter at the same instant thunders from heaven; Ulysses accepts the omen, and gives a sign to Telemachus, who stands ready armed at his side.

Pope's Odyssey (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 21

PREVIEW BOOK 22

.ORG
DIGITAL CLASSICS

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

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PRINT 2-SIDED: **159** to **164**

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

Q55 AND Pallas now, to raise the rivals' fires,
With her own art Penelope inspires:
Who now can bend Ulysses' bow, and wing
The well-aim'd arrow thro' the distant ring,
Shall end the strife, and win th'imperial dame;
But Discord and black Death await the game!
Q56 The prudent Queen the lofty stair ascends,
At distance due a virgin-train attends;
A brazen key she held, the handle turn'd,
With steel and polish'd elephant adorn'd:
Swift to the inmost room she bent her way,
Where safe repos'd the royal treasures lay;
There shone high-heap'd the labour'd brass and ore,
And there the bow which great Ulysses bore;
And there the quiver, where now guiltless slept
Those winged deaths that many a matron wept.
This gift, long since when Sparta's shore he trod,
On young Ulysses Iphitus bestow'd:
Beneath Orsilochus his roof they met;
One loss was private, one a publick debt:
Messena's state from Ithaca detains
Three hundred sheep, and all the shepherd swains;
And to the youthful Prince to urge the laws,
The King and Elders trust their common cause.
But Iphitus employ'd on other cares,
L1[I] Search'd the wide country for his wand'ring mares,
Q57 And mules, the strongest of the lab'ring kind;
◆ Hapless to search! more hapless still to find!
For journeying on to Hercules at length,
That lawless wretch, that man of brutal strength,
Deaf to Heaven's voice, the social rite transgrest;
And for the beauteous mares destroy'd his guest.
He gave the bow; and on Ulysses' part
Receiv'd a pointed sword and missile dart:
Of luckless friendship on a foreign shore
Their first, last pledges! for they met no more.
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
Ulysses bore not from his native land,
Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
But kept, in dear memorial of his friend.
Now gently winding up the fair ascent,
By many an easy step, the matron went;
Then o'er the pavement glides with grace divine,
(With polish'd oak the level pavements shine)
The folding gates a dazling light display'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlay'd.
Pope Q58 The bolt, obedient to the silken string,
Odyssey Forsakes the staple as she pulls the ring;
The wards respondent to the key turn round;
21.50 The bars fall back; the flying valves resound;

152 Sunk was each heart, and pale was ev'ry face.
146 Signs from above ensu'd: th'unfolding sky
373 In lightning burst; Jove thunder'd from on high.
367 Fir'd at the call of Heav'n's almighty Lord,
He snatch'd the shaft that glitter'd on the board:
(Fast by, the rest lay sleeping in the sheath,
But soon to fly the messengers of death)
Now sitting as he was, the chord he drew,
Thro' ev'ry ringlet levelling his view;
Then notch'd the shaft, releast, and gave it wing;
The whizzing arrow vanish'd from the string,
Sung on direct, and threaded ev'ry ring.
The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds;
Pierc'd thro' and thro', the solid gate resounds.
Then to the Prince: "Nor have I wrought thee shame;
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I lost
That ancient vigor, once my pride and boast.
Ill I deserv'd these haughty Peers' disdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In sweet repaste their present hour imploy, Q79
Nor wait 'till ev'ning for the genial joy.
Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the night,
Musick, the banquet's most refin'd delight."
He said: then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his shining sword. L1[I]
Fast by his father's side he takes his stand;
The beamy jav'lin lightens in his hand. 21.478
THEN fierce the Heroe o'er the threshold strode; Q109 22.1
Stript of his rags, he blaz'd out like a God.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
1 And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store;
Before his feet the ratling show'r he threw,
And thus terrific, to the Suitor-crew:
"One vent'rous game this hand hath won to-day, Q110
Another, Princes! yet remains to play;
Another mark our arrow must attain.
Phoebus assist! nor be the labour vain."
2 Swift as the word the parting arrow sings,
And bears thy fate, Antinoüs, on its wings:
Wretch that he was, of unprophetic soul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl;
Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death:
For Fate who fear'd amidst a feastful band?
And Fate to numbers by a single hand?
382 Full thro' his throat Ulysses' weapon past, Pope
388 And pierc'd his neck. He falls, and breathes his last. Odyssey
154 The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
160 A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose; 22.22

Young as I am, thy Prince's vengeful hand
Pope Stretch'd forth in wrath, shall drive thee from the land.
Odyssey Oh! could the vigor of this arm as well
Th'oppressive Suitors from my walls expell!
Then what a shoal of lawless men should go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below?"
The Suitors with a scornful smile survey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Q76 Eumaeus, thus incourag'd, hastes to bring
The strife-full bow, and gives it to the King.
Old Euryclea calling them aside,
"Hear what Telemachus enjoyns" (he cry'd):
"At ev'ry portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate;
And if unusual sounds invade their ear,
If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or issue forth presume,
But close attend the labors of the loom."
Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Clos'd in an instant were the Palace gates.
In the same moment forth Philaetius flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable tyes
The utmost gate. (the cable strongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ship from Egypt brought)
Then unperceiv'd and silent, at the board
L2[O] His seat he takes, his eyes upon his Lord.
And now his well-known bow the Master bore,
✦ Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er;
Q77 Lest time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner absent, and untry'd so long.
While some deriding — "How he turns the bow!
Some other like it sure the man must know,
Or else wou'd copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals." —
"Heav'n to this wretch" (another cry'd) "be kind!
And bless, in all to which he stands inclin'd,
With such good fortune as he now shall find."
Heedless he heard them; but disdain'd reply;
The bow perusing with exactest eye.
Then, **as some heav'nly minstrel, taught to sing**
High notes responsive to the trembling string,
To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great Master drew the mighty bow:
And drew with ease. One hand aloft display'd
The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.
From his essaying hand the string let fly,
Twang'd short and sharp **like the shrill swallow's cry**.
21.450 Q78 A gen'ral horror ran thro' all the race,

153 (96C)
147 (91C)
374 (245C)
368 (240C)
2 (1C)
3
383
389
155
161

Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the spring. Pope
She moves majestic thro' the wealthy room, Odyssey
Where treasur'd garments cast a rich perfume;
There from the column where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its splendid case, the bow unstrung:
Across her knees she lay'd the well-known bow,
And pensive sate, and tears began to flow.
To full satiety of grief she mourns,
Then silent, to the joyous hall returns,
To the proud Suitors bears in pensive state
Th'unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with Fate.
Behind, her train the polish'd coffer brings,
Which held th'alternate brass and silver rings.
Full in the portal the chaste Queen appears,
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:
On either side awaits a virgin fair; Q59
While thus the matron, with majestic air:
"Say you, when these forbidden walls inclose,
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;
If these neglected, faded charms can move?
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?
If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the strife.
Who first Ulysses' wond'rous bow shall bend,
And thro' twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send; L2[O]
Him will I follow, and forsake my home,
For him forsake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,
Long, long the scene of all my past delight,
And still to last, the vision of my night!"
Graceful she said, and bade Eumaeus show
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.
From his full eyes the tears unbidden spring,
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his King.
Philaetius too relents, but secret shed
The tender drops. Antinoüs saw, and said:
"Hence to your fields, ye rustics! hence away, Q60
Nor stain with grief the pleasures of the day;
Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
The sad remembrance of a perish'd man.
Enough her precious tears already flow —
Or share the feast with due respect, or go
To weep abroad, and leave to us the bow:
No vulgar task! Ill suits this courtly crew
That stubborn horn which brave Ulysses drew.
I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er
While yet a child) what majesty he bore!
And still (all infant as I was) retain
The port, the strength, the grandeur of the man!"
He said, but in his soul fond joys arise, **21**.100

And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To speed the flying shaft thro' ev'ry ring,
Wretch! is not thine: the arrows of the King
Shall end those hopes, and Fate is on the wing!
Then thus Telemachus: "Some God I find
With pleasing phrenzy has possess'd my mind;
When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill-tim'd gladness leaps my heart?
Come then ye Suitors! and dispute a prize
Richer than all th' Achaian state supplies,
Than all proud Argos, or Mycaena knows,
Than all our Isles or Continents enclose;
A woman matchless, and almost divine,
Fit for the praise of ev'ry tongue but mine.
No more excuses then, no more delay;
Haste to the tryal — Lo! I lead the way.
I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow thro' the destin'd ring,
Then if no happy'r Knight the conquest boast,
I shall not sorrow for a mother lost;
But blest in her, possess those arms alone,
Heir of my Father's strength, as well as throne."
He spoke; then rising, his broad sword unbound,
And cast his purple garment on the ground.
A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd
The level axes, and the points made fast.
(His perfect skill the wond'ring gazers ey'd,
The game as yet unseen, as yet untry'd.)
Then, with a manly pace, he took his stand;
And grasp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand.
Three times, with beating heart, he made essay;
Three times, unequal to the task, gave way:
A modest boldness on his cheek appear'd;
And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd.
The fourth had drawn it. The great Sire with joy
Beheld, but with a sign forbade the boy.
His ardour strait th' obedient Prince supprest,
And artful, thus the Suitor-train addrest:
"Oh lay the cause on youth yet immature!
(For heav'n forbid, such weakness should endure)
How shall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an insult, or repel a foe?
But you! whom heav'n with better nerves has blest,
Accept the tryal, and the prize contest."
He cast the bow before him, and apart
Against the polish'd quiver propt the dart.
Resuming then his seat, Eupitheus' son
The bold Antinoüs to the rest begun:
"From where the goblet first begins to flow,
From right to left, in order take the bow;

Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
Of that brave Chief whose bow they cou'd not bend!
In came a Beggar of the strolling crew,
And did what all those Princes could not do.'
Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus posterity upbraid our name."
To whom the Queen: "If Fame ingage your views,
Forbear those acts which Infamy pursues;
Wrong and oppression no renown can raise;
Know Friend! that Virtue is the path to praise.
The stature of our guest, his port, his face,
Speak him descended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he desires, convey;
And to his hand if Phoebus give the day,
Hence, to reward his merit, be shall bear
A two-edg'd faulchion and a shining spear,
Embroider'd sandals, a rich cloak and vest,
And safe conveyance to his port of rest."
"O royal mother! ever-honour'd name!
Permit me" (cries Telemachus) "to claim
A son's just right. No Grecian Prince but I
Has pow'r this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain,
To me alone my father's arms descend;
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire oh Queen! thy houshold task resume,
Tend, with thy maids, the labors of thy loom;
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
These cares to man belong, and most to me."
Mature beyond his years, the Queen admir'd
His sage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There in her chamber as she sate apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her heart.
On her Ulysses then she fix'd her soul;
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,
'Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,
In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.
Now thro' the press the bow Eumaeus bore,
And all was riot, noise, and wild uproar.
"Hold! lawless rustic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, insensate, dost thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to some sequester'd den,
Far from the sweet society of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made;
If heav'n and Phoebus lend the Suitors aid."
Thus they. Aghast he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urg'd him on:
"Proceed false slave, and slight their empty words;
What? hopes the fool to please so many lords?

Trust it one moment to my hands to-day:
Pope Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
Odyssey What once I was, whom wretched you despise;
If yet this arm its ancient force retain;
Or if my woes (a long-continu'd train)
And wants and insults, make me less than man?"
Rage flash'd in lightning from the Suitors' eyes,
Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprize.
Q71 Antinoüs then: "O miserable guest!
Is common sense quite banish'd from thy breast?
Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd
To sit distinguish'd, with our presence grac'd,
Admitted here with Princes to confer,
A man unknown, a needy wanderer?
To copious wine this insolence we owe,
And much thy betters wine can overthrow:
The great Eurytian when this frenzy stung,
Pirithoüs' roofs with frantick riot rung;
Boundless the Centaur rag'd; 'till one and all
The Heroes rose, and dragg'd him from the hall;
His nose they shorten'd, and his ears they slit,
And sent him sober'd home, with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curst,
Fatal to all, but to th'aggressor first.
Such fate I prophesy our guest attends,
L3[O] If here this interdicted bow he bends:
Nor shall these walls such insolence contain;
◆ The first fair wind transports him o'er the main;
Q72 Where Echetus to death the guilty brings,
(The worst of mortals, ev'n the worst of Kings)
Better than that, if thou approve our chear,
Cease the mad strife, and share our bounty here." **4 (3C)**
To this the Queen her just dislike exprest:
"'Tis impious, Prince! to harm the stranger-guest,
Base to insult who bears a suppliant's name,
And some respect Telemachus may claim.
What if th'Immortals on the man bestow
Sufficient strength to draw the mighty bow?
Shall I, a Queen, by rival chiefs ador'd, **5**
Accept a wand'ring stranger for my Lord?
A hope so idle never touch'd his brain:
Then ease your bosoms of a fear so vain.
Far be he banish'd from this stately scene
Who wrongs his Princess with a thought so mean."
"O fair! and wisest of so fair a kind!"
(Respectful thus Eurymachus rejoin'd)
"Mov'd by no weak surmize, but sense of shame, **385**
We dread the all-arraigning voice of Fame; **391**
Q73 We dread the censure of the meanest slave, **157**
21.350 The weakest woman: all can wrong the brave. **163**

155 (98C) And prove your sev'ral strengths." — The Princes hear'd,
149 (93C) And first Leiodes, blameless priest, appear'd: **Pope**
376 (247C) The eldest born of Oenops' noble race, **Odyssey**
370 (242C) Who next the goblet held his holy place:
He, only he of all the Suitor-throng,
Their deeds detested, and abjur'd the wrong.
With tender hands the stubborn horn he strains,
The stubborn horn resisted all his pains:
Already in despair he gives it o'er:
"Take it who will," he cries, "I strive no more,
What num'rous deaths attend this fatal bow?
What Souls and Spirits shall it send below?
Better indeed to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than disappointed live,
With each new sun to some new hope a prey,
Yet still to-morrow falser than to-day.
How long in vain Penelope we sought? Q64
This bow shall ease us of that idle thought,
And send us with some humbler wife to live,
Whom gold shall gain, or destiny shall give."
Thus speaking, on the floor the bow he plac'd,
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)
At distance far the feather'd shaft he throws,
And to the seat returns from whence he rose.
To him Antinoüs thus with fury said:
"What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled? **L3[O]**
Thy coward function ever is in fear;
Those arms are dreadful which thou canst not bear.
Why should this bow be fatal to the brave?
Because the Priest is born a peaceful slave.
Mark then what others can." — He ended there,
And bade Melanthius a vast pyle prepare;
He gives it instant flame: then fast beside
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
With melted lard they soak the weapon o'er,
Chafe ev'ry knot, and supple ev'ry pore.
Vain all their art, and all their strength as vain; Q65
The bow inflexible resists their pain.
The force of great Eurymachus alone
And bold Antinoüs, yet untry'd, unknown:
Those only now remain'd; but those confest
Of all the train the mightiest and the best.
Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew,
The Masters of the herd and flock withdrew.
The King observes them: he the hall forsakes,
And, past the limits of the Court, o'ertakes.
Then thus with accent mild Ulysses spoke:
"Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock!
Shall I the secret of my breast conceal,
Or (as my soul now dictates) shall I tell? **21**.200

Say, shou'd some fav'ring God restore again
The lost Ulysses to his native reign?
How beat your hearts? what aid wou'd you afford?
To the proud Suitors, or your ancient Lord?"
Philaetius thus: "Oh were thy word not vain?
Wou'd mighty Jove restore that man again!
These aged sinews with new vigor strung,
In his blest cause shou'd emulate the young."
With equal vows Eumaeus too implor'd
Each pow'r above, with wishes for his Lord.
He saw their secret souls, and thus began:
"Those vows the Gods accord: Behold the man!
Your own Ulysses! twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wand'rings from this hapless land:
At length he comes; but comes despis'd, unknown,
And finding faithful, you, and you alone.
All else have cast him from their very thought,
Ev'n in their wishes, and their pray'rs, forgot!
Hear then, my friends! If Jove this arm succeed,
And give yon' impious Revellers to bleed,
My care shall be, to bless your future lives
With large possessions and with faithful wives;
Fast by my palace shall your domes ascend,
And each on young Telemachus attend,
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.
To give you firmer faith, now trust your eye:
Lo! the broad scar indented on my thigh,
When with Autolychus' sons, of yore,
On Parnass' top I chased the tusky boar."
His ragged vest then drawn aside disclos'd
The sign conspicuous, and the scar expos'd:
Eager they view'd; with joy they stood amaz'd;
With tear-full eyes o'er all their master gaz'd:
Around his neck their longing arms they cast,
His head, his shoulders, and his knees embrac'd:
Tears follow'd tears; no word was in their pow'r;
In solemn silence fell the kindly show'r.
The King too weeps, the King too grasps their hands,
And moveless, **as a marble fountain**, stands.
Thus had their joy wept down the setting sun,
But first the wise-man ceas'd, and thus begun:
"Enough — on other cares your thought imploy,
For danger waits on all untimely joy.
Full many foes, and fierce, observe us near;
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then, not all at once, but stay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty Suitors will deny the bow;
But thou Eumaeus, as 'tis born away,
Thy master's weapon to his hand convey.
At ev'ry portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate:
Close let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;
Tho' arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear.
To thy strict charge, Philaetius! we consign
The court's main gate: To guard that pass be thine."
This said, he first return'd: the faithful swains
At distance follow, as their King ordains.
Before the flame Eurymachus now stands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:
Still the tough bow unmoved. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty soul, and thus began:
"I mourn the common cause; for, oh my friends!
On me, on all, what grief, what shame attends?
Not the lost nuptials can affect me more,
(For Greece has beauteous dames on ev'ry shore.)
But baffled thus! confess'd so far below
Ulysses' strength, as not to bend his bow!
How shall all ages our attempt deride?
Our weakness scorn?" Antinoüs thus reply'd:
"Not so, Eurymachus: That no man draws
The wond'rous bow, attend another cause.
Sacred to Phoebus is the solemn day,
Which thoughtless we in games would waste away:
'Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd strife foregoe,
And here leave fixt the ringlets in a rowe.
Now bid the Sew'r approach, and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine,
So end our night: Before the day shall spring,
The choicest off'rings let Melanthius bring;
Let then to Phoebus' name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich smokes, high-curling to the skies.
So shall the patron of these arts bestow
(For his the gift) the skill to bend the bow."
They heard well pleas'd: the ready heralds bring
The cleansing waters from the limpid spring:
The goblet high with rosy wine they crown'd,
In order circling to the peers around.
That rite compleat, up-rose the thoughtful man,
And thus his meditated scheme began:
"If what I ask your noble minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!
Chief, if it hurt not great Antinoüs' ear,
(Whose sage decision I with wonder hear)
And if Eurymachus the motion please;
Give heav'n this day, and rest the bow in peace.
To-morrow let your arms dispute the prize,
And take it He, the favour'd of the skies!
But since 'till then, this tryal you delay,

Near the high top he strain'd it strongly round,
Pope Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.
Odyssey Their heads above, connected in a row,
They beat the air with quiv'ring feet below:
505 **Thus on some tree hung struggling in the snare,**
The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air.
Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind
The empty corse to waver with the wind.
Q 135 Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
510 Their bloody work: They lopp'd away the man,
Morsel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen shears
The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;
His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel:
He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to hell —
515 They wash, and to Ulysses take their way,
So ends the bloody business of the day.
To Euryclea then addrest the King:
"Bring hither fire, and hither sulphur bring,
To purge the palace: then the Queen attend,
520 And let her with her matron-train descend;
The matron-train with all the virgin band
Assemble here, to learn their Lord's command."
Then Euryclea: "Joyful I obey,
But cast those mean dishonest rags away;
525 Permit me first the royal robes to bring:
L1[O] Ill suits this garb the shoulders of a King."
"Bring sulphur straight, and fire" (the Monarch cries)
She hears, and at the word obedient flies.
Q 136 With fire and sulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
530 He purg'd the walls and blood-polluted rooms.
Again the matron springs with eager pace,
And spreads her Lord's return from place to place.
They hear, rush forth, and instant round him stand,
A gazing throng, a torch in ev'ry hand.
535 They saw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kist his knee, or hand, or face:
He knows them all; in all such truth appears,
22.538 ✦ Ev'n He indulges the sweet joy of tears.
23.1 Q 169 THEN to the Queen, as in repose she lay,
The Nurse with eager rapture speeds her way:
The transports of her faithful heart supply
A sudden youth, and give her wings to fly.
5 "And sleeps my child?" the rev'rend matron cries:
"Ulysses lives! arise, my child, arise!
Q 170 At length appears the long-expected hour!
Ulysses comes! The Suitors are no more!
No more they view the golden light of day;
10 Arise, and bless thee with the glad survey!"
Touch'd at her words, the mournful Queen rejoyn'd:
23.12 "Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
The righteous pow'rs who tread the starry skies,

157
151
378
372

THE DEATH OF
THE SUITORS.

Ulysses begins the slaughter of the suitors by the death of Antinoüs. He declares himself, and lets fly his arrows at the rest. Telemachus assists, and brings arms for his father, himself, Eumaeus, and Philaetius. Melanthius does the same for the wooers. Minerva encourages Ulysses in the shape of Mentor. The suitors are all slain, only Medon and Phemius are spared. Melanthius and the unfaithful servants are executed. The rest acknowledge their master with all demonstrations of joy. *Pope's Odyssey* (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 22

PREVIEW
BOOK 23

EPIC POEM .ORG

DIGITAL CLASSICS

1

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

language: Modern English (1725)
copy text: Lintot (vol. v 1725)
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EPICPOEM.ORG 538 lines 3.0

3L 1 - 538

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

1
387
393
159
165

PRINT
2-SIDED:
165 to **170**

Q 109 THEN fierce the Heroe o'er the threshold strode;
Stript of his rags, he blaz'd out **like a God**.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store;
Before his feet the ratling show'r he threw,
And thus terrific, to the Suitor-crew:
Q 110 "One vent'rous game this hand hath won to-day,
Another, Princes! yet remains to play;
Another mark our arrow must attain.
Phoebus assist! nor be the labour vain."
Swift as the word the parting arrow sings,
And bears thy fate, Antinoüs, on its wings:
Wretch that he was, of unprophetic soul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl;
Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death:
For Fate who fear'd amidst a feastful band?
And Fate to numbers by a single hand?
Full thro' his throat Ulysses' weapon past,
And pierc'd his neck. He falls, and breathes his last.
The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose;
Grim in convulsive agonies be sprawls:
Before him spurn'd, the loaded table falls,
And spreads the pavement with a mingled flood
L1[I] Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Q 111 Amaz'd, confounded, as they saw him fall,
Uprose he throngs tumultuous round the hall;
O'er all the dome they cast a haggard eye,
Each look'd for arms in vain; no arms were nigh:
"Aim'st thou at Princes?" (all amaz'd they said)
"Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd;
Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed,
And death, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.
Vulturs shall tear thee" — Thus incens'd they spoke,
While each to Chance ascrib'd the wond'rous stroke,
Blind as they were; for death ev'n now invades
◆ His destin'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.
Then grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
That wither'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke:
"Dogs, ye have had your day; ye fear'd no more
Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore;
While to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,
Our house, our wealth, our helpless handmaids lay:
Not so content, with bolder frenzy fir'd,
Ev'n to our bed presumptuous you aspir'd:
Pope Q 112 Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
Odyssey Or shame of men, or dread of Gods above;
Heedless alike of infamy or praise,
22.50 Or Fame's eternal voice in future days:

158 (100C)
152 (95C)
379 (249C)
373 (244C)
2 (1C)
2
388
394
160
166

Fate, and their crime, have sunk them to the dust;
Nor heeded these the censure of mankind,
The good and bad were equal in their mind.
Justly the price of worthlessness they pay'd,
And each now wails an unlamented shade.
But thou sincere! Oh Euryclea, say,
What maids dishonour us, and what obey?"
Then she: "In these thy kingly walls remain
(My son) full fifty of the handmaid train,
Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave,
And servitude with pleasing tasks deceive;
Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way,
Nor me nor chast Penelope obey;
Nor fits it that Telemachus command
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.
Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
Where slumbers soft now close the royal eye;
There wake her with the news" — The matron cry'd: Q 133
"Not so (Ulysses more sedate reply'd)
Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty deeds."
In haste the matron parts: The King proceeds:
"Now to dispose the dead, the care remains
To you my son, and you, my faithfull swains;
Th'offending females to that task we doom,
To wash, to scent, and purify the room.
These (ev'ry table cleans'd, and ev'ry throne, **L1[I]**
And all the melancholy labour done)
Drive to yon' court, without the Palace wall,
There the revenging sword shall smite them all;
So with the Suitors let 'em mix in dust,
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their lust."
He said: The lamentable train appear,
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;
Each heav'd her mournful burthen, and beneath
The porch, depos'd the ghastly heaps of death.
The Chief severe, compelling each to move,
Urg'd the dire task imperious from above.
With thirsty sponge they rub the tables o'er, Q 134
(The swains unite their toil) the walls, the floor
Wash'd with th' effusive wave, are purg'd of gore.
Once more the palace set in fair array,
To the base court the females take their way;
There compass'd close between the dome and wall,
(Their life's last scene) they trembling wait their fall.
Then thus the Prince: "To these shall we afford
A fate so pure, as by the martial sword?
To these, the nightly prostitutes to shame, **Pope**
And base revilers of our house and name?" **Odyssey**
Thus speaking, on the circling wall he strung
A ship's tough cable, from a column hung; **22**.500

Beneath a table, trembling with dismay,
Couch'd close to earth, unhappy Medon lay,
Wrapt in a new-slain Oxe's ample hide:
Swift at the word he cast his skreen aside,
Sprung to the Prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice address'd his ears:
"O Prince! O Friend! lo here thy Medon stands;
Ah stop the Heroe's unresisted hands,
Incens'd too justly by that impious brood,
Whose guilty glories now are set in blood."
To whom Ulysses with a pleasing eye:
"Be bold, on friendship and my son rely;
Live, an example for the world to read,
How much more safe the good than evil deed:
Thou, with the heav'n-taught bard, in peace resort
From blood and carnage to yon open court:
Me other work requires" — With tim'rous awe
From the dire scene th' exempted two withdraw,
Scarce sure of life, look round, and trembling move
To the bright altars of Protector Jove.
Mean-while Ulysses search'd the dome, to find
If yet there live of all th' offending kind.
Not one! compleat the bloody tale he found,
All steep'd in blood, all gasping on the ground.
So, when by hollow shores the fisher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And scarce the meshy toils the copious draught contain,
All naked of their element, and bare,
The fishes pant, and gasp in thinner air;
Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiff'ning prey,
'Till the warm sun exhales their soul away.
And now the King commands his son to call
Old Euryclea, to the death-ful hall:
The son observant not a moment stays;
The aged Governess with speed obeys:
The sounding portals instant they display;
The matron moves, the Prince directs the way.
◆
On heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,
All black with dust and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim Lion from the slaughter comes,
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,
His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed compleat;
A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd:
The Heroe check'd her, and compos'dly said:
"Woman, experienc'd as thou art, controul
Indecent joy, and feast thy secret soul.
T' insult the dead is cruel and unjust;
The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
Impending Fate is yours, and instant doom."
Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the Suitors stood,
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood;
Trembling they sought their guilty heads to hide,
Alone the bold Eurymachus reply'd:
"If, as thy words import," (he thus began)
"Ulysses lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs, and much hast thou sustain'd
In thy spoil'd Palace, and exhausted land;
The cause and author of those guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjust Antinoüs bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition was his guide,
To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide,
These were his aims, but juster Jove deny'd.
Since cold in death th'offender lies; oh spare
Thy suppliant people, and receive their pray'r!
Brass, gold, and treasures shall the spoil defray,
Two hundred oxen ev'ry Prince shall pay:
The waste of years refunded in a day.
'Till then thy wrath is just" — Ulysses burn'd
With high disdain, and sternly thus return'd:
"All, all the treasures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
If offer'd, vainly should for mercy call;
'Tis you that offer, and I scorn them all;
Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
'Till pale as yonder wretch each Suitor lies.
Hence with those coward terms; Or fight or fly,
This choice is left ye, to resist or die;
And die I trust ye shall" — He sternly spoke:
With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.
Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train:
"Yon archer, comrades, will not shoot in vain;
But from the threshold shall his darts be sped,
(Whoe'er he be) 'till ev'ry Prince lie dead.
Be mindful of your selves, draw forth your swords,
And to his shafts obtend these ample boards,
(So need compells.) Then all united strive
The bold invader from his post to drive;
The City rouz'd shall to our rescue haste,
And this mad Archer soon have shot his last."
Swift as he spoke, he drew his traytor sword,
And **like a lion** rush'd against his Lord:
The wary Chief the rushing foe represt,
Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breast:
His falling hand deserts the lifted sword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board:
Before him wide, in mixt effusion roll
Th'untasted viands, and the jovial bowl.

Full thro' his liver past the mortal wound,
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground,
He spurn'd the seat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce soul to darkness div'd, and hell.
Next bold Amphinomus his arm extends
To force the pass: the **god-like** man defends.
Thy spear, Telemachus, prevents th'attack,
The brazen weapon driving thro' his back,
Thence thro' his breast its bloody passage tore;
Flat falls he thund'ring on the marble floor,
And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with gore.
He left his jav'lin in the dead, for fear
The long incumbrance of the weighty spear
To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To rush between, and use the shorten'd sword.
With speedy ardour to his Sire he flies,
And, "Arm, great father! arm" (in haste he cries)
"Lo hence I run for other arms to wield,
For missive jav'lins, and for helm and shield;
Fast by our side let either faithful swain
In arms attend us, and their part sustain."
"Haste and return" (Ulysses made reply)
"While yet th'auxiliar shafts this hand supply;
Lest thus alone, encountered by an host,
Driv'n from the gate, th'important pass be lost."
With speed Telemachus obeys, and flies
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;
Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent spears,
And four broad bucklers, to his Sire he bears:
At once in brazen Panoply they shone,
At once each servant brac'd his armour on;
Around their King a faithful guard they stand,
While yet each shaft flew deathful from his hand:
Chief after Chief expir'd at ev'ry wound,
And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.
Soon as his store of flying fates was spent,
Against the wall he set the bow unbent:
And now his shoulders bear the massy shield,
And now his hands two beamy jav'lins wield;
He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd
O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.
There stood a window near, whence looking down
From o'er the porch, appear'd the subject town.
A double strength of valves secur'd the place,
A high and narrow, but the only pass:
The cautious King, with all-preventing care,
To guard that outlet, plac'd Eumaeus there:
When Agelaüs thus: "Has none the sense
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour town? the town shall force the door,
Thy house, for me, remains; by me repress'd
Full oft was check'd th'injustice of the rest:
Averse they heard me when I counsell'd well,
Their hearts were harden'd, and they justly fell.
Oh spare an Augur's consecrated head,
Nor add the blameless to the guilty dead."
"Priest as thou art! for that detested band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:
Against Ulysses have thy vows been made;
For them, thy daily orisons were paid:
Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride aspires:
One common crime one common fate requires."
Thus speaking, from the ground the sword he took
Which Agelaüs' dying hand forsook;
Full thro' his neck the weighty faulchion sped:
Along the pavement roll'd the mutt'ring head.
Phemius alone the hand of vengeance spar'd,
Phemius the sweet, the heav'n-instructed bard.
Beside the gate the rev'rend minstrel stands;
The lyre, now silent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to supplicate the chief, or fly
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,
Where oft Laërtes holy vows had paid,
And oft Ulysses smoking victims laid.
His honour'd harp with care he first set down,
Between the laver and the silver throne;
Then prostrate stretch'd before the dreadful man,
Persuasive, thus, with accent soft began:
"O King! to mercy be thy soul inclin'd,
And spare the Poet's ever-gentle kind.
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong,
For dear to Gods and Men is sacred song.
Self-taught I sing; by heav'n, and heav'n alone,
The genuine seeds of Poesy are sown;
And (what the Gods bestow) the lofty lay,
To Gods alone, and **god-like** worth, we pay.
Save then the Poet, and thy self reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I sung, was force and not desire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:
And let thy son attest, nor sordid pay
Nor servile flatt'ry stain'd the moral lay."
The moving words Telemachus attends,
His sire approaches, and the bard defends.
"Oh mix not, Father, with those impious dead
The man divine; forbear that sacred head;
Medon the herald too our arms may spare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy son to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.

L2[I] Q116 ◆ Q117 **Pope Odyssey** **160 (102C)** **154 (97C)** **381 (251C)** **375 (246C)** **4 (3C)** **4** **390** **396** **162** **168** Q115 Q128 Q129 **22**.150 **22**.400

Again made frustrate by the virgin pow'r.
Some, turn'd by Pallas, on the threshold fall,
Some wound the gate, some ring against the wall;
Some weak, or pond'rous with the brazen head,
Drop harmless, on the pavement sounding dead.
Then bold Amphimedon his jav'lin cast;
Thy hand, Telemachus, it lightly raz'd;
And from Ctesippus' arm the spear elanc'd
On good Eumaeus' shield and shoulder glanc'd;
Not lessen'd of their force (so light the wound)
Each sung along, and drop'd upon the ground.
Fate doom'd thee next, Eurydamus, to bear
Thy death, ennobled by Ulysses' spear.
By the bold son Amphimedon was slain:
And Polybus renown'd the faithful swain.
Pierc'd thro' the breast the rude Ctesippus bled,
And thus Philaetius gloried o'er the dead:
"There end thy pompous vaunts, and high disdain;
Oh sharp in scandal, voluble and vain!
How weak is mortal pride! To heav'n alone
Th'event of actions and our fates are known:
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear:
The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear."
Ulysses brandish'd high his vengeful steel,
And Damastorides that instant fell;
Fast by, Leocritus expiring lay,
The Prince's jav'lin tore its bloody way
Thro' all his bowels: down he tumbled prone,
His batter'd front and brains besmear the stone.
Now Pallas shines confess'd; aloft she spreads
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
The dreadful Aegis blazes in their eye;
Amaz'd they see, they tremble, and they fly:
Confus'd, distracted, thro' he rooms they fling,
Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's sting,
When sultry days, and long, succeed the gentle spring.
Not half so keen, fierce vulturs of the chace
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,
When the wide field extended snares beset,
With conscious dread they shun the quiv'ring net:
No help, no flight; but wounded ev'ry way,
Headlong they drop: the fowlers seize the prey.
On all sides thus they double wound on wound,
In prostrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,
Unmanly shrieks precede each dying groan,
And a red deluge floats the reaking stone.
Liodes first before the victor falls:
The wretched Augur thus for mercy calls:
"O gracious hear, nor let thy suppliant bleed;
Still undishonour'd or by word or deed

And this bold Archer soon shall shoot no more."
Melanthius then: "That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins, that one may guard the strait.
But other methods of defence remain,
My self with arms can furnish all the train;
Stores from the royal magazine I bring,
And their own darts shall pierce the Prince and King."
He said; and mounting up the lofty stairs,
Twelve shields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears:
All arm, and sudden round the hall appears
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of spears.
The Heroe stands opprest with mighty woe,
On ev'ry side he sees the labour grow:
"Oh curst event! and oh unlook'd-for aid!
Melanthius or the women have betray'd —
Oh my dear son!" — The father with a sigh:
Then ceas'd; the filial virtue made reply:
"Falshood is folly, and 'tis just to own
The fault committed; this was mine alone;
My haste neglected yonder door to bar,
And hence the villain has supply'd their war.
Run good Eumaeus then, and (what before
I thoughtless err'd in) well secure that door:
Learn if by female fraud this deed were done,
Or (as my thought misgives) by Dolius' son."
While yet they spoke, in quest of arms again
To the high chamber stole the faithless swain,
Not unobserv'd. Eumaeus watchful ey'd,
And thus address'd Ulysses near his side:
"The miscreant we suspected takes that way;
Him, if this arm be pow'rful, shall I slay?
Or drive him hither, to receive the meed
From thy own hand, of this detested deed?"
"Not so" (reply'd Ulysses) "leave him there,
For us sufficient is another care:
Within the stricture of this palace wall
To keep inclos'd his masters till they fall.
Go you, and seize the felon; backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;
On this, his body by strong cords extend,
And on a column near the roof suspend;
So study'd tortures his vile days shall end."
The ready swains obey'd with joyful haste,
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they past,
As round the room in quest of arms he goes:
(The half-shut door conceal'd his lurking foes)
One hand sustain'd a helm, and one the shield
Which old Laërtes wont in youth to wield,
Cover'd with dust, with dryness chapt and worn,
The brass corroded, and the leather torn:

Thus laden, o'er the threshold as he stept,
Fierce on the villain from each side they leapt,
Back by the hair the trembling dastard drew,
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.
Active and pleas'd, the zealous swains fulfil
At ev'ry point their master's rigid will:
First, fast behind, his hands and feet they bound,
Then streighten'd cords involv'd his body round;
So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,
The howling felon swung from side to side.
Eumaeus scoffing, then with keen disdain:
"There pass thy pleasing night, oh gentle swain!
On that soft pillow, from that envy'd height
First may'st thou see the springing dawn of light;
So timely rise, when morning streaks the east,
To drive thy victims to the Suitors' feast."
This said, they left him, tortur'd as he lay,
Secur'd the door, and hasty strode away:
Each, breathing death, resum'd his dang'rous post
Near great Ulysses; Four against an host.
When lo! descending to her Heroe's aid
Jove's daughter Pallas, War's triumphant maid:
In Mentor's friendly form she join'd his side;
Ulysses saw, and thus with transport cry'd:
"Come, ever welcome, and thy succour lend;
Oh ev'ry sacred name in one! my friend!
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:
What-e'er thro' life's whole series I have done
Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
And aiding this one hour, repay it all."
Thus he; but pleasing hopes his bosom warm
Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.
The adverse host the phantom-warrior eyed,
And first loud-threatening, Agelaüs cry'd:
"Mentor beware, nor let that tongue perswade
Thy frantic arm to lend Ulysses aid;
Our force successful shall our threat make good,
And with the sire's and son's commix thy blood.
What hop'st thou here? Thee first the sword shall slay,
Then lop thy whole posterity away;
Far hence thy banish'd consort shall we send;
With his thy forfeit lands and treasures blend;
Thus, and thus only, shalt thou join thy friend."
His barb'rous insult ev'n the Goddess fires,
Who thus the warrior to revenge inspires:
"Art thou Ulysses? where then shall we find
The patient body and the constant mind?
That courage, once the Trojans' daily dread,
Known nine long years, and felt by Heroes dead?
And where that conduct, which reveng'd the lust
Of Priam's race, and lay'd proud Troy in dust?
If this when Helen was the cause, were done,
What for thy country now, thy Queen, thy son?
Rise then in combat, at my side attend;
Observe what vigour Gratitude can lend,
And foes how weak, oppos'd against a friend!"
She spoke; but willing longer to survey
The sire and son's great acts, with-held the day;
By farther toils decreed the brave to try,
And level pois'd the wings of Victory:
Then with a change of form eludes their sight,
Perch'd **like a swallow** on a rafter's height,
And unperceiv'd, enjoys the rising fight.
Damastor's son, bold Agelaüs, leads
The guilty war, Eurynomus succeeds;
With these, Pisander great Polyctor's son,
Sage Polybus, and stern Amphimedon,
With Demoptolemus: These six survive:
The best of all the shafts had left alive.
Amidst the carnage desp'rate as they stand,
Thus Agelaüs rowz'd the lagging band:
"The hour has come, when yon' fierce man no more
With bleeding Princes shall bestrow the floor:
Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boast;
The four remain, but four against an host.
Let each at once discharge the deadly dart,
One sure of six shall reach Ulysses' heart:
Thus shall one stroke the glory lost regain:
The rest must perish, their great leader slain."
Then all at once their mingled lances threw,
And thirsty all of one man's blood they flew;
In vain! Minerva turn'd them with her breath,
And scatter'd short, or wide, the points of death;
With deaden'd sound, one on the threshold falls,
One strikes the gate, one rings against the walls;
The storm past innocent. The **god-like** man
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began:
"'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw
(So speed 'em heav'n) our jav'lins at the foe.
That impious race to all their past mis-deeds
Would add our blood. Injustice still proceeds."
He spoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Great Demoptolemus, Ulysses slew;
Euryades receiv'd the Prince's dart;
The Goatherd's quiver'd in Pisander's heart;
Fierce Elatus by thine, Eumaeus, falls;
Their fall in thunder ecchoes round the walls.
The rest retreat: the victors now advance,
Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.
Again the foe discharge the steely show'r;

Q 120 Q 121 L3[I] ◆ Pope Odyssey 22.250 Q 122 Q 123 Q 124 L3[I] 22.300

162 (104C) 156 (99C) 383 (253C) 377 (248C) 6 (5C) 6 392 398 164 170 [later 279] [later 278] Pope Odyssey

Thy destin'd tomb, and cast a mighty mound:
Pope High on the shore the growing hill we raise,
Odyssey That wide th'extended Hellespont surveys;
105 Where all, from age to age who pass the coast,
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty ghost.
Q229 Thetis herself to all our peers proclaims
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The Gods assented; and around thee lay
110 Rich spoils and gifts that blaz'd against the day.
Oft have I seen with solemn fun'ral games
Heroes and Kings committed to the flames;
But strength of youth, or valour of the brave
With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave.
115 Such were the games by azure Thetis given,
And such thy honours, oh belov'd of heaven!
Dear to mankind thy fame survives, nor fades
Its bloom eternal in the Stygian shades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
120 Successful toils, and battles bravely won?
Doom'd by stern Jove, at home to end my life,
By cursed Aegysthus, and a faithless wife!"
Thus they; while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
Led the sad numbers by Ulysses slain.
125 On each majestic form they cast a view,
L1[O] And tim'rous pass'd, and awfully withdrew.
Q230 But Agamemnon, thro' the gloomy shade,
His ancient host Amphimedon survey'd:
"Son of Melanthius!" (he began) "Oh say!
130 What cause compell'd so many, and so gay,
◆ To tread the downward, melancholy way?
Say, could one city yield a troop so fair?
Were all these partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of stormy Neptune sweep
135 Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or Pyrates' cruel bands,
Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's sands?
Or well-defending some beleaguer'd wall,
Say, for the publick did ye greatly fall?
140 Inform thy guest; for such I was of yore 1
When our triumphant navies touch'd your shore;
Forc'd a long month the wint'ry seas to bear,
To move the great Ulysses to the war."
"O King of men! I faithful shall relate"
145 (Reply'd Amphimedon) "our hapless fate.
Ulysses absent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves pursu'd his royal Dame;
Q231 Her coy reserve, and prudence mixt with pride, 393
Our common suit nor granted, nor deny'd; 399
24.150 But close with inward hate our deaths design'd; 165
24.151 Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind. 171
Her hand, laborious in delusion, spread

THE ARGUMENT

Euryclea awakens Penelope with the news of Ulysses' return, and the death of the suitors, Penelope scarcely credits her; but supposes some god has punished them, and descends from her department in doubt. At the first interview of Ulysses and Penelope, she is quite unsatisfied. Minerva restores him to the beauty of his youth; but the queen continues incredulous, till by some circumstances she is convinced, and falls into all the transports of passion and tenderness. They recount to each other all that has passed during their long separation. The next morning Ulysses, arming himself and his friends, goes from the city to visit his father.

Pope's Odyssey (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 23

PREVIEW
BOOK 24

EPIC POEM .ORG
DIGITAL CLASSICS

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

language: Modern English (1725)
copy text: Lintot (vol. v 1725)
typeface: Kings Caslon
by Dalton Maag

This **UNRESTRICTED INTERLEAVABLE LAYOUT** of this **PUBLIC DOMAIN TEXT** is available for free at ARCHIVE.ORG (LINK).

EPICPOEM.ORG 399 lines 3.0
3L 1 - 399

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

PRINT 2-SIDED:
171 to **176**

Q 169 THEN to the Queen, as in repose she lay,
The Nurse with eager rapture speeds her way:
The transports of her faithful heart supply
A sudden youth, and give her wings to fly.
5 "And sleeps my child?" the rev'rend matron cries:
"Ulysses lives! arise, my child, arise!
Q 170 At length appears the long-expected hour!
Ulysses comes! The Suitors are no more!
No more they view the golden light of day;
10 Arise, and bless thee with the glad survey!"
Touch'd at her words, the mournful Queen rejoyn'd:
"Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
The righteous pow'rs who tread the starry skies,
The weak enlighten and confound the wise;
15 And human thought, with unresisted sway,
Depress or raise, enlarge or take away:
Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forsakes,
And Folly, with the tongue of Wisdom speaks.
Unkind, the fond illusion to impose!
20 Was it to flatter, or deride my woes?
Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy,
Since my dear Lord left Ithaca for Troy:
Why must I wake to grieve, and curse thy shore?
O Troy — may never tongue pronounce thee more!
25 Be gone: another might have felt our rage,
L1[I] But age is sacred, and we spare thy age."
Q 171 To whom with warmth: "My soul a lie disdains;
Ulysses lives, thy own Ulysses reigns:
That stranger, patient of the Suitors' wrongs,
30 And the rude license of ungovern'd tongues,
He, he is thine! thy son, his latent guest
Long knew, but lock'd the secret in his breast;
With well-concerted art to end his woes,
And burst at once in vengeance on the foes."
35 While yet she spoke, the Queen in transport sprung
Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung;
Fast from her eye descends the rolling tear,
"Say, once more say, is my Ulysses here?
How could that numerous and outrageous band
40 By one be slain, tho' by a Heroe's hand?"
"I saw it not," she cries, "but heard alone,
When death was busy, a loud dying groan;
The damsel train turn'd pale at every wound,
Immur'd we sate, and catch'd each passing sound;
45 When Death had seiz'd her prey, thy son attends,
And at his nod the damsel train descends;
Pope Q 172 There terrible in arms Ulysses stood,
Odyssey And the dead Suitors almost swam in blood:
◆ Thy heart had leap'd the Heroe to survey,
23.50 Stern **as the surly lion o'er his prey**,

163 (Thus Agamemnon's kingly shade rejoin'd)
157 "Thrice happy thou! to press the martial plain **Pope**
384 Midst heaps of heroes in thy quarrel slain: **Odyssey**
378 In clouds of smoke, rais'd by the noble fray, 55
Great, and terrific ev'n in death you lay,
And deluges of blood flow'd round you ev'ry way.
Nor ceas'd the strife, 'till Jove himself oppos'd,
And all in tempests the dire evening clos'd.
Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load, 60
And decent on the fun'ral bed bestow'd.
Then unguents sweet and tepid streams we shed;
Tears flow'd from ev'ry eye, and o'er the dead
Each clipt the curling honours of his head.
Struck at the news, thy azure mother came; 65
The sea-green sisters waited on the dame.
A voice of loud lament thro' all the main Q 227
Was heard, and terror seiz'd the Grecian train:
Back to their ships the frighted host had fled;
But Nestor spoke, they listen'd, and obey'd. 70
(From old experience Nestor's counsel springs,
And long vicissitudes of human things)
'Forbear your flight: Fair Thetis from the main
To mourn Achilles leads her azure train.'
Around thee stand the daughters of the deep, 75
Roab thee in heav'nly vests, and round thee weep.
Round thee, the Muses, with alternate strain, **L1[I]**
In ever-consecrating verse, complain.
Each warlike Greek the moving music hears,
And iron-hearted Heroes melt in tears. 80
'Till sev'nteen nights and sev'nteen days return'd
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.
1 To flames we gave thee, the succeeding day,
And fatted sheep and sable oxen slay;
With oils and honey blazed th'augmented fires, 85
And like a God adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pyle Q 228
Urge the fleet courser's or the racer's toil;
Thick clouds of dust o'er all the circle rise,
2 And the mixt clamour thunders in the skies. 90
Soon as absorpt in all-embracing flame
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,
We then collect thy snowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vase.
(The vase to Thetis Bacchus gave of old, 95
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the sculptur'd gold).
There we thy relicks, great Achilles! blend
394 With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend:
400 In the same urn a sep'rate space contains
166 Thy next-belov'd, Antilochus' remains. **24**.100
172 Now all the sons of warlike Greece surround **24**.101

Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
Pope The golden wand, that causes sleep to fly,
Odyssey Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,
That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day,
Points out the long, uncomfortable way.
Q 224 Trembling the Spectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow screams, along the deep descent.
As in the cavern of some rifted den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene;
Cluster'd they hang, till at some sudden shock,
They move, and murmurs run thro' all the rock:
So cow'ring fled the sable heaps of ghosts,
And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.
And now they reach'd the Earth's remotest ends,
And now the gates where ev'ning Sol descends,
And Leucas' rock, and Ocean's utmost streams,
And now pervade the dusky land of Dreams,
And rest at last, where souls unbodied dwell
In ever-flowing meads of Asphodel.
The empty Forms of men inhabit there,
Impassive semblance, Images of air!
Nought else are all that shin'd on earth before;
Ajax, and great Achilles, are no more!
Yet still a master ghost, the rest he aw'd,
The rest ador'd him, tow'ring as he trod;
L2[O] Q 225 Still at his side is Nestor's son survey'd,
And lov'd Patroclus still attends his shade.
New as they were to that infernal shore,
The Suitors stopp'd, and gazed the Heroe o'er.
✦ When, moving slow, the regal form they view'd
Of great Atrides: Him in pomp pursu'd
And solemn sadness thro' the gloom of hell,
The train of those who by Aegysthus fell:
"O mighty chief!" (Pelides thus began)
"Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man!
King of a hundred Kings! to whom resign'd
The strongest, bravest, greatest of mankind.
Com'st thou the first, to view this dreary state?
And was the noblest the first mark of fate?
Condemn'd to pay the great arrear so soon,
The lot, which all lament, and none can shun!
Oh! better hadst thou sunk in Trojan ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes might raise
Historic marbles to record thy praise:
Q 226 Thy praise eternal on the faithful stone
Had with transmissive glories grac'd thy son.
But heavier fates were destin'd to attend:
24.50 What man is happy, till he knows his end?"
"O son of Peleus! greater than mankind!"

164 Glorious in gore! — now with sulphereous fires,
158 The dome he purges, now the flame aspires; **Pope**
385 Heap'd lie the dead without the Palace walls, — **Odyssey**
379 Haste, daughter haste, thy own Ulysses calls!
Thy every wish the bounteous Gods bestow,
Enjoy the present good, and former woe;
Ulysses lives his vanquish'd foes to see;
He lives to thy Telemachus and thee!"
"Ah, no!" with sighs Penelope rejoin'd,
"Excess of joy disturbs thy wand'ring mind;
How blest this happy hour, should he appear,
Dear to us all, to me supremely dear!
Ah no! some God the Suitors' death decreed,
Some God descends, and by his hand they bleed;
Blind! to contemn the stranger's righteous cause,
And violate all hospitable laws!
The good they hated, and the Pow'rs defy'd! Q 173
But heaven is just, and by a God they dy'd.
For never must Ulysses view this shore;
Never! the lov'd Ulysses is no more!"
"What words" (the matron cries) "have reach'd my ears?
Doubt we his presence, when he now appears?
Then hear conviction: Ere the fatal day
That forc'd Ulysses o'er the watry way,
A Boar, fierce-rushing in the sylvan war
Plough'd half his thigh; I saw, I saw the scar, **L2[O]**
And wild with transport had reveal'd the wound;
But ere I spoke, he rose, and check'd the sound.
Then daughter haste away! and if a lie
Flow from this tongue, then let thy servant die!"
To whom with dubious joy the Queen replies:
2 "Wise is thy soul, but errors seize the wise;
The works of Gods what mortal can survey?
Who knows their motives, who shall trace their way!
But learn we instant how the Suitors trod
The paths of death, by Man or by a God."
Thus speaks the Queen, and no reply attends, Q 174
But with alternate joy and fear descends;
3 At ev'ry step debates, her Lord to prove?
Or rushing to his arms, confess her love?
Then gliding thro' the marble valves in state,
Oppos'd, before the shining Fire she sate.
The Monarch, by a column high enthron'd,
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;
Curious to hear his Queen the silence break:
Amaz'd she sate, and impotent to speak;
395 O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,
401 Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.
167 At length Telemachus — "Oh who can find
173 A woman like Penelope unkind? **23**.100

Why thus in silence? why with winning charms
Thus slow, to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breast that with no transport glows,
When twice ten years are past of mighty woes:
To softness lost, to sponsal love unknown,
The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of stone!"
Q 175 "O my Telemachus!" the Queen rejoin'd,
"Distracting fears confound my lab'ring mind;
Pow'rless to speak, I scarce uplift my eyes,
Nor dare to question: doubts on doubts arise.
O deign he, if Ulysses, to remove
These boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!"
Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the King replies:
"Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wise;
Time shall the truth to sure remembrance bring:
This garb of Poverty belies the King;
No more. — This day our deepest care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.
If one man's blood, tho' mean, distain our hands,
The homicide retreats to foreign lands;
By us, in heaps th'illustrious peerage falls,
Th'important deed our whole attention calls."
"Be that thy care," Telemachus replies,
"The world conspires to speak Ulysses wise;
For Wisdom all is thine! lo I obey,
L2[I] And dauntless follow where you lead the way;
Q 176 Nor shalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward son degen'rate lag behind."
"Then instant to the bath," (the Monarch cries)
"Bid the gay youth and sprightly virgins rise,
Thence all descend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome resound the mirthful lay;
While the sweet Lyrist airs of rapture sings,
And forms the dance responsive to the strings.
That hence th'eluded passengers may say,
'Lo! the Queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!'
The Suitors' death unknown, 'till we remove
Far from the court, and act inspir'd by Jove."
Thus spoke the King: Th'observant train obey,
At once they bathe, and dress in proud array;
The Lyrist strikes the string; gay youths advance,
And fair-zon'd damsels form the sprightly dance.
The voice, attun'd to instrumental sounds,
Ascends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds;
Not unobserv'd: the Greeks eluded say:
"Lo! the Queen weds, we hear the spousal lay!
Pope Q 177 Inconstant! to admit the bridal hour."
Odyssey Thus they — but nobly chaste she weds no more.
◆ Mean-while the weary'd King the bath ascends;
23.150 With faithful cares Eurynomè attends,

165 And friends in battle slain, heroic ghosts!
159 Then how unharm'd he past the Siren-coasts,
386 The justling rocks where fierce Charybdis raves,
380 And howling Scylla whirls her thund'rous waves,
The cave of death! How his companions slay
The oxen sacred to the God of day,
'Till Jove in wrath the ratling Tempest guides,
And whelms th'offenders in the roaring tydes:
How struggling thro' the surge, he reach'd the shores
Of fair Ogygia, and Calypso's bow'rs;
Where the gay blooming Nymph constrain'd his stay,
With sweet reluctant amorous delay;
And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
Immortal life exempt from age and woe:
How sav'd from storms Phaeacia's coast he trod,
By great Alcinoüs honour'd as a God,
Who gave him last his country to behold, Q 188
With change of rayment, brass, and heaps of gold.
He ended, sinking into sleep, and shares
A sweet forgetfulness of all his cares.
Soon as soft slumber eas'd the toils of day,
Minerva rushes thro' th'aereal way,
And bids Aurora with her golden wheels
Flame from the Ocean o'er the eastern hills:
Uprose Ulysses from the genial bed,
And thus with thought mature the Monarch said: **L2[I]**
"My Queen, my consort! thro' a length of years,
We drank the cup of sorrow mix'd with tears;
Thou, for thy Lord; while me th'immortal pow'rs
Detain'd reluctant from my native shores.
Now, blest again by heav'n, the Queen display,
3 And rule our Palace with an equal sway.
Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty'd folds, with gifts or spoils.
But now I haste to bless Laërtes' eyes
With sight of his Ulysses ere he dies;
The good old man, to wasting woes a prey, Q 189
Weeps a sad life in solitude away.
4 But hear, tho' wise! This morning shall unfold
The deathful scene, on Heroes, Heroes roll'd;
Thou with thy Maids within the Palace stay,
From all the scene of tumult far away!"
He spoke, and sheath'd in arms, incessant flies
To wake his son; and bid his friends arise.
"To arms!" aloud he cries: His friends obey,
With glitt'ring arms their manly limbs array,
396 And pass the City-gate; Ulysses leads the way. **Pope**
402 Now flames the rosy dawn, but Pallas shrouds **Odyssey**
168 The latent warriors in a veil of clouds. **23**.399
174 CYLLENIUS now to Pluto's dreary reign Q 223 **24**.1

To the dark grave retiring as to rest;
Pope My people blessing, by my people blest.
Odyssey Such future scenes th'all-righteous pow'rs display,
By their dread Seer, and such my future day."
To whom thus firm of soul: "If ripe for death,
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath;
Q185 While heav'n a kind release from ills foreshows,
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!"
But Euryclea with dispatchful care,
And sage Eurynomè, the couch prepare:
Instant they bid the blazing torch display
Around the dome and artificial day;
Then to repose her steps the Matron bends,
And to the Queen Eurynomè descends;
A torch she bears to light with guiding fires
The royal pair; she guides them, and retires.
The instant his fair spouse Ulysses led
To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.
And now the blooming youths and sprightly fair
Cease the gay dance, and to their rest repair;
But in discourse the King and Consort lay,
While the soft hours stole unperceiv'd away;
Intent he hears Penelope disclose
A mournful story of domestic woes,
His servants' insults, his invaded bed,
L3[O] How his whole flocks and herds exhausted bled,
Q186 His generous wines dishonour'd shed in vain,
And the wild riots of the Suitor-train.
The King alternate a dire tale relates,
Of wars, of triumphs, and disastrous fates;
All he unfolds: His list'ning spouse turns pale
With pleasing horror at the dreadful tale,
Sleepless devours each word; and hears, how slain
Cicons on Cicons swell th'ensanguined plain;
How to the land of Lote unblest he sails;
And images the rills, and flowry vales:
How dash'd **like dogs**, his friends the Cyclops tore,
(Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the spouting gore;
How, the loud storms in prison bound, he sails
From friendly Aeolus with prosp'rous gales;
Yet Fate withstands! a sudden tempest roars
And whirls him groaning from his native shores:
How on the barb'rous Laestrigonian coast,
By savage hands his fleet and friends lie lost;
How scarce himself surviv'd: He paints the bow'r,
The spells of Circe, and her magic pow'r;
Q187 His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
To seek Tiresias in the vales of death;
◆ How in the doleful mansions he survey'd
23.350 His royal mother, pale Anticlea's shade;

166 (105C)
160 (100C)
387 (254C)
381 (249C)
4 (1C)
5
397
403
169
175

O'er every limb a show'r of fragrance sheds:
Then drest in pomp, magnificent he treads. Pope
The Warrior-Goddess gives his frame to shine Odyssey
With majesty enlarg'd, and grace divine.
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks, of Hyacinthine dye.
As by some artist to whom Vulcan gives
His heav'nly skill, a breathing image lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wond'rous mold,
And the pale silver glows with fusile gold:
So Pallas his heroic form improves
With bloom divine, and **like a God he moves**;
More high he treads, and issuing forth in state,
Radiant before his gazing Consort sate.
"And oh my Queen!" he cries; "what pow'r above
Has steel'd that heart, averse to spousal love!
Canst thou, Penelope, when heav'n restores Q178
Thy lost Ulysses to his native shores,
Canst thou, oh cruel, unconcern'd survey
Thy lost Ulysses, on this signal day?
Haste, Euryclea, and despatchful spread
For me, and me alone, th'imperial bed:
My weary nature craves the balm of rest:
But heav'n with Adamant has arm'd her breast."
"Ah no!" she cries, "a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride; no adamant is there; L3[O]
And now, ev'n now it melts! for sure I see
Once more Ulysses my belov'd in thee!
Fix'd in my soul as when he sail'd to Troy,
His image dwells: then haste the bed of joy!
Haste, from the bridal bow'r the bed translate,
Fram'd by his hand, and be it drest in state!"
Thus speaks the Queen, still dubious, with disguise;
Touch'd at her words, the King with warmth replies:
"Alas for this! what mortal strength can move
Th'enormous burthen, who but heav'n above?
It mocks the weak attempts of human hands; Q179
But the whole earth must move, if heav'n commands
Then hear sure evidence, while we display
Words seal'd with sacred truth, and truth obey:
This hand the wonder fram'd; An olive spread
Full in the court its ever-verdant head,
Vast **as some mighty column's bulk** on high
The huge trunc rose, and heav'd into the sky;
Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bow'r,
And roof'd defensive of the storm and show'r;
The spacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;
And the fair dome with polish'd marble shines.
I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain; **23**.200

Then posts, capacious of the frame, I raise,
And bore it, regular from space to space:
Athwart the frame, at equal distance lye
Thongs of tough hides, that boast a purple dye;
Then polishing the whole, the finish'd mold
With silver shone, with elephant, and gold.
But if o'erturn'd by rude, ungovern'd hands,
Or still inviolate the olive stands,
'Tis thine, oh Queen, to say: And now impart,
If fears remain, or doubts distract thy heart?"
While yet he speaks, her pow'rs of life decay,
She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recov'ring, to his arms she flew,
And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew;
The tears pour'd down amain: "And oh," she cries,
"Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise!
O vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart!
The righteous pow'rs that mortal lot dispose,
Decree us to sustain a length of woes,
And from the flow'r of life, the bliss deny
To bloom together, fade away, and dye.
O let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus, to speak my love;
Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms,
Pour out my soul, and dye within thy arms!
I dreaded fraud! Men, faithless men, betray
Our easy faith, and make our sex their prey:
Against the fondness of my heart I strove,
'Twas caution, oh my Lord! not want of love:
Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair Mischief set two worlds in arms,
Ere Greece rose dreadful in th'avenging day,
Thus had she fear'd, she had not gone astray.
But heav'n, averse to Greece, in wrath decreed
That she should wander, and that Greece should bleed:
Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
But why these sorrows, when my Lord arrives?
I yield, I yield! my own Ulysses lives!
The secrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to Actoris alone,
(My father's present in the spousal hour,
The sole attendant on our genial bow'r.)
Since what no eye hath seen thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield."
Touch'd to the soul the King with rapture hears,
Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in tears.
As to the shipwreck'd mariner, the shores
Delightful rise, when angry Neptune roars,

Then when the surge in thunder mounts the sky,
And gulph'd in crouds at once the sailors dye,
If one more happy, while the tempest raves
Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves,
All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the strand,
And plunging forth with transport grasps the land.
The ravish'd Queen with equal rapture glows,
Clasps her lov'd Lord, and to his bosom grows.
Nor had they ended till the morning ray:
But Pallas backward held the rising day,
The wheels of night retarding, to detain
The gay Aurora in the wavy main:
Whose flaming steeds, emerging thro' the night,
Beam o'er the eastern hills with streaming light.
At length Ulysses with a sigh replies:
"Yet Fate, yet cruel Fate repose denies;
A labour long, and hard, remains behind;
By heav'n above, by hell beneath enjoin'd:
For, to Tiresias thro' th'eternal gates
Of hell I trode, to learn my future fates.
But end we here — the night demands repose,
Be deck'd the couch! and peace a-while, my woes!"
To whom the Queen: "Thy word we shall obey,
And deck the couch; far hence be woes away!
Since the just Gods who tread the starry plains
Restore thee safe, since my Ulysses reigns.
But what those perils heav'n decrees, impart;
Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts the heart."
To this the King: "Ah why must I disclose
A dreadful story of approaching woes?
Why in this hour of transport wound thy ears,
When thou must learn what I must speak with tears?
Heav'n, by the Theban ghost, thy spouse decrees
Torn from thy arms, to sail a length of seas;
From realm to realm a Nation to explore
Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,
Nor saw gay vessel stem the surgy plain,
A painted wonder, flying on the main.
An Oar my hand must bear; a shepherd eyes
The unknown instrument with strange surprize,
And calls a Corn-van: This upon the plain
I fix, and hail the Monarch of the main;
Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar:
Thence swift re-sailing to my native shores,
Due victims slay to all th'aethereal pow'rs.
Then heav'n decrees in peace to end my days,
And steal my self from life by slow decays;
Unknown to pain in age resign my breath,
When late stern Neptune points the shaft of death;

These are the rights of age, and shou'd be thine.
Pope Who then thy master, say? and whose the land
Odyssey So dress'd and manag'd by thy skilful hand?
But chief oh tell me! (what I question most)
305 Is this the far-fam'd Ithacensian coast?
For so reported the first man I view'd,
(Some surly Islander, of manners rude)
Q239 Nor farther conference vouchsaf'd to stay;
Heedless he whistled, and pursu'd his way.
310 But thou! whom years have taught to understand,
Humanely hear, and answer my demand:
A friend I seek, a wise one and a brave,
Say, lives he yet, or molders in the grave?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the best)
315 When at my house I lodg'd this foreign guest;
He said, from Ithaca's fair isle he came,
And old Laërtes was his father's name.
To him, whatever to a guest is ow'd
I paid, and hospitable gifts bestow'd;
320 To him sev'n talents of pure ore I told,
Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunicks stiff with gold,
A bowl, that rich with polish'd silver flames,
And, skill'd in female works, four lovely dames."
At this the Father, with a father's fears:
325 (His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears)
L1[O] "This is the land; but ah! thy gifts are lost,
𝔸 For godless men, and rude, possess the coast:
Q240 Sunk is the glory of this once-fam'd shore!
Thy ancient friend, oh stranger, is no more!
330 Full recompence thy bounty else had born;
◆ For ev'ry good man yields a just return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendship, not pursuing, sins.
But tell me, stranger, be the truth confest,
335 What years have circled since thou saw'st that guest?
That hapless guest, alas! for ever gone!
Wretch that he was! and that I am! my son!
If ever man to misery was born,
'Twas his to suffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
340 Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
He lies a prey to monsters of the main,
Or savage beasts his mangled reliques tear,
Or screaming vulturs scatter thro' the air:
Nor could his mother fun'ral unguents shed,
345 Nor wail'd his father o'er th'untimely dead,
Nor his sad consort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes, or drop'd a tender tear!
Q241 But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
24.350 Or if a merchant in pursuit of gain,

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383

THE ARGUMENT

The souls of the suitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal shades. Ulysses in the country goes to the retirement of his father, Laërtes; he finds him busied in his garden all alone: the manner of his discovery to him is here described. They return together to his lodge, and the king is acknowledged by Dolius and the servants. The Ithacensians, led by Eupithes, the father of Antinoüs, rise against Ulysses, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laërtes, and the goddess Pallas makes a lasting peace between Ulysses and his subjects, which concludes the Odyssey.

Pope's Odyssey (1880 edition)

POPE
THE ODYSSEY
BOOK 24

PREVIEW
ILIAD 1

EPIC POEM .ORG
DIGITAL CLASSICS

GORLESTON PSALTER **154v**
(British Library Add MS 49622, xiv c.)

1

THESE LINES HAVE CONVERGED TO TELL
A STORY THAT SATISFIES ME IN MY HEART,
WHERE ONLY THERE IT REALLY COUNTS.

INTERLEAVABLE

language: Modern English (1725)
1 copy text: Lintot (vol. v 1725)
typeface: Kings Caslon
by Dalton Maag

This **UNRESTRICTED INTERLEAVABLE LAYOUT** of this **PUBLIC DOMAIN TEXT** is available for free at ARCHIVE.ORG (LINK).

As some way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and measures Space with Space:

399 EPICPOEM.ORG 631 lines 3.0
405
171 𝔸 **2L** 1 - 350
177 𝔹 **2L** 351 - 631

PRINT 2-SIDED:
177 to **184**

Q223 CYLLENIUS now to Pluto's dreary reign
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
The golden wand, that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,
That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day,
Points out the long, uncomfortable way.
Q224 Trembling the Spectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow screams, along the deep descent.
As in the cavern of some rifted den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene;
Cluster'd they hang, till at some sudden shock,
They move, and murmurs run thro' all the rock:
So cow'ring fled the sable heaps of ghosts,
And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.
And now they reach'd the Earth's remotest ends,
And now the gates where ev'ning Sol descends,
And Leucas' rock, and Ocean's utmost streams,
And now pervade the dusky land of Dreams,
And rest at last, where souls unbodied dwell
In ever-flowing meads of Asphodel.
The empty Forms of men inhabit there,
Impassive semblance, Images of air!
Nought else are all that shin'd on earth before;
Ajax, and great Achilles, are no more!
Yet still a master ghost, the rest he aw'd,
L1[I] The rest ador'd him, tow'ring as he trod;
A Q225 Still at his side is Nestor's son survey'd,
And lov'd Patroclus still attends his shade.
New as they were to that infernal shore,
The Suitors stopp'd, and gazed the Heroe o'er.
◆ When, moving slow, the regal form they view'd
Of great Atrides: Him in pomp pursu'd
And solemn sadness thro' the gloom of hell,
The train of those who by Aegysthus fell:
"O mighty chief!" (Pelides thus began)
"Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man!
King of a hundred Kings! to whom resign'd
The strongest, bravest, greatest of mankind.
Com'st thou the first, to view this dreary state?
And was the noblest the first mark of fate?
Condemn'd to pay the great arrear so soon,
The lot, which all lament, and none can shun!
Oh! better hadst thou sunk in Trojan ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes might raise
Historic marbles to record thy praise:
Pope Q226 Thy praise eternal on the faithful stone
Odyssey Had with transmissive glories grac'd thy son.
But heavier fates were destin'd to attend:
24.50 What man is happy, till he knows his end?"

169 (107C)
163 (102C)
390 (256C)
384 (251C)
2 (1C)
2
400
406
172
178

(Their light and dearest object long ago),
Now chang'd with time, with absence, and with woe?"
Then to his train he gives his spear and shield;
The house they enter; and he seeks the field;
Thro' rows of shade with various fruitage crown'd,
And labour'd scenes of richest verdure round.
Nor aged Dolius; nor his sons were there,
Nor servants, absent on another care;
To search the woods for sets of flowry thorn,
Their orchard-bounds to strengthen and adorn.
But all alone the hoary King he found;
His habit course, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goatskin hair:
His buskins old, in former service torn,
But swell repair'd; and gloves against the thorn.
In this array the kingly Gard'ner stood, Q237
And clear'd a Plant, encumber'd with its wood.
Beneath a neighb'ring tree, the Chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his Sire, retracing ev'ry line,
The ruins of himself! now worn away
With age, yet still majestic in decay!
Sudden his eyes releas'd their wat'ry store;
The much-enduring man could bear no more.
Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiss his rev'rend face, **L1[I]**
With eager transport to disclose the whole, A
And pour at once the torrent of his soul?
Not so: his judgment takes the winding way
Of question distant, and of soft essay,
More gentle methods on weak age employs,
And moves the sorrows to enhance the joys.
Then to his Sire with beating heart he moves,
And with a tender pleasantry reproves:
Who digging round the plant still hangs his head,
Nor ought remits the work, while thus he said:
"Great is thy skill, oh father! great thy toil, Q238
Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil,
Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear;
And not one empty spot escapes thy care.
On ev'ry plant and tree thy cares are shown,
Nothing neglected, but thy self alone.
Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;
Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim.
Not for thy sloth, I deem thy Lord unkind;
Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind: **Pope**
I read a Monarch in that princely air, **Odyssey**
The same thy aspect, if the same thy care;
Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine, **24**.300

The Bow he snatch'd, and in an instant bent;
Pope Thro' ev'ry ring the victor arrow went.
Odyssey Fierce on the threshold then in arms he stood;
Pour'd forth the darts, that thirsted for our blood,
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a God!
Q234 First bleeds Antinoüs: thick the shafts resound;
And heaps on heaps the wretches strow the ground;
This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall;
Some God assisted, and unmann'd us all:
Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;
And batter'd brains and blood besmear the stones.
Thus, great Atrides! thus Ulysses drove
The shades thou seest, from yon' fair realms above.
Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected, spread the marble floor.
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to shed
O'er the pale corse! the honours of the dead."
"Oh blest Ulysses!" (thus the King exprest
His sudden rapture) "in thy Consort blest!
Not more thy wisdom than her virtue, shin'd;
Not more thy patience, than her constant mind.
Icarius' daughter, glory of the past,
And model to the future age, shall last:
The Gods, to honour her fair fame, shall raise
(Their great reward) a Poet in her praise.
L2[O] Q235 Not such, oh Tyndarus! thy daughter's deed,
A By whose dire hand her King and husband bled:
Her shall the Muse to infamy prolong,
Example dread! and theme of tragic song!
The gen'ral sex shall suffer in her shame,
◆ And ev'n the best that bears a Woman's name."
Thus in the regions of eternal shade
Conferr'd the mournful Phantoms of the dead.
While from the town, Ulysses, and his band,
Past to Laërtes' cultivated land.
The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain,
And labour made the rugged soil a plain.
There stood his mansion of the rural sort,
With useful buildings round the lowly court:
Where the few servants that divide his care,
Took their laborious rest, and homely fare;
And one Sicilian matron, old and sage,
With constant duty tends his drooping age.
Here now arriving, to his rustic band
And martial son, Ulysses gave command:
Q236 "Enter the house, and of the bristly swine
Select the largest to the pow'rs divine.
Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I share the old man's memory?
24.250 If those dim eyes can yet Ulysses know,

170 (108C) "O son of Peleus! greater than mankind!"
164 (103C) (Thus Agamemnon's kingly shade rejoin'd)
391 (257C) "Thrice happy thou! to press the martial plain
385 (252C) Midst heaps of heroes in thy quarrel slain:
In clouds of smoke, rais'd by the noble fray,
Great, and terrific ev'n in death you lay,
And deluges of blood flow'd round you ev'ry way.
Nor ceas'd the strife, 'till Jove himself oppos'd,
And all in tempests the dire evening clos'd.
Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,
And decent on the fun'ral bed bestow'd.
Then unguents sweet and tepid streams we shed;
Tears flow'd from ev'ry eye, and o'er the dead
Each clipt the curling honours of his head.
Struck at the news, thy azure mother came;
The sea-green sisters waited on the dame.
A voice of loud lament thro' all the main
Was heard, and terror seiz'd the Grecian train:
Back to their ships the frighted host had fled;
But Nestor spoke, they listen'd, and obey'd.
(From old experience Nestor's counsel springs,
And long vicissitudes of human things)
'Forbear your flight: Fair Thetis from the main
To mourn Achilles leads her azure train.'
Around thee stand the daughters of the deep,
Roab thee in heav'nly vests, and round thee weep.
Round thee, the Muses, with alternate strain,
In ever-consecrating verse, complain.
Each warlike Greek the moving music hears,
And iron-hearted Heroes melt in tears.
'Till sev'nteen nights and sev'nteen days return'd
3 (2C) All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.
To flames we gave thee, the succeeding day,
And fatted sheep and sable oxen slay;
With oils and honey blazed th'augmented fires,
And like a God adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pyle
Urge the fleet courser's or the racer's toil;
3 Thick clouds of dust o'er all the circle rise,
And the mixt clamour thunders in the skies.
Soon as absorpt in all-embracing flame
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,
We then collect thy snowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vase.
(The vase to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the sculptur'd gold).
401 There we thy relicks, great Achilles! blend
407 With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend:
173 In the same urn a sep'rate space contains
179 Thy next-belov'd, Antilochus' remains. **24**.100

Q227
Q228

Now all the sons of warlike Greece surround
Thy destin'd tomb, and cast a mighty mound:
High on the shore the growing hill we raise,
That wide th'extended Hellespont surveys;
Where all, from age to age who pass the coast,
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty ghost.
Thetis herself to all our peers proclaims
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The Gods assented; and around thee lay
Rich spoils and gifts that blaz'd against the day.
Oft have I seen with solemn fun'ral games
Heroes and Kings committed to the flames;
But strength of youth, or valour of the brave
With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure Thetis given,
And such thy honours, oh belov'd of heaven!
Dear to mankind thy fame survives, nor fades
Its bloom eternal in the Stygian shades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
Successful toils, and battles bravely won?
Doom'd by stern Jove, at home to end my life,
By cursed Aegysthus, and a faithless wife!"
Thus they; while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
Led the sad numbers by Ulysses slain.
On each majestic form they cast a view,
And tim'rous pass'd, and awfully withdrew.
But Agamemnon, thro' the gloomy shade,
His ancient host Amphimedon survey'd:
"Son of Melanthius!" (he began) "Oh say!
What cause compell'd so many, and so gay,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
Say, could one city yield a troop so fair?
Were all these partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of stormy Neptune sweep
Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or Pyrates' cruel bands,
Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's sands?
Or well-defending some beleaguer'd wall,
Say, for the publick did ye greatly fall?
Inform thy guest; for such I was of yore
When our triumphant navies touch'd your shore;
Forc'd a long month the wint'ry seas to bear,
To move the great Ulysses to the war."
"O King of men! I faithful shall relate"
(Reply'd Amphimedon) "our hapless fate.
Ulysses absent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves pursu'd his royal Dame;
Her coy reserve, and prudence mixt with pride,
Our common suit nor granted, nor deny'd;
But close with inward hate our deaths design'd;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.
Her hand, laborious in delusion, spread
A spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread.
'Ye Peers' (she cry'd) 'who press to gain my heart,
Where dead Ulysses claims no more a part,
Yet a short space, your rival suit suspend,
'Till this funereal web my labours end:
Cease, till to good Laërtes I bequeath
A task of grief, his ornaments of death:
Lest, when the Fates his royal ashes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;
Should he, long honour'd with supreme command,
Want the last duties of a daughter's hand.'
The fiction pleas'd: our gen'rous train complies,
Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.
The work she ply'd; but studious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid reveal'd th'amazing tale,
And show'd, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.
Forc'd, she compleats it; and before us lay
The mingled web, whose gold and silver ray
Display'd the radiance of the night and day.
Just as she finished her illustrious toil,
Ill fortune led Ulysses to our isle.
Far in a lonely nook, beside the sea,
At an old swineherd's rural lodge he lay.
Thither his son from sandy Pyle repairs,
And speedy lands, and secretly confers.
They plan our future ruin, and resort
Confed'rate, to the city and the court.
First came the son; the father next succeeds,
Clad like a beggar, whom Eumaeus leads;
Propt on a staff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags, that flutter'd in the air.
Who could Ulysses in that form behold?
Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill-us'd by all! to ev'ry wrong resign'd,
Patient he suffer'd with a constant mind.
But when, arising in his wrath t'obey
The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way;
The scatter'd arms that hung around the dome
Careful he treasur'd in a private room;
Then to her Suitors bade his Queen propose
The Archer's strife; the source of future woes,
And Omen of our death! In vain we drew
The twanging string, and try'd the stubborn yew:
To none it yields but great Ulysses' hands;
In vain we threat; Telemachus commands:

70 And last, the vengeful Arrows fix'd in Man.
Pope For nine long Nights, thro' all the dusky Air
Iliad The Fires thick-flaming shot a dismal Glare.
But ere the tenth revolving Day was run,
Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' **God-like** Son
75 Conven'd to Council all the Grecian Train;
For much the Goddess mourn'd her Heroes slain.
Th' Assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the King of Men addrest:
Q5 "Why leave we not the fatal Trojan Shore,
80 And measure back the Seas we crost before?
The Plague destroying whom the Sword would spare,
'Tis time to save the few Remains of War.
But let some Prophet, or some sacred Sage
Explore the Cause of great Apollo's Rage;
85 Or learn the wastful Vengeance to remove,
By mystic Dreams; for Dreams descend from Jove.
If broken Vows this heavy Curse have laid,
Let Altars smoke, and Hecatombs be paid.
So Heav'n aton'd shall dying Greece restore,
90 And Phoebus dart his burning Shafts no more."
He said and sate: when Chalcas thus reply'd,
Chalcas the wise, the Grecian Priest and Guide,
That sacred Seer whose comprehensive View
The past, the present, and the future knew.
L1[O] Uprising slow, the venerable Sage
𝔹 Thus spoke the Prudence and the Fears of Age:
"Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! wou'dst thou know
Why angry Phoebus bends his fatal Bow?
First give thy Faith, and plight a Prince's Word
1.100 Of sure Protection by thy Pow'r and Sword:
Q6 For I must speak what Wisdom would conceal,
And Truths invidious to the Great reveal.
Bold is the Task, when Subjects grown too wise,
Instruct a Monarch where his Error lies;
105 For tho' we deem the short-liv'd Fury past,
'Tis sure, the Mighty will revenge at last."
To whom Pelides: "From thy inmost Soul
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without controul.
Ev'n by that God I swear, who rules the Day;
110 To whom thy Hands the Vows of Greece convey,
And whose blest Oracles thy Lips declare;
Long as Achilles breathes this vital Air,
No daring Greek of all the num'rous Band,
Against his Priest shall lift an impious Hand:
115 Not ev'n the Chief by whom our Hosts are led,
The King of Kings, shall touch that sacred Head."
Encourag'd thus, the blameless Priest replies:
"Nor Vows unpaid, nor slighted Sacrifice,
1.119 But He, our Chief, provok'd the raging Pest,
Apollo's Vengeance for his injur'd Priest.

172 What port receiv'd thy vessel from the main?
166 Or com'st thou single, or attend thy train?" Pope
393 Then thus the Son: "From Alybas I came, Odyssey
387 My palace there; Eperitus my name.
Not vulgar born, from Aphidas the King
Of Polyphemon's royal line I spring.
Some adverse Daemon from Sicania bore
Our wandring course, and drove us on your shore:
Far from the town, an unfrequented bay
Reliev'd our weary'd vessel from the sea.
Five years have circled since these eyes pursu'd
Ulysses parting thro' the sable flood;
Prosp'rous he sail'd, with dexter Auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the skies.
Well hop'd we then to meet on this fair shore,
Whom heav'n, alas! decreed to meet no more."
Quick thro' the father's heart these accents ran; Q242
Grief seiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man;
Deep from his soul lie sigh'd, and sorrowing spread
A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.
Trembling with agonies of strong delight
Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the sight:
He ran, he seiz'd him with a strict embrace,
With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face,
"I, I am he; oh father rise! behold
Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old; L1[O]
Thy son, so long desired, so long detain'd, 𝔹
Restor'd, and breathing in his native land.
These floods of sorrow, oh my Sire, restrain!
The vengeance is compleat; the Suitor-train,
Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain."
5 Amaz'd, Laërtes: "Give some certain sign,
(If such thou art) to manifest thee mine."
"Lo here the wound" (he cries) "receiv'd of yore,
The scar indented by the tusky boar,
When by thy self and by Anticlea sent, Q243
To old Autolycus' realms I went.
Yet by another sign thy offspring know;
5 The sev'ral trees you gave me long ago,
While, yet a child, these fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace:
To ev'ry plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name,
Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd;
Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent load,
And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd;
403 Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
409 Of various vines that then began to blow,
175 A future vintage! when the Hours produce
181 Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice. 24.400

Smit with the signs which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees sustain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulysses thrown;
He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys oppress:
Ulysses clasps him to his eager breast.
Soon as returning life regains its seat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat;
"Yes, I believe" (he cries) "almighty Jove!
Heav'n rules us yet, and Gods there are above.
'Tis so — the Suitors for their wrongs have paid —
But what shall guard us, if the town invade?
If, while the news thro' ev'ry city flies,
All Ithaca and Cephalenia rise?"
To this Ulysses: "As the Gods shall please
Be all the rest; and set thy soul at ease.
Haste to the cottage by this orchard side,
And take the banquet which our cares provide:
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
And there the young Telemachus attends."
Thus having said, they trac'd the garden o'er,
And stooping enter'd at the lowly door.
The swains and young Telemachus they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.
The hoary King his old Sicilian maid
Perfum'd and wash'd, and gorgeously array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to shine
With awful port, and majesty divine;
His gazing son admires the **god-like** grace,
And air celestial dawning o'er his face.
"What God," he cry'd, "my father's form improves?
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves?"
"Oh! would to all the deathless pow'rs on high,
Pallas, and Jove, and him who gilds the sky!"
(Reply'd the King elated with his praise)
"My strength were still, as once in better days;
When the bold Cephalens the leaguer form'd,
And proud Nericus trembled as I storm'd.
Such were I now, not absent from your deed
When the last sun beheld the Suitors bleed,
This arm had aided yours; this hand bestrown
Our floors with death, and push'd the slaughter on;
Nor had the Sire been sep'rate from the Son."
They commun'd thus; while homeward bent their way
The swains, fatigu'd with labours of the day;
Dolius the first, the venerable man,
And next his sons, a long-succeeding train.
For due refection to the bow'r they came,
Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame,
Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the sire:

Extends the Sceptre and the Laurel Crown.
He su'd to All, but chief implor'd for Grace
The Brother-Kings, of Atreus' Royal Race:
"Ye Kings and Warriors! may your Vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud Walls lie level with the Ground;
May Jove restore you, when your Toils are o'er,
Safe to the Pleasures of your native Shore.
But oh! relieve a wretched Parent's Pain,
And give Chruseïs to these Arms again;
If Mercy fail, yet let my Presents move,
And dread avenging Phoebus, Son of Jove."
The Greeks in Shouts their joint Assent declare,
The Priest to rev'rence, and release the Fair.
Not so Atrides: He, with Kingly Pride,
Repulse'd the sacred Sire, and thus reply'd:
"Hence on thy Life, and fly these hostile Plains,
Nor ask, Presumptuous, what the King detains;
Hence, with thy Laurel Crown, and Golden Rod,
Nor trust too far those Ensigns of thy God.
Mine is thy Daughter, Priest, and shall remain;
And Pray'rs, and Tears, and Bribes shall plead in vain;
'Till Time shall rifle ev'ry useful Grace,
And Age dismiss her from my cold Embrace.
In daily Labours of the Loom employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the Bed she once enjoy'd.
Hence then: to Argos shall the Maid retire;
Far from her native Soil, and weeping Sire."
The trembling Priest along the Shore return'd,
And in the Anguish of a Father mourn'd.
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the sounding Main:
'Till, safe at distance, to his God he prays,
The God who darts around the World his Rays.
"O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's Line,
Thou Guardian Pow'r of Cilla the Divine,
Thou Source of Light! whom Tenedos adores,
And whose bright Presence gilds thy Chrysa's Shores.
If e'er with Wreaths I hung thy sacred Fane,
Or fed the Flames with Fat of Oxen slain;
God of the Silver Bow! thy Shafts employ,
Avenge thy Servant, and the Greeks destroy."
Thus Chryses pray'd: the fav'ring Pow'r attends,
And from Olympus' lofty Tops descends.
Bent was his Bow, the Grecian Hearts to wound;
Fierce as he mov'd, his Silver Shafts resound.
Breathing Revenge, a sudden Night he spread,
And gloomy Darkness roll'd around his Head.
The Fleet in View, he twang'd his deadly Bow,
And hissing fly the feather'd Fates below.
On Mules and Dogs th' Infection **first began**,

Then, whirling high, discharge thy lance in air."
Pope She said, infusing courage with the word.
Odyssey Jove and Jove's daughter then the Chief implor'd,
And whirling high, dismist the lance in air.
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear:
Q254 The brass-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
Before the father and the conqu'ring son
Heaps rush on heaps; they fight, they drop, they run.
Now by the sword and now the jav'lin fall
The rebel race, and death had swallow'd all;
But from on high the blue-ey'd Virgin cry'd;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tyde:
"Forbear ye natives! your mad hands forbear
From mutual slaughter: Peace descends to spare."
Fear shook the nations. At the voice divine
They drop their jav'lins, and their rage resign.
All scatter'd round their glitt'ring weapons lie;
Some fall to earth, and some confus'dly fly.
With dreadful shouts Ulysses pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle strong.
But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims;
Before Minerva shot the livid flames;
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd:
Then stopt the Goddess, trembled, and retir'd.
L2[O] Q255 "Descended from the Gods! Ulysses, cease;
𝔹 Offend not Jove: Obey, and give the peace."
So Pallas spoke: The mandate from above
The King obey'd. The Virgin-seed of Jove
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord,
24.631 ✦ And willing nations knew their lawful Lord.

Q1 THE Wrath of Peleus' Son, the direful Spring **7**
Iliad Of all the Grecian Woes, O Goddess, sing!
That Wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy Reign
The Souls of mighty Chiefs untimely slain,
Whose Limbs unbury'd on the naked Shore
Devouring Dogs and hungry Vultures tore.
Since Great Achilles and Atrides strove,
Such was the Sov'reign Doom, and such the Will of Jove! **7**
Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated Hour
Sprung the fierce Strife, from what offended Pow'r?
Latona's Son a dire Contagion spread,
And heap'd the Camp with Mountains of the Dead;
Q2 The King of Men his Rev'rend Priest defy'd, PREVIEW ILIAD 1
And, for the King's Offence, the People dy'd.
For Chryses sought with costly Gifts to gain
His Captive Daughter from the Victor's Chain. **405**
Suppliant the Venerable Father stands, **411**
Apollo's awful Ensigns grace his Hands: **177**
1.19 By these he begs; and lowly bending down **183**

174 They see their Lord, they gaze, and they admire.
168 On chairs and beds in order seated round, **Pope**
395 They share the gladsome board; the roofs resound. **Odyssey**
389 While thus Ulysses to his ancient friend:
"Forbear your wonder, and the feast attend;
The rites have waited long." The chief commands
Their loves in vain; old Dolius spreads his hands,
Springs to his master with a warm embrace,
And fastens kisses on his hands and face.
Then thus broke out: "Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!
Beyond our hopes, and to our wish, return'd!
Conducted sure by heav'n! for heav'n alone
Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
And joys and happiness attend thy throne!
Who knows thy blest, thy wish'd return? oh say,
To the chast Queen shall we the news convey?
Or hears she, and with blessings loads the day?"
"Dismiss that care, for to the royal bride Q247
Already is it known" (the King reply'd,
And strait resum'd his seat) while round him bows
Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:
Then all beneath their father take their place,
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.
Now flying Fame the swift report had spread
Thro' all the city, of the Suitors dead.
In throngs they rise, and to the palace crowd: **L2[O]**
Their sighs were many, and the tumult loud. 𝔹
Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of slain,
Inhume the natives in their native plain,
The rest in ships are wafted o'er the main.
Then sad in council all the Seniors sate,
Frequent and full, assembled to debate.
Amid the circle first Eupithes rose,
Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:
The bold Antinoüs was his age's pride,
The first who by Ulysses' arrow dy'd.
Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran, Q248
As mixing words with sighs, he thus began:
"Great deeds, oh friends! this wond'rous man has wrought,
And mighty blessings to his country brought!
With ships he parted, and a num'rous train,
Those, and their ships he bury'd in the main.
Now he returns, and first essays his hand
In the best blood of all his native land.
Haste then, and ere to neighb'ring Pyle he flies,
Or sacred Elis, to procure supplies;
Arise (or ye for ever fall) arise!
Shame to this age, and all that shall succeed!
If unreveng'd your sons and brothers bleed.
Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head, **24**.500

Or sink at once forgotten with the dead."
Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall
Spoke when he ceas'd: dumb sorrow touch'd them all.
When from the Palace to the wond'ring throng
Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along;
(Restless and early sleep's soft bands they broke)
And Medon first th'assembled chiefs bespoke:
"Hear me, ye Peers and Elders of the land,
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand:
As o'er the heaps of death Ulysses strode,
These eyes, these eyes beheld a present God,
Who now before him, now beside him stood,
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with blood:
In vain old Mentor's form the God bely'd,
'Twas heav'n that struck, and heav'n was on his side."
A sudden horror all th'assembly shook,
When slowly rising, Halitherses spoke:
(Rev'rend and wise, whose comprehensive view
At once the present and the future knew)
"Me too ye fathers hear! from you proceed
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed.
Ye gave your sons, your lawless sons the rein,
(Oft warn'd by Mentor and my self in vain)
An absent Heroe's bed they sought to soil,
An absent Heroe's wealth they made their spoil:
Immod'rate riot, and intemp'rate lust!
Th'offence was great, the punishment was just.
Weigh then my counsels in an equal scale,
Nor rush to ruin. Justice will prevail."
His mod'rate words some better minds persuade:
They part, and join him; but the number stay'd.
They storm, they shout, with hasty frenzy fir'd,
And second all Eupithes' rage inspir'd.
They case their limbs in brass; to arms they run;
The broad effulgence blazes in the sun.
Before the city, and in ample plain,
They meet: Eupithes heads the frantic train.
Fierce for his son, he breathes his threats in air;
Fate bears them not, and Death attends him there.
This past on earth, while in the realms above
Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove:
"May I presume to search thy secret soul?
Oh Pow'r supreme, oh ruler of the whole!
Say, hast thou doom'd to this divided state
Or peaceful amity, or stern debate?
Declare thy purpose; for thy will is Fate."
"Is not thy thought my own?" (the God replies
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies)
"Hath not long since thy knowing soul decreed,
The Chief's return should make the guilty bleed?
'Tis done, and at thy will the Fates succeed.
Yet hear the issue: Since Ulysses' hand
Has slain the Suitors, heav'n shall bless the land.
None now the kindred of th'unjust shall own;
Forgot the slaughter'd brother, and the son:
Each future day increase of wealth shall bring,
And o'er the past, Oblivion stretch her wing.
Long shall Ulysses in his empire rest,
His people blessing, by his people blest.
Let all be peace." — He said, and gave the nod
That binds the Fates; the sanction of the God:
And prompt to execute th'eternal will,
Descended Pallas from th'Olympian hill.
Now sate Ulysses at the rural feast,
The rage of hunger and of thirst represt:
To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent:
A son of Dolius on the message went,
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach'd, embattel'd on the field.
With backward step he hastens to the bow'r,
And tells the news. They arm with all their pow'r.
Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace,
And six were all the sons of Dolius' race:
Old Dolius too his rusted arms put on;
And, still more old, in arms Laërtes shone.
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes stand,
And brazen Panoply invests the band.
The opening gates at once their war display:
Fierce they rush forth: Ulysses leads the way.
That moment joins them with celestial aid,
In Mentor's form, the Jove-descended maid:
The suff'ring Heroe felt his patient breast
Swell with new joy, and thus his son addrest:
"Behold, Telemachus! (nor fear the sight)
The brave embattel'd; the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant must contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you descend,
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was spread;
Regard thy self, the living, and the dead.
Thy eyes, great father! on this battle cast,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chast."
So spoke Telemachus: the gallant boy
Good old Laërtes heard with panting joy:
"And, Blest! thrice blest this happy day!" he cries,
"The day that shows me, ere I close my eyes,
A son and grandson of th' Arcesian name
Strive for fair Virtue, and contest for Fame!"
Then thus Minerva in Laërtes' ear:
"Son of Arcesius, rev'rend warrior, hear!
Jove and Jove's daughter first implore in pray'r,

Pope	Iliad & Odyssey	Iliad	Odyssey
˅1k	**2**.219	**2**.219	**2**.442
˅2k	**3**.47	**3**.47	**4**.409
˅3k	**4**.471	**4**.471	**5**.301
˅4k	**5**.834	**5**.834	**7**.270
˅5k	**7**.34	**7**.34	**9**.196
˅6k	**8**.455	**8**.455	**10**.537
˅7k	**9**.747	**9**.747	**12**.53
˅8k	**11**.230	**11**.230	**14**.4
˅9k	**12**.245	**12**.245	**15**.403
˅10k	**13**.683	**13**.683	**17**.304
˅11k	**15**.4	**15**.4	**19**.143
˅12k	**16**.95	**16**.95	**20**.440
˅13k	**17**.46	**17**.46	**22**.493
˅14k	**18**.192	**18**.192	**24**.556
˅15k	**20**.9	**20**.9	
˅16k	**21**.419	**21**.419	
˅17k	**23**.32	**23**.32	
˅18k	**23**.1032	**23**.1032	
˅19k	**24**.969	**24**.969	
˅20k	**2**.395		
˅21k	**4**.362		
˅22k	**5**.254		
˅23k	**7**.223		
˅24k	**9**.149		
˅25k	**10**.490		
˅26k	**12**.6		
˅27k	**13**.468		
˅28k	**15**.356		
˅29k	**17**.257		
˅30k	**19**.96		
˅31k	**20**.393		
˅32k	**22**.446		
˅33k	**24**.509		
LINES	33,122	19,047	14,075

	MIDPOINT
Iliad	**13**.207
Odyssey	**12**.91
Iliad & Odyssey	**22**.256/257

Pope's Iliad + Odyssey have 3,553 more lines
than the Homeric Greek Iliad + Odyssey.
˅3,553 = Iliad **5**.287:
"Take thou the Spear, the Chariot's Care be mine."

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Iliad	Odyssey	Iliad & Odyssey	Pope
		1.123	^33k
		2.342	^32k
		3.170	^31k
		4.594	**^30k**
		5.957	^29k
		7.157	^28k
		8.578	^27k
		10.33	^26k
		11.353	^25k
		12.368	^24k
		13.806	^23k
		15.127	^22k
		16.218	^21k
		17.169	**^20k**
1.48		**18**.315	^19k
2.267		**20**.132	^18k
3.95		**21**.542	^17k
4.519		**23**.155	^16k
5.882		**24**.92	^15k
7.82	**1**.76	**1**.76	^14k
8.503	**3**.43	**3**.43	^13k
9.795	**4**.485	**4**.485	^12k
11.278	**5**.377	**5**.377	^11k
12.293	**7**.346	**7**.346	**^10k**
13.731	**9**.272	**9**.272	^9k
15.52	**10**.613	**10**.613	^8k
16.143	**12**.129	**12**.129	^7k
17.94	**14**.80	**14**.80	^6k
18.240	**15**.479	**15**.479	^5k
20.57	**17**.380	**17**.380	^4k
21.467	**19**.219	**19**.219	^3k
23.80	**21**.47	**21**.47	^2k
24.17	**23**.31	**23**.31	^1k